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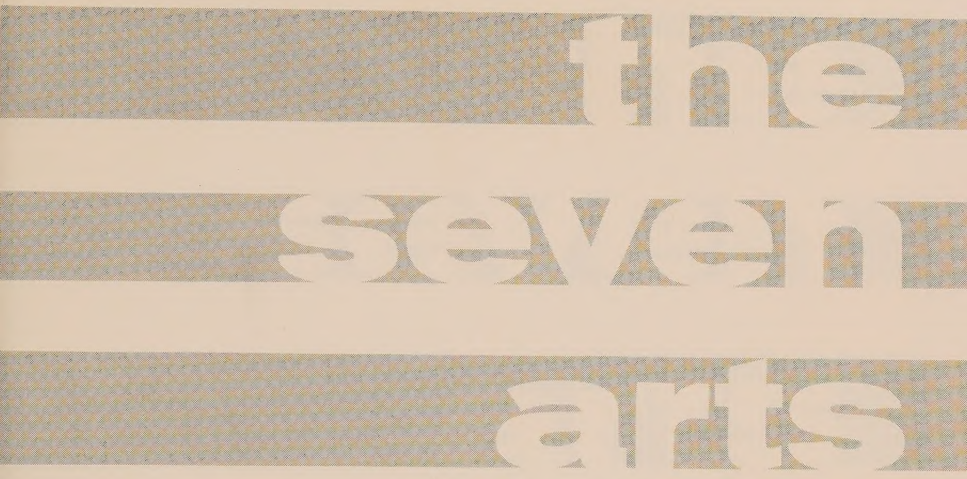

volume 1

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Simply Sugar Pie

By Barry Benefield

SUGAR PIE carried the last of the three weekly washin's to its owner early Saturday afternoon, and having bought some supplies at a drug store and a grocery store she set out, stumbling wearily along, for her shanty on the ragged southern edge of the little Louisiana town. Though Crebillon had, within the previous five years, increased its population from three hundred to a thousand, chiefly through an influx of derrick and pipe men from Illinois and Pennsylvania having to do with a few oil wells that had been developed in the swampy land on the north side of the town, yet out where Sugar Pie lived there were only five or six one-room shanties. Then came the circling pine forest.

On the way home the young negro woman stopped at one of the neighboring shanties and talked earnestly for some time with old Aunt Viney Lane, who promised to come over right after supper and stay through the night.

December's chill wind, wetted by the swamps on the other side of the railroad track, cut cruel and hard through the air; and as soon as Sugar Pie reached home she began carrying in from the wood-pile all the sticks that could possibly be gotten into her wide-mouthed fireplace, and all the chips and bark she could fumble into her apron. She was too weak now to wield the axe. Not waiting for the falling night, she fried some bacon and cooked a corn-pone in the skillet, and crawled into bed.

Simply Sugar Pie

There had been two things about Sugar Pie Pickett in her life of twenty-one years that had aroused enough interest in the four or five little towns she had successively loved as home to justify detailed explanation—her name and the shiny, puckered scar in the middle of her right cheek, and in consequence she was very proud of them.

A spider having bitten her when a baby, her superstitious mother, fearing that the bite meant death unless heroic action were taken at once, had rubbed caustic laundry lye on her face to kill the poison. As for her name, nearly all negro babies are called Sugar Pie at first; but that name of loving infancy, perhaps because of her eternally amiable expression, had stuck to her so long now that she had forgotten her more properly Christian name. No one, not even she herself, troubled to remember the surname Pickett as either useful or decorative; so that universally she was, and had always been, simply Sugar Pie.

She lay still in bed, though with her muscles straining tight in the suspense of an awful fear and a tender passionate yearning, one moment staring at the dying fire out to her left, the next at the dying day outside the calico-curtained window to her right.

"Lawdy, Lawdy, I wisht Aunt Viney would come on," she moaned to herself more and more often as the cold damp night closed in on her from within and from without.

Sugar Pie kept telling herself that she would get up in a minute or two and put some wood on the fire, for there would be need of a good blaze for Aunt Viney that night. The little red flames flickered down shorter, and grew weakly paler, until finally they were barely strong enough to cast a ghastly, staggering shadow out to the edge of the rough stone hearth; and Sugar Pie dozed off into a pained, uneasy slumber.

She woke up with a guilty, jumpy start, looking quickly toward the fireplace. The room was black with a thick, icy

darkness; there was not even a shadow over the hearth. All she could see out to the left was a single evil-eyed live coal leering at her from a dimly illumined pile of gray ashes. It came to her that someone was, and had been for a good while, knocking furtively at her locked front door.

"Sugar Pie, Sugar Pie, wake up," she heard Aunt Viney's voice calling, and she was vaguely aware of a note of warning secrecy in it. "Is you 'wake now, honey?"

Sugar Pie tried to raise her voice to explain that she couldn't get up to unlock the front door, and would Aunt Viney go around to the back door and push right hard on it and come on in; but her words trailed off into an unintelligible moan. Anyway, the old woman outside was talking on faster, the excitement in her tone overcoming the fear.

"Wake up, chile, wake up," Aunt Viney kept calling insistently. "Jerry Cole—you know dat nigger whut drove Dr. Forchaux's buggy—Jerry shot Constable Larkin to-night, 'count of a crap game Mr. Larkin was tryin' to stop; an' dey done hung Jerry to a telegraft pole. Den dem oil men said to run out all de niggers an' make dis a white man's town, like dat New Era place is.

"Dey done started in on de folks on de yuther side of town. Dey burned Jim Nix's house smack to de groun' 'cause he shot at 'em, an' he scarcely got out with his hide. Some folks is gone on down de railroad track fas' as dey can; some is on de dirt road makin' for Myrtle Manor. Hit ain't but twenty miles away. Plenty of niggers dere; hit's a farmers' town. Is you hearin' me, honey?"

Sugar Pie groaned for answer.

"Dey is comin' on down heah next," the trembling voice of the old woman outside ran on more and more excitedly. "Me an' Hannah Lucky is goin' out by de dirt road toward Myrtle Manor, but we ain't goin' to have time to take nothin' 'cept a little somethin' to eat. You reckon, honey, you could make

out to git up an'—"

The words beyond the locked door broke off suddenly, and Sugar pie heard the scuffle of Aunt Viney's loosely dragging shoes running across her hard front yard. Then she distinguished the explanation of her flight—a low buzzing hum of voices moving across the grassy flat between the main section of the town and this ragged edge on which she and several other negroes lived. The mob was coming.

Once Sugar Pie had seen two bodies hanging under a railroad trestle early in the morning. They had been there all night, and the necks were stretched out to a hideously unnatural length. Always after that, whenever she recalled the event, she could see plainly, between two heads and two bodies the outlines of which were never clear in her memory, those two long, terrifyingly thin necks that no time could ever dim. Timid, her imagination inflamed by centuries of superstitious thinking, her nerves burning and twisting with fear and pain, the young negro woman there on the bed went through all the torturing horrors of hanging and burning at the stake while the low buzzing voices covered a mere hundred yards of ground coming across the grassy flat.

Suddenly all the terrors that her mind was seeing and her body suffering were swept away by a swift convulsive agony of gigantic pain. It wrenched and lifted her up and half out of bed. Once only she screamed into the sooty, smothering darkness above her, and then fell back on the pillow, mercifully bereft of consciousness.

On Monday morning the door of the shanty opened, and Sugar Pie stepped slowly out on the ground. Though it was seven o'clock, the winter sun so far had merely lightened somewhat the eastern section of the sky, whose bedraggled edges sagged down heavily around the shivering earth. Putting out her left hand to the rough board wall to steady herself, Sugar Pie walked effortfully a few feet, then stopped, leaning her head weakly against the shanty.

"I got to cook somethin'," she kept saying to herself. "I got to cook somethin' to git some stren'th from, else I cain't make out to do it."

A man passing along the path in front of her fenceless yard saw her and halted.

"Why, Sugar Pie, haven't you left town yet?" he called. "Your house was all closed yesterday, an' there wasn't any smoke comin' out of the chimney; so ever'body thought you had got out Saturday night with the others. They tarred an' feathered ole Mary Nimmo because she stayed behind to catch up her four chickens. Three or four of you'all's houses have already been burnt down; the rest will go pretty soon, to keep you all from tryin' to come back, or wantin' to. That's the way it's done these days, with a lot of new men comin' in from ever'wheres. We used to lynch a man now an' then for doin' the worst thing, but we never bothered the innocent ones. Better watch out, Sugar Pie."

Sugar Pie recognized the voice as that of Dick Walters, Crebillon's night watchman, now on his way home, a couple of miles out of town. Grateful for the kindness of his tone, she turned and raised her head to say she was obleeged to him for tellin' her; but he had walked on.

"Oh, I'll be gone befo' dinner-time," she tried to call. Her voice was so strangely thin and feeble that it appeared comical to her, and she summoned one of her good-natured old smiles for her own benefit. It lit up her face, slightly contorting the right side of it where the shiny scar was; and then gradually faded out. "I got to cook somethin' to git some stren'th from," she murmured; and moved toward the corner of the house, and turned it.

"Whew!" she whispered, drawing back from the teeth of the north wind. "Hit shore *is* cold."

Waiting a few minutes behind the protecting south side of the house to gather her courage and strength, she walked stag-

geringly on to the wood-pile by the well. Out of habit she picked up the axe, but her trembling hands let the cold, slippery handle slide through them. Kneeling on the ground, she filled her apron with chips and splinters and bark, rose unsteadily to her feet, reeled back to the house, and got inside, pushing the dragging door tightly into place.

After a while a little smoke curled out of her mud-and-stick chimney. Three or four men passing along the path in front of her yard heard bacon sizzling over a poor fire. Each of them stopped, looked inquiringly at the house, frowned, walked on.

Along about 9 o'clock the sagging door was again dragged open, and Sugar Pie stepped out with something of her old briskness. The food had begun filtering heat and strength through her. She stood on the hard, white ground, staring wistfully back at the shanty. Suspended from around her shoulders by a stout string was a tin bucket, and in her arms she carried a bundle wrapped in a red shawl. Sugar Pie was ready to obey the law of the mob.

Except for what she wore on her body and bore in her arms, all the things, useful and necessary and merely dear, that she owned in the world were back there in the shanty and out there in the yard. She regretted most a pair of green vases that a grateful customer had given her one Christmas, and the black clothes-boiling pot, with both its ears knocked off, out there in the yard by the well. Her mother had used it before her; it was a good pot, it boiled quickly. The shanty and everything in it would probably be burned down within a week. Where Aunt Viney's home had been there was now nothing except the half-burned body of the locust tree that had shaded her house.

"Tst!" Sugar Pie clicked at herself through her teeth impatiently. "I got to be movin' on now; I got to finish it befo' *dis* day is done."

Sighing deeply, she gathered the bundled red shawl closer to her, and, turning, walked from her yard and out along the path across the flat land, the wet wind behind her pasting her thin calico dress close against her legs so that she had to step slowly and carefully lest she stumble and fall and drop the red-shawled bundle.

Out in front of her the sweep of close-cropped grass, still tipped with the morning's icy hoar frost, was unbroken except here and there by a round pond, where boys caught crawfish in the spring, and by little dark patches and criss-crossed lanes made by the feet of frolicing calves, and by an occasional stately file of tame ducks or geese on their way to the festal ponds.

Sugar Pie saw a small company of geese crossing her path. One of them had been brave enough to bring off a brood in the autumn. Surrounded by her flock of fluffy yellow toddlers, the old white goose passed the young black woman with the unhurried dignity of majestic motherhood. Sugar Pie turned her eyes away, pulled the red-shawled bundle hard against her, and stumbled on, holding her head down.

Straight out across the grassy flat was the town's graveyard. Because Sugar Pie could not walk fast it was some time before she reached the fence of upright pickets with sharp points. Leaning her head against the white-washed barrier, she gazed in a long time at the neat, gray mounds.

It was not a large cemetery, not so large even as Mansfield's, where she had last lived, and there were few marble tombstones in it; but everything was very clean inside there, and quiet, and safe, and there were a good many cedar trees, and flower bushes that would be sweet and pretty when the spring came on. Yes, it would be mighty nice in there. Sugar Pie closed her eyes, as if in pain, hugging the red-shawled bundle protectingly closer up into her arms.

After a while she walked down along the fence, took another

longing look in from the corner, and struck out directly westward, away from Crebillon, towards the circling pine forest. Once behind the trees, she turned north, crossed the railroad track, and came finally to the dirt road leading to Myrtle Manor, twenty miles west. Settling down to a slow but steady gait, she followed that on.

By noon she had not travelled quite beyond the reach of the drilling engine whistles, signalling the glad time for dinner. Through the woods they came to her dimmed and softened by the melancholy magic of distance, awaking a yearning homesickness for the town that had driven her out. Sugar Pie judged that she was four or five miles from Crebillon, far enough away for safety, anyhow; and she decided to make a stop here.

The ground had been gradually rising higher as she had come westward. Out to the left rose a gentle hill, thickly carpeted with the brown straw of several seasons' shedding, shrouded in the semi-darkness of the grisly gray sky and the closely-set pines. If she went up a good distance on the hill, no one could see her from the road, and she could eat and then do what she had planned.

Halfway up the hill her strength seemed to give out entirely; but she rested a few minutes, then climbed on to and over the top, stopping eight or nine yards on the farther side of it. She sank down under a high pine tree, leaning back against the bole of it, holding the red-shawled bundle in the hollow of her lap to rest her tired arms.

But the air was icy cold, and soon she stirred herself to make a fire. Rising, she laid her burden tenderly on a heap of straw at the foot of the tree, and unstrung the tin bucket from around her shoulders. She gathered some pine knots, and with the ease of an expert started a leaping little red blaze. Sitting down again, and wrapping her arms around her knees, she stared into the fire, now and then unlocking her hands and holding

them up before it to catch quickly in her thin-skinned palms as much heat as possible for her numbed arms.

Presently she drew to her the tin bucket and pulled off its top. Having taken out a knife and fork, she emptied out all at once on the straw the other contents of the pail. The three twisted pieces of bacon were covered thickly with congealed gray grease, and the heavy, solid corn-pone was speckled with black ashes. Sugar Pie looked at the food for a minute, then pushed it aside with surprised disgust, put down the knife and fork, and stared again into the fire, occasionally sweeping the hill as far as she could see with her big, round eyes.

The rushing life of the warm months was gone from the woods. Of the millions and millions of katydids and crickets that then seemed always everywhere fiddling away on their same sad song, not one now lifted a tiny signal above the horizon of the lower silence. Except for the changeless pines, all the trees were without or losing their leaves. Far down the hill one stubborn old blackgum yet held a few tatters of its crimson autumn robe. Out to her left two or three scattered hickories drooped in pale thin gold that seemed to be dissolving into the thick wet air. No sounds of birds were in the middle distance of the humbler trees. Away up above Sugar Pie's head, where the gray clouds writhed and twisted between contending winds, and only a little distance below them, it seemed to her, the dark-headed pines swayed slowly back and forth moaning in long-drawn whispers.

After a while Sugar Pie roused herself with a determined effort, and got hurriedly to her feet. Having replenished the fire, she inspected the ground all around beneath her tree. Finally she came to a decision, halted, sank down on her knees, and scraped away the straw with the knife and fork, laying bare the soft black earth. Marking off a careful rectangle, she began to dig. With the knife and fork she loosened the ground; with her hands she lifted it out into a single regular

pile by the side of the slowly deepening hole.

It was not a very large hole that Sugar Pie was digging there, and yet she did not get along very fast with it, for the tools she used were small and weak, and she was very anxious about the evenness of its edges, and then with more and more frequency as she worked along she would stop, throw her apron back over her head and sit all hunched up, her shoulders shaking, pressing her hands, still holding the knife and fork, hard against her heart.

Along about three o'clock, though, Sugar Pie rose to her feet, and going up to the foot of the tree unwound the red-shawled bundle and lifted out on the straw a tiny naked baby, almost white, long stiff in death, his clenched little fists arrested forever halfway to eyes that had never opened. Sugar Pie went back to the hole and put the red shawl down in it first, folding the edges smoothly out over the sides. Then she put in a piece of an old white blanket; and finally, a big blue handkerchief. It had a hole in one corner of it, but it was silk.

All the time as she went about this last business Sugar Pie kept biting at her lip, and every now and then she would say almost fiercely to herself, "Naw, naw, don't you do it now, don't you do it. Wait; time 'nough then."

Presently, standing up, she walked forward to the baby, gathered him silently into her arms, and moved back to the cushioned hole in the soft black earth, kneeling there. She kissed him, and hugged him so close and so long away up in her arms that he seemed to her to be melting into her again, shutting her eyes tight and rocking her bent body waveringly back and forth.

After a while, biting at her lip and often shaking her head violently as if to throw off something that was weakening her for the work in hand, she laid the baby tenderly down into the hole. She tried to straighten out the fingers and the crooked arms; but she soon saw that it was not for her to smooth those

clenched little fists, so she let them alone, and folded in over them the edges of the blue silk handkerchief and the white blanket and the red shawl.

Sugar Pie remembered several funerals that she had seen, and she was resolved to give to this one of her baby whatever of ceremonial pomp she could accomplish. Crawling over to the fire, she got a handful of cool ashes, and dragged herself back to the hole in the ground. Filling the other hand with dirt, she raised them both over the infant dead and let some ashes and then some sod fall on the multi-colored shroud.

"Ashes to ashes, Lawd," she said, stopping to gulp. "Dus' to dus', Lawd."

Chewing cruelly at her lip and shaking her head with more violent determination than ever, Sugar Pie began moving by tiny handfuls the loose earth in on and over the body, crumbling the sod fine to make it fall softly. All at once she remembered that there had been music at the graveside in the funerals she had seen, so she decided to sing a popular negro hymn, in which new words have been fitted to an old tune. It was her favorite. She began:

"Oh, he gwine to hebben on de mawnin' train
An' ole Saint Peter gwine to——"

But she stopped singing suddenly, bending low her head and covering her face with her hands. After a while she looked up again and went on filling in the grave.

"He *ought* to go to hebben, anyhow," she said. "It ain't none o' his fault whut he is."

When the dirt had been filled in and heaped up Sugar Pie set both hands to smoothing it into mounded shape, stooping over frequently to rub her cheek against the cold earth.

Though it was hardly more than 4 o'clock, already the darkness was falling thickly amongst the trees. Sugar Pie drew her knees up to her chin, wrapped her arms around them and stared out into the blackening woods. As yet her eyes had

been dry. A gust of wind came rattling across the hillside with the bodies of dead autumn leaves, and one of them, a little figure in red-gold, hovered over the rounded mound, and dropped, and started up again, and then fell back, the wind gone on without it. Seeing that, Sugar Pie bent her head forward and gave herself to the relief that was her due.

It was all black in the woods when the distant whistles of dear Crebillon blew for 6 o'clock—for 6 o'clock and the going home of the workmen, and warm suppers, and lights, and laughter and friendliness among themselves. Sugar Pie raised her head eagerly to savor each of the whistles—she could name them all. When they were silent, she stooped over and patted the little mound, and raised herself wearily and went on her slow journey westward. The mob at last was done with Sugar Pie. And with her burden buried, Sugar Pie at last was done with the mob.

The Saints of San Atoll

By Allen Upward

I HAD been reading a story, a very beautiful and improving story, by a lady, Miss Emmeline Faith Summers, of Upcott, Mass. It was a story, evidently quite true and real, of the early days in California, when good men and women were scarce in those parts, scarcer than they are now, and churches scarcer still. The story was called *The Sinners of Hell-Fire Gulch,* and it made you feel that you knew all about the place; and that the authoress had been there herself and studied the folks, and written down nothing she couldn't have proved on oath in a court of law.

According to this lady, the inhabitants of Hell-Fire Gulch were simply the worst ruffians that ever disgraced their Creator; just the sort that would have been wiped out by a flood, or an earthquake, or a spout of fire and brimstone, a few thousand years ago, in the ordinary course without any one being surprised. They swore and drank and played cards and assassinated their friends pretty much all the time; and it was as likely as not that they did other things that Miss Summers had been compelled to leave out by the editor; it being a Sunday magazine that I read the story in.

Well, into the midst of this double-distilled Gomorrah there stumbled one day a strange creature, as strange and unbelievable to those men as if he had just dropped down off the moon. He was, as of course the reader guessed beforehand he would be, a Son of Christian Parents. Every one

knows what a Son of Christian Parents is bound to be like; there is no need to describe him any more; it has been done pretty often. This S. C. P. was exactly like all the others, and had all the frills that they have. He not only never did wrong, never drank nor cursed nor gambled nor took human life himself, but he couldn't even understand wrong—didn't know what sin was when it ran up against him. If he heard a man on a canal-boat say "Bother!" he thought it was Spanish for "dear me"! If you offered him a drink he thought you meant water; he didn't know there was any difference between whisky and water: he had taken the pledge against sherbet and lemonade. As for lynching and murder, he had heard of them in history naturally, had read about them in the Bible maybe; but it was all vague to him, and of course he didn't, wouldn't and couldn't fancy that such things could be in his own happy Christian land.

This pure, undiluted, hall-marked angel stalked into Hell-Fire Gulch fondly supposing that it was a Christian village, and that every lost scoundrel in the place was an S. C. P. like himself. And then what happened, according to Miss Emmeline Faith Summers, who evidently believed every word that she wrote, and couldn't have told a lie to a cat? Just because those drunken murderous brutes couldn't bear to disappoint the hero, couldn't endure to come down a peg in his beautiful opinion of them, and own up for what they really were, they one and all swore to pose before him as the saintly crowd he had innocently mistaken them for. They bound themselves to lynch the first man who said anything stronger than "Bless my soul!" in his hearing. They closed up the saloon—the saloon-keeper was given fifteen minutes to start by the Vigilance Committee—and hid their cards. In two days you would have thought you were in a camp-meeting or a Christian Reserve Settlement; it was just Eden, and nothing else. When Sunday came round they luckily remembered it

in time, and held three full services; and though the S. C. P. was staggered to find that they hadn't a solitary Testament or hymn-book among them, they managed to lie about it so as not to hurt his feelings. They said they had had to give their books away to the Indians who needed them more than they did.

The result naturally was that in less than a fortnight they struck the biggest gold reef ever discovered in California, and built a freestone church, with the hero as pastor at a salary of ten thousand dollars and a manse.

Now when I had read that story and came to think it over, I felt a little ashamed. I asked myself—Why is it that sinners like that, men of the very blackest brand, twenty-four carat fiends, can make these splendid self denials, can give up all their tastes and habits and their whole outlook on life out of mere softness to a stranger; and that we Christians can't do likewise? Why should these sublime, these truly heroic, stories of generosity and self-sacrifice always have to be told about sinners? Are sinners the only people capable of unselfishness, and large-minded tolerance, and tact, and consideration for the prejudices of others? It seemed to me that this ought not to be so, and that there should be some instance on record in which Christians had proved themselves capable of kindly feeling and delicacy towards other people.

Then all at once I recollected the story, that I had once heard from a New England traveller, the late M. Twain, of Hartford, Conn., whose authority and veracity are alike beyond need of eulogy from me. I have not found it among his collected works, so there can be no harm in my repeating it.

San Atoll is a coral island in the Pacific ocean, lying out of the steamer tracks, and consequently not marked in the cheap maps. Its only inhabitants besides the natives, are or were a community of Greek monks. It is lucky they were not monks of any sensitive irritable church, whose followers

would be likely to complain about this story. They were Greek monks; and if this story should be read by any Greek, he can change them into Armenians. Anyhow nothing turns on their exact position in the Monothelite controversy of the sixth or seventh century; the point is that they were men of the purest and holiest piety, who would have been a credit to any Church that ever existed.

The monks were not only whitewashed innocents themselves, but they supposed that everybody else, except the natives (who didn't count) were of the same snowy spotlessness. Sin was a thing of which they had no knowledge, as practical knowledge, that is. They had read of such a thing as sermons and books of casuistry and so forth; it was their business in a way to study it on the theoretical side; but it all seemed far-off and misty to them, like descriptions of the sea do to a person who has never seen any more water than there is in a farmer's pond.

Of course they would not own this, but pretended to be pretty bad men. Their sins were such things as eating an egg on Friday, or leaving a Hallelujah out of a psalm when they were tired, or feeling cross when the convent bell rang them up in the middle of the night, just as they had settled down in their beauty sleep. They did blood-curdling penances for these tiny, microscopic sins; and if one of them had committed as many as two or three sins in a quarter he would swagger a little over it, and pose before the others as a desperate character who had got fairly started on the Broad Way, and would want some pulling up.

They were a little bit inclined to boast, too, when they confessed their sins to each other, and to make themselves out rather more wicked than they really were. Brother Paul would claim that he had been secretly longing to eat something more sustaining than a lettuce or a handful of currants in Lent; and Brother Thomas would try to go one better by de-

claring that the Devil had been trying to make him doubt if Methusaleh really lived more than about five or six hundred years. It was a very innocent harmless vanity that made them exaggerate like that. It made them heroes for a time, there's no denying. A monk who could have got the others to believe that he had looked at a native woman without shuddering would have gone down in history, in the history of San Atoll, along with Judas Iscariot and Nero and Mahomet.

It was on this Island Heaven, among this troop of anchorites whose goodness and simplicity and unworldliness would have shamed an infant in arms, that a wicked sailor off a tramp pirate schooner chose to go and get wrecked.

He was washed ashore with a six-shooter, two decks of cards, an old clay pipe, and a four-gallon cask of rum. He didn't quite know whether he was an Australian or an American or a German, and had never heard where he was born, nor what was his real name, nor whether he had ever had any parents or not. He had been at sea ever since he could remember, didn't know what it felt like to be sober, had been steeped in iniquity up to the roots of his hair always, and thought religion was a Polynesian word.

You see it was the same situation, only reversed, as in that story by Miss Emmeline Faith Summers, and in so many other stories,—in too many to be a fair, impartial statement of account as between saint and sinner. I don't know, my informant didn't tell me, if the monks of San Atoll had read those stories, and brooded over them, and felt sick at their one-sidedness and flattery of the sinful classes. It may have been only their natural goodness of heart and unselfishness. But anyhow they responded nobly to the test, and proved once for all that a Christian can be just as magnanimous and considerate and altruistic as the worst scum of a mining camp.

From the first moment that the sailor came ashore they set themselves in all sorts of thoughtful ways to make him feel

that he was among friends. The convent chapel was closed in the daytime altogether. The monks went on holding services at night, but they muffled the bell so as not to disturb their guest, and pattered downstairs on their bare feet. They kept the services secret, too, for fear they should seem to be showing off and setting themselves as more righteous than he was; and after a time they felt that even this was not enough, they could not help feeling that they *were* better than the poor fellow; so they gave up the services altogether. On Friday nothing but meat was brought into the refectory, and they gorged themselves to repletion. They even took the trouble to provide pork, on the off chance that the sailor might be a bad Mahometan or Jew. Of course they did penance afterwards; the abbot was obliged to order a whole cargo of hairshirts and scourges, the monks wore them out so fast; till it occurred to them that even this was a form of self-righteousness, and they gave up the penances as well.

They took to cards the first day. The orphan taught them loo and poker, and taught them how to cheat at both, and it was surprising how quickly they picked it up, and won his pipe and his six-shooter and his rum from him, besides every cent in his pocket. The money on the island was cowrie shells, and they had soon won all the cowrie shells, and had to adopt a fresh coinage of shark's teeth and oyster shells to be able to go on playing. They drank the rum as fast as they won it, and when it was all gone they went on making believe to reel about in the most natural manner, and trying by all sorts of affectionate tricks to keep the poor shipwrecked man from feeling lonely and strange. One of them even found out a way to distill the juice of the cocoanuts on the island, and after that they kept the natives hard at work gathering the nuts and distilling them all day, including Sundays. They gambled on Sundays, too, and for higher stakes than on week days. The abbot himself won the sailor's nickel watch on a Sunday and won it on a marked card.

My informant did not go into details about all the sins that the devoted brethren committed in their anxiety to soothe the exile, and no doubt there were some that they left out through sheer ignorance. But they did their best. They established slavery on San Atoll, and bought and sold the natives to each other, separating husbands from their wives, and mothers from their children in the most heart-rending manner. They would have murdered a few natives if the sailor had really wished it, but he declined to lessen the number of hands for the distillery.

They did their best, and when at length a missionary steamer arrived at the island, and rescued the poor orphan, he went away with tears in his eyes, declaring that he had had the time of his life, and never wished to find himself among a jollier crew.

And the result was all that it should have been, all that the reader has learnt to expect as the natural and certain reward of similar abnegation on the part of the most abandoned of mankind. The report of the monks' piety and their extraordinary kindness to the sinner, was carried to Europe; and every single monk was immediately elected as abbot of a rich monastery in the Levant, while the abbot was made a Patriarch.

So this story proves that a Christian community living in the strictest sanctity can show as much gentleness and graciousness and appreciation of another's point of view as any gang of ruffians who have ever been praised and patted on the back for similar conduct. I think it is a fit and proper pendant to that charming story by Miss Emmeline Faith Summers, and I am glad to put it on record in the interest of justice and fair play to all.

The Son

By Katharine Baker

THE stout baker toiled up the stair, carrying an armful of bundles. He did not knock at his wife's door. He was not good at polite forms. But he beamed upon her as he set down his parcels and began to clear a table.

The wife got up to help him. She had been used to waiting on her man. He waved her back.

"You just sit still once," he commanded. "I'll tend to this. We're going to have a supper party together."

"You're real foolish about it," she complained. "I ain't so much as been downstairs for two weeks already. I bet you that girl wastes, something wonderful." But she was secretly pleased at her husband's care.

He set the table painstakingly, with a white cloth, and a large lamp that had no shade, and glared. There were all kinds of delicatessen in the parcels, only no cakes or bread. The baker's wife had seen enough cakes and bread in her time. They had no thrill left in them for her.

The baker was full of jokes, and laughed a great deal, but under his gayety he was keenly watching his wife. She was not beautiful nor young. She was on her way down to the gate where life comes in and goes out.

They did not know how near she had drawn to the gate. Two days later the baker, sitting in the next room waiting, with his head in his hands, heard a faint cry. Hardly could he believe that sound. Twenty years he had been married,

and never a child till now. It was a great moment for the baker.

Soon came the nurse, and let him in. There was his middle-aged wife. There was the desired little face beside her. With a hot heart, he stooped to touch the child.

She sat up, and leaned over it.

"Well," she said, smiling, "you ought to be satisfied now. There's your son at last. A regular little Dutchman."

She fell back on her pillow.

"She feels bad," he suggested to the nurse.

But he was mistaken. She was dead.

You could not expect a man to realize that. He sat down in a kind of stupid amazement, while other people became very busy in his house.

The wife was gone. There was no doubt about it. They put him out of the room once more, but he would not be parted from the new-born son.

"What makes the child's hands and feet such a bright blue?" someone asked the nurse.

She said it was often so. The circulation would start up better presently. But it did not. In a few hours they took the baby back to its mother to stay.

After a while the baker could see his wife again. This did not seem to be the same woman at all. She had been rather fat and untidy. Now she wore a shroud of the finest white satin, and lay in a satin-lined coffin, which the undertaker called a casket. He was a pompous undertaker, and walked about in squeaking shoes.

It was a pity the baker's wife could not see that satin dress. She had not been married in anything half so splendid.

There was the baby's little face also, beside her in the coffin. He was not a pretty child. Lots of babies that nobody wants are much nicer to look at. But he was the baker's only son, and the father had longed for him these twenty years.

There they both were, in the coffin. He gazed at them through blind eyes. He fancied he heard the faint cry again that had made his heart so hot. He took the baby's hand in his with fearful hope. It was cold, like a little stone. Then he turned and went back to the room where he had waited, and sat with his head in his hands.

The wasteful girl came up to ask about the shop. What should she do, since nothing must be sold today?

"Send for the poor," he directed. "Tell them all to come. Give them the bread and cake and pies, everything. It will be closed. Who knows when it will open?"

There was a rusty revolver in the bureau drawer. He was thinking of that.

But the girl went down and did as she was told. So the poor had reason to be glad that the baker's little son was dead.

The Bonfire

By Robert Frost

"OH let's go up the hill and scare ourselves,
As reckless as the best of them tonight,
By setting fire to all the brush we piled
With pitchy hands to wait for rain or snow.
Oh let's not wait for rain to make it safe.
The pile is ours: we dragged it bough on bough
Down dark converging paths between the pines.
Let's not care what we do with it tonight.
Divide it? No! But burn it as one pile
The way we piled it. And let's be the talk
Of people brought to windows by a light
Thrown from somewhere upon their wall-paper.
Rouse them all, both the free and not so free
With saying what they'd like to do to us
For what they'd better wait till we have done.
Let's all but bring to life this old volcano,
If that is what the mountain ever was—
And scare ourselves. Let wild fire loose
We will . . . "
"And scare you too?" the children said.

"Why wouldn't it scare me to have a fire
Begin in smudge with ropy smoke and know
That still, if I repent, I may recall it,
But in a moment not: a little spurt

Of burning fatness, and then nothing but
The fire itself can put it out, and that
By burning out, and before it burns out
It will have roared first and mixed sparks with stars
And sweeping round it with a flaming sword,
Made the dim trees stand back in wider circle—
Done so much and I know not how much more
I mean it shall not do if I can bind it.
Well if it doesn't with its draft bring on
A wind to blow in earnest from some quarter,
As once it did to me upon an April.
The breezes were so spent with winter blowing
They seemed to fail the bluebirds under them
Short of the perch their languid flight was toward;
And my flame made a pinnacle to heaven
As I walked once round it in possession.

But the wind out of doors—you know the saying.
There came a gust. You used to think the trees
Made wind by fanning since you never knew
It blow but that you saw the trees in motion.
Something or someone watching made that gust.
It put that flame tip-down and dabbed the grass
Of overwinter with the least tip-touch
Your tongue gives salt or sugar in your hand.
The place it reached to blackened instantly.
The black was all there was by daylight,
That and the merest curl of cigarette smoke—
And a flame slender as the hepaticas,
Blood-root, and violets so soon to be now.
But the black spread like black death on the ground,
And I think the sky darkened with a cloud
Like winter and evening coming on together.
There were enough things to be thought of then.

Where the field stretches toward the north
And setting sun to Hyla brook, I gave it
To flames without twice thinking, where it verges
Upon the road, to flames too, though in fear
They might find fuel there, in withered brake,
Grass its full length, old silver golden-rod,
And alder and grape vine entanglement,
To leap the dusty deadline. For my own
I took what front there was beside. I knelt
And thrust hands in and held my face away.
Fight such a fire by rubbing not by beating.
A board is the best weapon if you have it.
I had my coat. And oh, I knew, I knew,
And said out loud, I couldn't bide the smother
And heat so close in; but the thought of all
The woods and town on fire by me, and all
The town turned out to fight for me—that held me.
I trusted the brook barrier, but feared
The road would fail; and on that side the fire
Rose till it made a noise of crackling wood—
Of something more than tinder grass or weed—
That brought me to my feet to hold it back
By leaning back myself, as if the reins
Were round my neck and I was at the plough.
I won. But I'm sure no one ever spread
Another color over a tenth the space
That I spread coal black over in the time
It took me. Neighbors coming home from town
Couldn't believe that so much black had come there
While they had backs turned, that it hadn't been there
When they had passed an hour or so before
Going the other way and they not seen it.
They looked about for someone to have done it.
But there was no one. I was somewhere wondering

Where all my weariness had gone and why
I walked so light on air in heavy shoes
In spite of a scorched Fourth of July feeling.
Why shouldn't I be scared remembering that?"

"If it scares you, what will it do to us?"

"Scare you. But if you shrink from being scared,
What would you say to war if it should come?
That's what for reasons I should like to know—
If you can comfort me by any answer."

"Oh, but war's not for children—it's for men."

"Now we are digging almost down to China.
My dears, my dears, you thought that—we all thought it.
So your mistake was ours. Haven't you heard, though,
About the ships where war has found them out
At sea, about the towns where war has come
Through opening clouds at night with droning speed
Further o'erhead than all but stars and angels,—
And children in the ships and in the towns?
Haven't you heard what we have lived to learn?
Nothing so new—something we had forgotten:
War is for everyone, for children too.
I wasn't going to tell you, and I mustn't.
The best way is to come up hill with me
And have our fire and laugh and be afraid."

Caged

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

I COULD almost see the heat curl,
In grinning, evil curves,
Up through the narrow court.
And I flapped on naked, slippered feet
Across the bare floor;
And sipped at something cool and drooped kimonoed arms
With sick languor.

And then I saw you at your window—
You, with your damp grey face,
In your itching, servant's black,
Your swollen fingers heavy on the sill.
You gazed dully at the caged canary,
Songless on his sticky perch.

Flotsam

By Amy Lowell

SHE sat in a Chinese wicker chair
Wide at the top like a spread peacock's tail,
And toyed with a young man's heart which she held lightly in her fingers.
She tapped it gently,
Held it up to the sun and looked through it,
Strung it on a chain of seed-pearls and fastened it about her neck,
Tossed it into the air and caught it,
Deftly, as though it were a ball.
Before her on the grass sat the young man.
Sometimes he felt an ache where his heart had been,
But he brushed it aside.
He was intent on gazing, and had no time for anything else.
Presently she grew tired and handed him back his heart,
But he only laid it on the ground beside him
And went on gazing.

When the maidservant came to tidy up,
She found the heart on the grass.
"What a pretty thing," said the maidservant,
"It is red as a ruby!"
So she picked it up,
And carried it into the house,
And ran a ribbon through it,

And hung it on the looking-glass in her bedroom.
There it hung for many days,
Banging back and forth as the wind blew it.

Night and The Madman

From "The Madman"

By Kahlil Gibran

"I AM like thee, O, Night, dark and naked; I walk on the flaming path which is above my day-dreams, and whenever my foot touches earth a giant oaktree comes forth."

"Nay, thou art not like me, O, Madman, for thou still lookest backward to see how large a foot-print thou leavest on the sand."

"I am like thee, O, Night, silent and deep; and in the heart of my loneliness lies a Goddess in child-bed; and in him who is being born Heaven touches Hell."

"Nay, thou art not like me, O, Madman, for thou shudderest yet before pain, and the song of the abyss terrifies thee."

"I am like thee, O, Night, wild and terrible; for my ears are crowded with cries of conquered nations and sighs of forgotten lands."

"Nay, thou art not like me, O, Madman, for thou still takest thy little-self for a comrade, and with thy monster-self thou canst not be friend."

"I am like thee, O, Night, cruel and awful; for my bosom is lit by burning ships at sea, and my lips are wet with blood of slain warriors."

"Nay, thou art not like me, O, Madman; for the desire for a sister-spirit is yet upon thee, and thou hast not become a law unto thyself."

"I am like thee, O, Night, joyous and glad; for he who dwells in my shadow is now drunk with virgin wine, and she who follows me is sinning mirthfully."

"Nay, thou art not like me, O, Madman, for thy soul is wrapped in the veil of seven folds and thou holdest not thy heart in thine hand."

"I am like thee, O, Night, patient and passionate; for in my breast a thousand dead lovers are buried in shrouds of withered kisses."

"Yea, Madman, art thou like me? Art thou like me? And canst thou ride the tempest as a steed, and grasp the lightning as a sword?"

"Like thee, O, Night, like thee, mighty and high, and my throne is built upon heaps of fallen Gods; and before me too pass the days to kiss the hem of my garment but never to gaze at my face."

"Art thou like me, child of my darkest heart? And dost thou think my untamed thoughts and speak my vast language?"

"Yea, we are twin brothers, O, Night; for thou revealest space and I reveal my soul."

The Child of God

By Louise Driscoll

THE scene is the dining-room of a small house in a small New England village. There is a table spread for supper. In the center of the table is a high, ugly, unshaded lamp. There is a door at the back, set between two windows, the windows have shelves filled with straggling plants. A woman is moving about the room. She goes to one of the windows and peers between the plants. She draws the shade and comes to the table. She turns up the lamp. She is Mrs. Dean, a widow.

MRS. DEAN

He's late again tonight,
Supper's all ready, I'll turn up the light.
There, that's what I call cheerful! I can't see
Why he should hate it so. It seems to me
He's growing finicking. The lamp's too bright,
This thing is ugly, that thing isn't right.
I've never taught him so. I've always said,
"Be thankful that the Lord sends Daily Bread."
He doesn't seem to hear me any more.
(*There is a sound of footsteps and Mrs. Dean raises her voice*).
Is that you, John?
Be sure to wipe your feet and shut the door!
(*There is a light rap and then the door opens slowly and a woman enters. She is short and plump and is dressed in a*

fashion a little old. She carries a few bundles. She is Mrs. Carson, a neighbor)

MRS. CARSON

May I come in? I was just going by,
When you turned up the light.
Tom's come home unexpected and I had
To run out to the store to get an extra bite.
I don't eat much when I'm alone—

MRS. DEAN

Will Tom stay with you now?

MRS. CARSON

Oh, mercy, no! He's got a place down there.
Tom's doing well. He's just run home to see
His mother over Sunday.

MRS. DEAN

It seems to me
It isn't always mothers that they come to see.

MRS. CARSON
(*Smiling but watchful*)

Oh, Tom don't care for Irma any more!
I'm glad of that. Irma's all right.
She's pretty and all that, but kind of light.
They say she's going to marry Henry Ware.
Tom told me and he said he didn't care.

MRS. DEAN
(*Interested, she speaks tensely*)

You're sure of that? You know
What you are saying?

MRS. CARSON

Oh, I guess it's so!
I've seen him going there a lot of late,
And watched them kind of lingering at the gate.
I must be going now. Tom will be home.

He went down street to see what he could see.
He likes to meet folks. Tell your John for me
He must run over when he can. He's got the time.
Most of the boys are busy with some work,
But John's the gentleman! My Tom's a clerk
In a big hardware store at Everston.

MRS. DEAN
(*Unmoved*)

You know what John is. You know very well
He is the Lord's. And I don't need to tell
That he's to preach the Gospel. In the Fall
He goes to Hartford. He's to study there.
I've planned it all.

(*Mrs. Carson is restless while Mrs. Dean is speaking. She is timid, but as Mrs. Dean pauses, she summons her courage and speaks earnestly*)

MRS. CARSON

I've heard folks say that John don't want to preach.
Are you quite sure you're right to push him so?
Why do you urge him if he doesn't want to go?

MRS. DEAN
(*Stiffly*)

You're very kind, I'm sure. I'm very sure
That you mean to be kind, so I endure
What you are bold to say.

MRS. CARSON

I know I'm kind of awkward. What I've come to say
Don't seem to come easy. It's hard, someway,
To talk about real things, but this is one
I feel I've got to talk about, and now that I've begun
I guess I'll say it quick. My Tom wants John to go
Back to Everston with him. He's got a job for John.
He knows about Irma—he understands. And so—

MRS. DEAN

(*Interrupting her*)

Before my son was born I made a plan with God.
I said, "Oh God, when my son is a man,
His voice shall praise Thee. I give him to be
Thy minister, Oh Lord! Take him from me!"
I've always told John that. John knows he is
The Child of God. John knows that he's to preach.
He will begin to study in the Fall.

MRS. CARSON

(*No longer timid, speaks with feeling*)

You must know about Irma! She is queer
Some way. There's something makes her dear
To all the young men. It's kind of hard to say
Just what it is. She's got a pretty way
Her hair's all curly—she's got dimpled hands—

MRS. DEAN

What's that to do with what the Lord commands?

MRS. CARSON

Has God said anything? Or is it you
Who want your own way? Oh! why won't you let
John go away with Tom. He will forget
And care less, as Tom does.

MRS. DEAN

You're very kind, but you don't understand.
I never liked Irma.

MRS. CARSON

What has that to do
With young men's liking? Do you think that you
Can think and feel for John as well as plan?
You seem to forget that your John's a man!

MRS. DEAN

He is the Child of God. I've given him.

(*Mrs. Carson rises. She draws her coat together, preparing to leave. She sighs a little*)

MRS. CARSON

I'm sorry, very sorry. Well, Good-night.
I wish you'd listen and I've meant all right.
(*She lingers at the door for an instant*)
Good-night.
(*She goes out, shutting the door softly behind her. Mrs. Dean stands rigid for a moment and then turns with a rapt smile.*)

MRS. DEAN

She cannot understand. She never gave
A son to God. The souls that John shall save
Will pass before her in their white array
Upon the Judgment Day. There's John's step now—
Oh, God! Don't let him care! God, take my part!
Tear Irma Willett's face out of his heart!
(*John enters with his hands full of wild flowers.*)

JOHN

Aren't they lovely, Mother? Every one of them
A chalice with a drop of flower wine.
What silversmith can make a cup like that?
The workman was divine!
See how they're touched with color.
What a wrist that is!
It turns a light brush quickly
And paints anemones.

MRS. DEAN

They fall so. Look—they're all over the floor!
I've work enough to do! No—it's all right.
I don't mind clearing up
After my son. Why are you late tonight?

JOHN

Haven't you seen the sunset? The sun's a scarlet rose
Laid on the edge of the world. No painter knows
Such vehement color on color as clouds that come
To gather the rose in their hands and carry it home.

MRS. DEAN

It is the sun and the sky that the Lord has made.
The Heavens declare his glory—

JOHN

(*Smiling*)

And you pull down the shade.

MRS. DEAN

(*Shocked*)

My son!

JOHN

But Mother, you do!
You have pulled the shade at those windows lest
The glory of God shine through.
Have you looked on the hills tonight? God has lifted the shade
To let us see into the workshop where glory is made!

MRS. DEAN

I don't like to hear you talk so! I wish that you
Would talk like other folks do!

(*John seats himself at the table and begins to arrange his flowers in a glass of water there.*)

JOHN

You'd like to have me quote from some old hymns,
Use phrases of a people I don't know,
Say things I don't believe or that are no longer so,

(*He smiles a little to soften his words*)

Speak of Bible flowers that can't litter your floor,
I'm sorry, Mother, but that's all too far away.
These little, scented blossoms that I found today
Are lovely as any lilies that Jesus ever found
When he walked through the fields of Palestine,
Or looked on the hills around
About the city Jerusalem. I am not a Jew.
I'm a New England village boy some power is singing through.
Life is very wonderful. These are my fields and trees,
My little, friendly rivers that run to meet my seas.
"This is the day the Lord has made,"
The same Lord that made me—
Made me myself—gave me my singing soul!
He made the world, green growing, set my feet
To walk in it! To go out into it!

MRS. DEAN
(*Steadily*)

You are going to Hartford to study theology.

JOHN

I'm awfully sorry, Mother, but you can't plan my life for me.

MRS. DEAN

I vowed it before you were born, John.
To God I've given my word.
You are to preach the Lord—

JOHN

I'll sing the Lord.

MRS. DEAN

Your songs are impious. You twist truth about.
You make things different. Your songs are strange.
You cover sacred things with a shadow of doubt.
You are deaf to the voice of the Lord.

JOHN

No, Mother, you're wrong.
I've heard God saying
"Sing unto me a new song!"

MRS. DEAN

I prayed over you in your cradle, when you were a little boy;
I gave you a pictured Bible instead of a foolish toy—

JOHN

(*Wistfully*)

But, Mother, I wanted the toy.
I was only a little boy.

MRS. DEAN

(*Ignoring him*)

I sat by you hour after hour, reading the old, sweet hymns.

JOHN

Yes, I learned rhythm from them. Some of them thrill me yet,
But some are pretty bad poems, words that are clumsily set
To fasten a half truth into a mind that can only half forget.

MRS. DEAN

My prayers have come to this! My word to God!
The wine of my soul is spilled on the earth and trod
Under the feet of him who was to be
My gift to God!

JOHN

Won't you listen, Mother? It seems to me
That you won't think and you won't let me think.
You speak of wine, and yet you call strong drink
The brew of Hell. And you want me to vote
To make all wine illegal in the State.
What does wine mean to you or to your soul?

You use the eastern image two thousand years too late.
We in New England villages don't think in terms of wine.
We work for prohibition. And that's what I mean.
I want to get away from words that are
No longer full of meaning, thoughts that bar
My soul in its free flight into blue Heaven.
I'm sorry, Mother, but it must be so,
The time has come when you must let me go.

(*They stand looking at one another and neither shows any sign of yielding. There is a sound of footsteps at the door and a hurried knocking. After an instant's pause, Mrs. Dean goes slowly to the door and opens it. Tom Carson and Irma Willett, enter. They are agitated.*)

IRMA

Oh, it isn't true!
Oh, I'm so glad! They told me it was you
And I ran all the way.

TOM

You went along the river bank today?
Under the willows? Someone saw you there
Sitting alone. There's been a big landslide.
Sid Jenkins sent down there and found a man had died.
He was all crushed. Ugh! It was horrible!

IRMA

I thought that it was you!

JOHN

I'm sorry you were frightened, Irma dear,
But you'd no reason. I was safely here.

MRS. DEAN
(*Passionate, exalted*)

Now will you see the Lord's hand in your life
Pointing your duty clear?
You are spared to do his will and naught beside!

JOHN

But Mother, what of the fellow who has died?

IRMA

(*Growing a little shy*)

I must go now. You see, Mrs. Dean,
I only came because someone had seen
John sitting there by the old willow trees.
I was so frightened—fearing—Ah, John, please,
Please let me go.

JOHN

Let me thank you, Irma. This will comfort me
When nights seem long. I'm going away tomorrow.

MRS. DEAN

Piling sorrow on his mother's sorrow!
Better far that he
Should lie there dead by the old willow tree!

TOM

Oh, but that is dreadful, Mrs. Dean!
You mustn't talk like that, for you can't mean
What you are saying. John saved me
When I was headed straight for death and Hell.
He made me feel ashamed. He made me see
Just what a fool I was. I went away
And fought it out. That's why I'm here today.
I've got a job for John in Everston.
I'd be so proud to have John there!
I'd be proud of John anywhere!

MRS. DEAN

He is the Child of God, yet he denies
The Heavenly Fatherhood. All—all my prayer
Is wasted on him. All my promises
Lie unfulfilled before the Lord Most High.
I vowed that he should preach—

IRMA

(*Suddenly, forgetting herself*)

Oh, I can't see why
God ever gave you John! You little, little soul!
You want to sit in some nice snug front pew
With all the congregation behind you
Saying "That's her son!" You want John to stand
Up in some pulpit, very black and grand,
Looking down on the people! John will go
As young King Saul went after his father's sheep,
The poor, lost sheep that needed the young Saul so!
And Saul found the word of God on the road—on the road!
Not in any high pulpit, not in a fixed abode,
But out where lost sheep go by.
Oh, John's too big for us all! And I—and I
Could kneel at his feet and worship him.
(*She speaks more slowly, very tenderly*)
Perhaps
That's why I can't love you, John, as I love Henry Ware.
I should always be at your feet and humble there.

JOHN

Don't grieve, dear. Don't you see
If you are happy, that's enough for me.
Tell Henry that I'll keep an eye on him!
(*Gravely*)
Mother can't understand. Her God is grim,
And strange and high and very far away,
Not having much to do with men today
Here in New England; speaking overseas
In phrases of a people unlike these
Who live with us. She is afraid
Of all the real things. She fears for me
Because I'm glad in all that has been made.

Glad in my own heart and unceasingly
At beauty of this sky and field and sea,
Glad that I'm young and glad that I am strong!
Glad in my own phrase and in my own song!

MRS. DEAN

He is breaking his mother's heart,
He is breaking his mother's vow.
He is choosing a life apart
From the things of God. He sings
Of wicked, heathen things.

JOHN

I'll make them all praise God,
Hill, river, road and tree,
Life, death, eternity!
Church, bank and byre and bin,
Above, below, without, within.
I'll make the oriole's wing a flaming sword!
I'll make Pan praise the Lord!

MRS. DEAN

And lose your soul!

IRMA

No—no! And be made whole!
Find all the little truths we overlook.
Release the creed-bound beauty of the Book!

(*There is a sound of people gathering outside, voices and footsteps. Tom Carson goes to the door.*)

TOM

(*speaking to the people outside*)

John's safe at home. Yes. John's all right.
Yes—yes! We're glad! You'd better not come in.
We're coming out.
Come, Irma, and—Good-night.
(*He speaks to John*).

There's a great crowd out there. They were afraid
It was your body by the willow tree.
Go, speak to them. They love you. You have made
Friends of them all. And will you write to me
Once in a while? You know how glad I'd be
To hear from you? I will take Irma home.

(*He pushes John gently toward the door. John goes out. The people can be heard greeting him. Irma draws her light wrap about her shoulders and prepares to go with Tom. She is watching Mrs. Dean intently and as she reaches the door she turns to speak to the older woman who stands rigid, watching her.*)

IRMA

Pray tonight, if you can.
Thank God you have brought a man
Into the world, a singing priest to reach
The hearts of other men.
We're too small, you and I, to love him as
He should be loved. We are too small
To understand it all.
But can't you love him more?
Oh, can't you
Love him as other mothers do?
And be a little—kind—
Can't you—

(*Her voice falters and dies away. She looks back and then goes out, shutting the door behind her. Mrs. Dean stands very still, unyielding.*)

America and The Arts

By Romain Rolland

(*Translated by Waldo Frank*)

I REJOICE in the founding of a magazine in which the American Spirit may seek and achieve consciousness of its nature and of its role.

My faith is great in the high destinies of America. And it is clear to me that the events of today make more urgent than before that these be realized. On our old Continent, civilization is menaced. It becomes America's solemn duty to uphold the wavering torch.

You have great advantages over the European nations. You are free of traditions. You are free of that vast load of thought, of sentiment, of secular obsession under which the Old World groans. The intellectual fixed ideas, the dogmas of politics and art that grip us, are unknown to you. You may go forward, unhampered, to your future; while we, in Europe, sacrifice ours, daily, to quarrels and rancors and ambitions that should be dead. Europe has found no better channel for its genius than to revive these quarrels; to submit, over and again, to the tyrannies that they impose. And each time that Europe attempts to solve them, it succeeds merely in strengthening the web that binds it. Where it should strike clear of its shackles, it forges still more iron meshes. Like the *Atrides,* it works out its tragedy under a curse. And like them, again, it prays for its release in vain, to some indifferent god.

In art also, you are more fortunate than we. Our writers

have perfection of form; they have attained a great precision of ideas. These qualities they owe to the firm basis of our classical traditions. But they have won them, not without sacrifice. How few of these perfect craftsmen are sensitive and free to the infinite life of the world! Their spirit huddles in a hedged and cultivated garden,—incurious of the wide spaces beyond it. Only as the River runs through their enclosure, do these artists understand it. The River issues forth; its tide quickens; its banks grow broad. It waters all the world. And they remain indifferent, behind.

How much greater is your opportunity! You have been born of a soil that is neither encumbered nor shut in by past spiritual edifices. Profit by this. Be free! Do not become slaves to foreign models. Your true model is within yourselves. Your approach to it must be the understanding of yourselves.

This is your first task:—The diverse personalities that compose your States must dare to express themselves, freely, sincerely, entirely, in art. They must avoid the false quest after originality. They must be careless of form. They must be fearless of opinion.

Above all, dare to see yourselves; to penetrate within yourselves—and to your very depths. Dare to see true. And then, whatever you find, dare to speak it out as you have found it. What I propose is not the egoist's retirement from life. Self-discovery leads, in no way, to a cult of the senses. On the contrary, if one search deep enough, it means, for the artist, the plunging of roots within the spirit of his people. Seek out your people's dreams and trials; make them your own. Aspire to be the Light, flushing the darkness of all these potent, murmurous masses. For they have been called to recreate the world. They—the people—whose indifference to art oppresses you, are the Dumb. And since they cannot express themselves, they cannot know themselves. You must be their

Voice. You must let them hear you speak, in order that they may grow conscious of their own existence. Give voice to your own soul, and you will find that you have given birth to the soul of your people.

You have a second task—one more difficult and more remote. It is to establish from all these free-moving personalities within your States a tie that shall be as a blood-bond. Their lives are of many moods and colors. Build them into a great Cathedral. Their voices are unconscious and spontaneous and discordant. Compose from them a Symphony. Think of the rich foundation of your country. It is made up of all races; it has flowed in to you from all continents. May this help you to understand the essential spirits of these peoples whose sum must be America. May it bring you to realize that a vast harmony exists between their varying intellectual forces.

To-day, on the old Continent, all of these forces are in conflict. It is a bitter and unworthy spectacle. These nations —like France and Germany—are neighbors. In blood, and in ideals, they are close kin. Their true differences are shades. Yet, they have denied each other. They are bending all their forces, consecrating all their genius to stultify and to destroy each other. What are these struggles, seen in a clear light, but disputes of parishes:— miserable denials of the vastness of Truth, passionate and perverse attempts to stifle Human Spirit, to build walls around it, to deny it the world, to shut it in a prison!

As for me, I say it openly—not alone is the ideal of one nation a too narrow thing; even the ideal of a reconciled Europe, of a united Occident would be a too narrow thing.

The hour has struck for mankind to begin its march toward the ideal simply of Humanity:—to begin it with conscious fervor, to suffer no exclusion. Man must at last enter into health; must at last enter into life. All of art and science must be

his leader; and all of Humanity must be his goal. The Asiatic cultures—China, India—are being born anew. The Old and the New Worlds must bring forth the treasures of their souls, and place them in common with these equal treasures. For all great expressions of mankind subserve each other, complement each other. And the Thought of the future must be a synthesis of all the great thoughts of all the world.

To achieve this fertile union should be the work of Americans. For it is they who live between the seas that bathe the two great continents. It is they who live at the center of the life of the world! This is my dream.

In conclusion, writers and thinkers of America, we expect of you two things. We ask that you defend the cause of Liberty; that you defend its conquests; and that you increase them. And by Liberty I mean both political and intellectual liberty. I mean the incessant rebirth and replenishment of life that it enfolds. I mean the wide River of Spirit that never stagnates, but flows on forever.

Also, we ask that you so master your lives as to give to the world a new ideal for lack of which it bleeds—an ideal, not of section and tradition, but of Harmony. You must harmonize all of the dreams and liberties and thoughts brought to your shores by all your peoples. You must make of your culture a symphony that shall in a true way express your brotherhood of individuals, of races, of cultures banded together. You must make real the dream of an integrated and entire humanity.

You are fortunate. Your life is young and abundant. Your land is vast and free for the discovery of your works. You are at the beginning of your journey, at the dawn of your day. There is in you no weariness of the Yesterdays; no clutterings of the Pasts. . . .

Romain Rolland

Behind you, alone, the elemental Voice of a great pioneer, in whose message you may well find an almost legendary omen of your task to come,—your Homer: Walt Whitman.

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THE SEVEN ARTS

AN EXPRESSION OF ARTISTS FOR THE COMMUNITY

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DURING the summer months, we sent out the following statement to American authors:

It is our faith and the faith of many, that we are living in the first days of a renascent period, a time which means for America the coming of that national self-consciousness which is the beginning of greatness. In all such epochs the arts cease to be private matters; they become not only the expression of the national life but a means to its enhancement.

Our arts shown signs of this change. It is the aim of *The Seven Arts* to become a channel for the flow of these new tendencies: an expression of our Amer-

ican arts which shall be fundamentally an expression of our American life.

We have no tradition to continue; we have no school of style to build up. What we ask of the writer is simply self-expression without regard to current magazine standards. We should prefer that portion of his work which is done through a joyous necessity of the writer himself.

The Seven Arts will publish stories, short plays, poems, essays and brief editorials. Such arts as cannot be directly set forth in a magazine will receive expression through critical writing, which, it is hoped, will be no less creative than the fiction and poetry. In this field the aim will be to give vistas and meanings rather than a monthly survey or review; to interpret rather than to catalogue. We hope that creative workers themselves will also set forth their vision and their inspiration.

In short, *The Seven Arts* is not a magazine for artists, but an expression of artists for the community.

Some of the response to this may be seen in this number. But we are only at a beginning. Such a magazine cannot be created by either work or wishing. It must create itself, by continuing to exist. Its presence then becomes a challenge to the artist to surpass himself. He reads his contemporaries, and a sportsmanlike rivalry springs up which evokes his best effort. So a community spirit arises: and out of this once again, as it has before, among the Cathedral builders, among the Elizabethans, a genuine and great art may spring.

"AMERICA AND THE ARTS" was written for us by Romain Rolland, immediately after word had reached him of the founding of *The Seven Arts*. Coming as it does from the foremost literary figure of the new

French Liberal movement, its interest is rendered perhaps still more poignant by its author's present situation. For M. Rolland's stand against hate and indiscriminate blame has won him a hearty and powerful hostility among the chauvinistic and sectional leaders of his country. Before the War, his message of internationalism, his plea for a European spirit, his profound study of the fallacy of boundaries in thought and culture, were welcome enough throughout intellectual Europe. But with the movement of the Armies, the tempest of blood and outrage that ensued, most of intellectual Europe disappeared. It was as if the cataclysm that levelled so many edifices had swept along with them the outstanding minds of the European nations. The crowd-wave of passion did its work even more perfectly than the wave of iron. Men who had been thinkers talked like fools; men who had been artists lost the vision and truth of feeling that had distinguished them. After the first wave, few of the eminent minds of Europe were found standing above the intellectual ruin. And among those few, Romain Rolland was almost alone in France.

He has felt this solitude and suffered by it. To what depths, his later writings show with tragic clearness. The failure of the leaders of his country to understand his ideal for it has been a great blow for Romain Rolland. And yet, despite his martyrdom and the martyrdom of France, he has found the spirit to give us a message of faith.

In times of extreme trial, only rare minds know themselves. If many of his countrymen have denied Romain Rolland, it must mean simply that many in France, as in Germany and England and Russia, have been denying themselves. For the authenticity of the French spirit voiced by Romain Rolland needs no clearer title than these words addressed to us. They are indeed typical of the amazing soul of France, whose role it has been, before this, to speak for the world.

IF the War is a destroyer, it is also a creator. The philosopher, the artist and the teacher may snap back to a primitive state, like elastic bands released from their strain, but the population rises to a consecration very similar to that of the philosopher, the artist and the teacher. We think of a Bergson and a Rodin as giving their lives to the unnecessary, to the future. In war the unnamed millions go that way. The millhand may spend himself for something as great as "The Hand of God." The young, the able-bodied, the gifted are slain: the lands are scarred with cripples: the homes become bleeding fragments of families. But the nations are going through an experience of life and death: they are enduring again the ancient disciplines of heroism and of sorrow. They have died that they may be born again.

There is, however, this difference. A Rodin voluntarily suffers devotion to a vision out of which something joyous is wrought, an addition to human wealth. But the soldier falls under the compulsion of the herd-instinct and is devoted by his passion to a vision out of which destruction and death are wrought, a loss of human wealth. We shall never cease from war until the mass of the race achieves a greater growth, until the millions volunteer to suffer creation.

THE trouble with outstanding minds is that often they are not in the skulls of outstanding personalities. That is one reason that the war has levelled down so swiftly the thinkers and the scholars and the artists. A man may evolve out of his head a marvellous philosophy or a great vision, and so project his upper half into the future: yet his lower half may be a child and a savage. He may be infantile in his emotional life and his animal functionings. Naturally then in a terrible crisis, when his nature catches fire from the general conflagration, the superstructure topples, and he is left raving in the grip of his passions.

Only through the emotional development of the race may we have personalities whose thinking is not in advance of themselves. This is one of the tasks of art, which must lift the hidden desires into consciousness, which must tap and drain off destructive impulses, and which must save the individual through a vicarious experience. We have Othello to save us from jealousy, and Faust to save us from inaction, and Jean-Christophe to lead us to heroic battles of peace. And in an age that has lost the supreme emotional growth through religion, what is left but art?

THE artists themselves, however, have been in the greatest danger from lack of emotional development. Modern art has become, for many artists, self-conscious and intellectual. The artist has longed to be a scientist: to make the exact description, to be psychologist or sociologist, to construct his work according to a predetermined theory. The painter who says he will go deliberately back 25,000 years to the archaic and primitive, is applying an intellectual process to creative work. He would be a child, but is merely childish: for a man cannot be a child, but merely a dwarfed and stunted man.

It is no wonder then that the terrific sweep of war has blown to pieces so much of modern art. Such art could not meet the tests of life and death, "the corrective of reality." It was a pose the artist lost as soon as he was in danger. For it takes a Goethe to stand above the battle and then go to his room and continue his work. Why should war make a difference to him? This new reality does not crowd out the old, because it is all of a piece with his experience. But he who creates an artificial world of intellect, and is suddenly confronted by the real world, loses the one and is utterly lost in the other. He is dazed and confused, a fool among men.

Enterprise

By Van Wyck Brooks

THERE is a certain spot in New York where I love to go and ruminate in the summer noontime, a lonely, sunny, windy plaza surrounded by ramshackle hoardings and warehouses unfinished and already half in ruin. It is the fag end of a great cross-town thoroughfare, a far-thrown tentacle, as it were, of the immense monster one hears roaring not so far away, a tentacle that lies there sluggish and prone in the dust, overtaken by a sort of palsy. To the right and left stretches one of those interminable sun-swept avenues that flank the city on east and west, wide, silent, and forsaken, perpetually vibrating in the blue haze that ascends from its hot cobblestones, bordered on one side by rickety wharves, on the other by a succession of tumble-down tenements left there like the sea-wrack at the ebb of the tide. For scarcely a living thing lingers here about the frayed edges of the town, and so overwhelming is the sensation of an utter lapse in its exuberant vitality that one feels as if one had been suddenly set down in the outskirts of some pioneer city on the plains of the Southwest, one of those half-built cities that sprawl out over the prairie, their long streets hectically alive in the centre but gradually shedding their population and the few poor trees that mitigate the sun's glare till at last, all but obliterated in alkali dust and marked only by the chaotic litter of old outbuildings and broken-down fences that straggle beside them, they lose themselves in the sand and the silence.

All our towns and cities, I think, have this family likeness and share this alternating aspect of life and death—New York as much as the merest contraption of corrugated iron and clapboards thrown together beside a Western railway to fulfil some fierce evanescent impulse of pioneering enterprise. Like a field given over to fireworks, they have their points of light and heat, a district, a street, a group of streets where excitement gathers and life is tense and everything spins and whirls; and round about lie heaps of ashes, burnt-out frames, seared enclosures, abandoned machinery, and all the tokens of a prodigal and long-spent energy.

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization, a civilization that perpetually over-reaches itself only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousand villages, frost-bitten, palsied, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life, villages that have lost, if they ever possessed, the secret of self-perpetuation, lie scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks, villages often enough not half a century old but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood-tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry; like the neutral areas in an old painting where the color, incompetently mixed and of perishable quality, has evaporated with time.

I suppose it is only natural in the West, these decayed settlements where time has taken so seriously, as it were, mankind's deliberate challenge to permanence. What shocks one is to realize that our Eastern villages are themselves scarcely anything but the waste and ashes of pioneering, and that no inner fire has taken possession of the hearth where that original flame so long since burnt itself out.

Off and on during the summers I have stayed in one

of those ancient Long Island villages that still seem to preserve unbroken the atmosphere of the early Republic, and it has been for me not so much a visible scene as a strange and disconcerting experience. The crazy, weatherbeaten houses that hold themselves up among their unkempt acres with a kind of angular dignity, the rotting porches and the stench of decay that hangs about their walls, the weed-choked gardens, the insect-ridden fruit trees, the rusty litter along the roads, the gaunt, silent farmers that stalk by in the dusk—how overwhelmingly they seem to betray a losing fight against the wilderness! For generations every man has gone his own way and sought his own luck. Nature has been robbed and despoiled and wasted for the sake of private and temporary gains, and now, having no more easy rewards to offer, it is taking its revenge on a race that has been too impatient and self-seeking to master its inner secrets. Incapable of cooperating with nature, of lying fallow, of merging themselves as it were in the great current of life, they have accumulated no buoyant fund of instinct and experience, and each generation, a little more spiritually impoverished than the last, runs out the ever-shortening tether of self-reliance. Still pioneers, pioneers or nothing, they have lost the sap of adventure without developing beyond the stage of improvisation.

It is all so familiar, so intensely American, and yet the warm ancestral bond eludes one so! One looks out over a landscape everywhere abundant and propitious, but still in some way, after so many years of tillage, unimpregnated by human destiny, almost wholly wanting in that subtle fusion of natural and human elements which everywhere the European landscape suggests. For Europe is alive in all its members; in its loneliest and most isolated corner there is hardly a hamlet where life does not still persist, as green and warm and ruddy as the heart of an old olive tree. Some profound inertia, some imperturbable tenacity of the spirit, has pre-

vented it from quite surrendering to nature anything, a bit of ground, a house, a road, that has once passed into the keeping of the race. And thus it is that while the conquest has been slow and laborious, invention tardy, ideas few, means inadequate, something cumulative survives.

Old American things are old as nothing else anywhere in the world is old, old without majesty, old without mellowness, old without pathos, just shabby and bloodless and worn out. That is the feeling that comes over one in villages like this, capable only of being galvanized by some fresh current of enterprise into a semblance of animation. Inhabited as they have always been by a race that has never cultivated life for its own sake, a race that has lived and built and worked always conscious of the possibility of a greater advantage to be found elsewhere, there is no principle of life working in them, three hundred years of effort having bred none of the indwelling spirit of continuity.

How little of an ample, fostering bosom the traditional scene holds out to us Americans, how all but irrevocably it commits us to a sharply individual, experimental existence!

"291 Fifth Avenue"

By Peter Minuit

THERE is a design of Picabia's—one of those in which he has attempted to express himself in symbols abstracted from mechanical devices—in which a kodak lens springs out from the body of the camera toward the Gothic characters that form the word "Ideal." At the side of the drawing stands the legend "Ici, c'est ici Stieglitz—foi et amour." A plastic epigram, if you will. But one that might well serve as the motto of a personality unique in America. Faith and love, love for art, faith in its divine power to reveal life, to spur action, to excite the creative impulse, those are the dominant characteristics of Alfred Stieglitz. Others are aware of the dynamic quality of art. Stieglitz alone has the vision to cultivate it for the sake of that quality. And so he brought into being a place where art should serve as a means to self-consciousness, as a challenge to the time, as a revelation, as a stimulus to new creative activity. That place is the "Photo-Secession Gallery," more generally known as "291 Fifth Avenue;" and it exists for a purpose that transcends the better understanding of art. The painting and the sculpture and the photography shown there are but the means. For in the heart of Alfred Stieglitz is the desire to procure America what she most needs—self-consciousness. This is the purpose that has called "291 Fifth Avenue" into being.

Those who have never found their way to "291" out of some half-conscious want will scarcely comprehend how a gallery,

devoted, even if uncommercially, to the championship of the new art, can pretend to such a function. For them, depending on their age and previous condition of servitude, "291" is either the sower of the damnable heresies that of late have been undermining the sanity of American art, or the bourn of the vital influence that has commenced to revolutionize it. They will tell you that since 1907, the year when Stieglitz ceased expressing himself only through his photography, it has been identified with the cause of contemporary painting and sculpture; that upon a community which found Leon Dabo extreme, and George Innes more to its liking, it forced a series of exhibitions which, commencing with the drawings of Rodin, include the most characteristic work produced in our day. Cézanne in his oils and in his water-colors, Matisse both as painter and as sculptor, Picasso, Henri Rousseau, Picabia, Brancusi, Eli Nadelman, Marius de Zayas the caricaturist, as well as the Americans Marsden Hartley, Steichen, Marin, Max Weber, Bluemner and Walkowitz, were shown for the first time in America at "291." Here, too, the first exhibition of Negro and African sculpture, the first exhibition of children's work that established the relationship between their aesthetic perception and the modern abstract art, took place. But, however profound the influence exercised upon contemporary American art by the radical, courageous, and unselfish activity of "291," its real character remains hidden to those who know it only in that aspect. Only to those who seek the gallery at a moment when the individual staying power is near collapse, when energy subsides and faith crumbles and vanishes, does it reveal itself.

Seek it out at such a traitor moment. Up in that little attic, in those three little rooms into which the day falls subduedly, you are alone. The rumor of the life that nearly crushed you comes here in just proportion, flowing about the sanctity of the little garret. You sit on a chair, or failing that, on a packing-

case, and gaze at the strange sculpture, the strange pictures that hang against the grey stuff or stand serried against the wall. What matter who is being shown there, Matisse or Picabia or Walkowitz? What matter whether you are astonished or ravished or appalled? What matter, so long as you feel their revolt, their daring, their fearless self-expression! These are the great venturers. These are the artists who have abandoned dead conventionality, renounced smug repetition of other men's thoughts, to find themselves. These are the men who have discarded representation in order to creep the closer to life, and get something of its naked rhythm onto their canvas or into their marble. Their art has it in its power to give you what only a thing made in your own time, under the conditions imposed by your own time, out of the fabric of your own time, can give you. The creative impulse emanating from their work comes to you in myriad ways. What matter, what your own activity? The room wherein you sit breathes toleration for it. It demands that you be utterly yourself, for here is the place where everything that would be, the strangest, the newest, the boldest, is recognized and is reverenced. But one thing counts here. It is the courage to realize yourself, to express yourself, to shape your life as you would. No half-measures, no compromise. No timid withholding. For this is the great adventure, a man's adventure, to risk all for the sake of his faith, to throw his heart out into the battle, and win it back again, or fall. You are alone no longer, for on the walls before you hang testimonies of a *Zeitgeist* of which you are a part, that weaves and shapes, struggling to realize your dream. This, and not that other blind brute life without, is reality. Once more, you have seen yourself and your life, and taken strength from the vision. You have been in the gallery but ten minutes. But for those ten minutes, the gallery exists. Not for the sake of Picasso and Marin and Nadelman. For your sake, that you may live your life.

From the back room come voices. If you should peer behind the grey stuff that curtains it from the rest of the gallery, you would see a few men, probably Bluemner, Marin, Walkowitz and others, sitting about an iron stove toasting their feet. At a table by the window that gives on chimney-pots and towering walls, a slim figure—grey bristling moustache, glasses—stands pasting something and talking, a suggestion of Teutonic intonation in his slangy speech. It is Stieglitz. Perhaps he comes out into the gallery and talks to you. If he does, pray do not feel that he is distinguishing you, for Stieglitz talks to everybody. He talks about everything, about himself, finishing a conversation commenced with someone else, telling you things that may interest you or bore you. Sometimes what he says is penetrating and important, sometimes it is not. Oftentimes, he helps you to your own convictions; oftentimes you help him to his. But it does not matter. Stieglitz' ideas are not what make him Stieglitz. It is rathermore his spirit, that splendid desire to give himself to whosoever needs him—to America. It is his lofty conception of art, not as a *divertissement,* a refuge from the world, but as a bridge to consciousness of self, to life, and through that, to new life and new creation again. He will tell you that he was the first in America to exhibit Cézanne, but that today, he would like to put his foot through everyone of his pictures. For Cézanne has become a subject of imitation, and in trying to obtain his effects, the younger artists fail to go to the nature from which he drew, and become sterile. So, too, Stieglitz would destroy every idol that takes away from the worship of the true God. So he would put his foot through all the past that hinders man from reaching life. Life, life, a thousand times, is the important thing for Stieglitz. Yourself, your own experiences, your own reactions—and art is only of value as it helps you attain them. And since the art of our own day can reveal and stimulate and impel us to create, Stieglitz has consecrated

himself to it. It is his religion.

People come to "291"; people do not come. Stieglitz goes on offering himself, knowing that all he can do is to see that if folk are hungry, they can be satisfied. One grieves to think how often there must come to him the bitterness that reaches all men who offer themselves to the world, at moments when they realize how little the world knows how to use their gift. But the thought of commiserating Stieglitz for the blindness of the very people he comes to help is as untenable as the thought of thanking him for his mode of living. He is one of those fortunate men whose activity is in itself sufficient reward. That giving of himself in "291" is his life. Other, he would not care to be. And there must come moments when he can say with Goethe: "It will be long before the trace of my days can vanish off the earth." For which of us can tell how far the energy that radiates from him will reach, by what inscrutable processes it will again and again enrich life? That is his immortality. We, who have taken what we could, bow our heads in recognition of the generous spirit that has given itself to us.

"Lazy" Verse

By James Oppenheim

ONE day—so the story goes—Bret Harte was pacing up and down, abstracted and disturbed. His friend asked the trouble.

"I'm looking," said Bret Harte, "for a two-syllabled adjective to put before a noun; but I can only think of one-syllabled words."

"Oh," said his friend, "you're writing a poem."

"A poem!" Bret Harte snorted. "If it'd been only poetry I'd have found my word long ago. I'm writing prose."

This story points at a widespread critical attitude that has often amazed me: and just the other day something I read set me on edge again. It was printed in *The New Republic* and was written by that excellent editor, Max Eastman. It was entitled "Lazy Verse" and was an attack on so-called "free verse."

Mr. Eastman looks on free verse as a result of our hasty journalistic habits: a new form of display advertising: a way of seeming to write poetry, for poets too lazy and too undisciplined to go up against the rigors of rhyme and classic meters. And, as usual, Mr. Eastman makes a few exceptions. Miracles have happened: Blake, the Psalmist, Tagore and Whitman have walked on water, and we care for them in spite of the fact that they don't swim. But,

> "It used to require a very high combination of faculties of heart and brain, with strong concentration added

to them, to make a poem which would endure reading at all. Today all one has to do is to say something. And anyone who has something to say can do that."

He then adds a parody, beginning:

"I like this end-opening note-book.
I would like a side-opening note-book, too.
I find them so yielding to poetry,
So yielding also to prose,
Ay, even to polyrhythambics, the songs of the parrot-cage,
So yielding and so sweet to the assaulting pen,
etc."

But he ends by saying that if we would only discipline ourselves by writing "form" poems, we might once in a lifetime achieve "one of those formless forms, like Blake's, that are so rare as to be remembered through the centuries. It is not impossible that we might subdue the listener to our passion *without form* as well as without metrical music."

I quote this so particularly because it is typical of the lazy thinking that characterizes our American criticism. . . .

"Without form," forsooth! According to this attitude rhythmical form means so many beats to the line, so many lines to the stanza, or, in other words, the classical forms of English poetry. Here is form:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

This is a form that offers "a more rigorous self-discipline" to the poet; he may in this achieve "concentrated expression."

The amazing ignorance in this attitude is not so much in regard to poetry as in regard to prose. What do these critics

make of prose, anyway? Do they know what prose is? Have they studied the rhythms of prose, or tried themselves to create even one prose paragraph? Do they know the importance of that "two-syllabled adjective before the noun?"

I should like to sit Max Eastman down and make him study Saintsbury's History of English Prose Rhythms. And as a test I should like him to compare examples, not of the modern conversational style, but of the outworn mode of magnificence. For instance, he might test his favorite passage in Paradise Lost against the opening of Browne's Urn Burial. I give it with Saintsbury's scansion:

"Now | since | these | dead | bones | have already | out-lasted | the living ones | of Methuselah, | and in a yard | under ground, | and thin | walls | of clay, | out-worn | all the strong | and specious | buildings | above it; | and quietly | rested | under the drums | and tramplings | of three | conquests; | what Prince | can promise | such | diuturnity | unto his reliques, | or might not | gladly | say,

'Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.' "

This is what Saintsbury calls a "spaced and rested symphony." In it, as Saintsbury says, "no two identical feet ever follow each other, not so much as on a single occasion. Now, we have observed, from the first, that variety of foot arrangement, without definite equivalence, appears to be as much the secret of prose rhythm as uniformity of value, with equivalence, or without it, appears to be that of poetic meter."

Here is one more small example, from Coleridge:

"And her eyes if they were even seen would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would

be found filled with perishing dreams and with wrecks of forgotten delirium."

Of course, if this symphonic use of rhythms is formless, then in music, Wagner and Débussy and Strawinsky are formless. Bernard Shaw speaks keenly when he speaks of Wagner's music as "the prose of music." If Mr. Eastman thinks that this "formlessness" offers less resistance to the writer than blank verse, I should like to see him try his hand at creating a fine prose passage.

He might find himself at sea. Instead of fitting his thoughts and his words into neat little molds, ready-made, he would find himself on uncharted waters where he should have to steer by the grace of the god of song. For the essential difference between meter-poetry and prose-poetry is that meter-poetry is one rhythm repeated, and prose-poetry is many rhythms blended into a larger harmony.

How write it then? How achieve form? This is the gist of it: Verbal music is derived, not from rhythm, but from tune.

Several years ago I read with delight a book by Mr. Eastman on "The Enjoyment of Poetry"; but I remember at the time being amazed that he, in common with lesser analysts of poetry, entirely omitted the important factor of *tune*. Yet it's the tune that makes the song—the rest is drum-beat.

It seems necessary then to point out the elemental fact that music is an arrangement of sounds, and that poetry is verbal music, for poetry is an arrangement of verbal sounds. A word sound is as much a sound as a note sound. The word "boom" is as much a sound as C struck on the piano. Now the way sounds are arranged by the artist so as to produce a harmonious effect is *tune*. Whoever conceived the music of "Coming Thro' the Rye" simply had a tune in his head which he converted into the notes of a musical instrument. So, too, the

poet has a tune, a tune that has verbal values whose individual notes are the syllables of words.

"O my luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
O my luve's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

If anyone will take the trouble to substitute "la" for the words in this stanza, and then hum the tune behind the words, he will understand this fundamental of poetry. Or if he will have someone read him a poem written in a language he does not understand, he will *hear* the tune, and catch its essential form and beauty. In a great poem one could no more substitute a new word for the one used by the poet, than one could substitute a different note in music for the one used by the musician. Suppose we tried: "Yes, my dear's like a pretty rose"—the same rhythm. What have we spoiled? Not the sense of it; no, we have spoiled the music, the rich, deep-chorded tune.

However, the above is a simple use of tune. There is also a symphonic use of it; there is a blending of many tunes resulting in a richer and more complex harmony. This is what differentiates Wagner's music from the music of a folk-song; and this is what differentiates great prose from classic poetry.

Where then has "free verse" a place? It is printed like poetry, but it is not simple in rhythm and tune. Is it prose, then? It doesn't seem to me that it matters. If it is prose, printed like display advertising, what of it?

Nevertheless, as a writer in this form of "free verse," I am willing to state my own personal theory. My belief is that free verse is an attempt to synthesize the values of both prose and classic poetry, producing a third medium, a child which resembles both parents, but is neither.

For it cannot be denied that classic poetry has a quality missing in prose. Its recurrent beat gives it some of the emotional poignancy of the war-drum; a certain flight as of beating wings, if you will. But on the other hand, prose is infinitely richer, an instrument adapted to a range of expression far exceeding classic poetry. Free verse is the merger of these values, for while it has variety of rhythm and tune, as in prose, it has an undercurrent of similar beat. The *pulse* is there, coming at uneven intervals, but speeding up, lifting, emotionalizing the flight of the song. A good example is Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd":

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky
in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning
Spring.

"Ever-returning Spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the
west,
And thought of him I love."

Surely no one would call this prose. What differentiates it is the steady recurrence of the anapast.

Nor would anyone call the following prose:

"I say Yes,
Yes to the dance of feet in the Spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to laughter.

"Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you."

What is seen here, clearly, too, is the need of line-division. To print these as prose would be confusing, and reading would be difficult: for, according to my belief, the line in free verse is equivalent to the phrase in music, and the end of a line denotes a pause. Line-arrangement is merely musical arrangement, and the lines inevitably work out their own lengths.

If this be true, then: that prose has great and intricate structure, that it is *formed* as much as and more than classical poetry, and that finally free verse is a synthesis of both, what becomes of the attack of Mr. Eastman? Just this: most of the so-called free verse is bad.

True. True enough. And most of the prose written to-day is bad. And most of the rhymes published are bad. And most of the pictures painted, the operas produced, the monuments erected.

This is what I have against such critics. Because free verse is a new form, and because much of it is bad, they attack, not the bad poets, but the form itself. Isn't this lazy thinking? Or no thinking at all?

Emerging Greatness

By Waldo Frank

WE do not expect an Apocalypse, here in America. Out of our terrifying welter of steel and scarlet, a design must come. But it will come haltingly, laboriously. It will be warped by the steel, clotted with the scarlet. There have been pure and delicate visions among us. In art, there has been Whistler; and Henry James took it into his head to write novels. But the clear subtlety of these men was achieved by a rigorous avoidance of native stuff and native issues. Literally, they escaped America; and their followers have done the same, though in a more figurative meaning. Artist-senses have gone out, felt the raw of us, been repulsed by it, and so withdrawn to a magnificent introversion. So, when we found vision in America, we have found mostly an abstract art—an art that remained pure by remaining neuter. What would have happened to these artists, had they grappled with their country, is an academic question. But I suspect that the true reason for their *ivory tower* was lack of strength to venture forth and not be overwhelmed. This much is sure, however—and true particularly of the novel—that our artists have been of two extremes: those who gained an almost unbelievable purity of expression by the very violence of their self-isolation, and those who, plunging into the American maëlstrom, were submerged in it, lost their vision altogether, and gave forth a gross chronicle and a blind cult of the American Fact.

The significance of Sherwood Anderson whose first novel,

"Windy McPherson's Son," has recently appeared (published by The John Lane Company), is simply that he has escaped these two extremes, that he suggests at last a presentation of life shot through with the searching color of truth, which is a signal for a native culture.

Mr. Anderson is no accident. The appearance of his book is a gesture of logic. Indeed, commentators of tomorrow might gauge the station at which America has arrived today by a study of the impulses—conscious and unconscious—which compose this novel. But it is not a prophetic work. Its author is simply a man who has felt the moving passions of his people, yet sustained himself against them just enough in a crude way to set them forth.

His story has its beginning in an Iowa town. His hero, with a naive unswervingness from type, is a newsboy. His passion is money and power. He goes to Chicago. He becomes rich. He marries the daughter of his employer. And then, he becomes powerful. There is nothing new in this; although the way of telling it is fresh and sensitive. This is the romance of inchoate America. Like the Greek fables, it is a generic wishfulfillment to be garbed by each poet in his own dress. It has been done in a folk way by Horatio Alger; with a classic might by Theodore Dreiser. But so far, it has been the entire story. With Mr. Anderson, it is only the story's introduction.

When Sam McPherson, by a succession of clumsy assaults, charges to the control of the Arms Trust of America, he does not find there, like his novelistic brothers, a romantic and sentimental and overweening satisfaction. He finds a great disgust, a great emptiness. And he becomes interested in his soul! He learns that what he has done is spiritually nothing; that it has left him as helpless before the commands of life, as in the old days when he amassed pennies in Caxton, Iowa. It dawns on him, that if man is a measurer of truth, he has para-

lyzed competition, enslaved wealth, disposed of power without really growing at all. So Sam McPherson puts aside his gains; and pilgrimages forth, searching for truth.

This is the second part of the novel; and in it lies the book's importance. McPherson's quest of the grail is an awkward Odyssey indeed. It has the improbability of certain passages of Dostoëvski—the improbability of truth poorly or clumsily materialized. Moreover, in it we find an unleashed and unsophisticated power that we have all along awaited in the American novel. The resemblance to the Russian is, I am convinced, a consequence of a like quality in the two men. It is a temperamental, not a literary thing.

The abdicated millionaire works as a bartender in Ohio, as a builder in Illinois; he joins a threshing crew in the West and a mining camp in the South. He knows prostitutes and working-girls. He tries to help and seeks truth. He learns that labor-unions are more concerned over the use of scab machinery than by the prospect of losing a righteous strike; that the men are more interested in a raise of wages than in preventing a private band of grafters from stealing the town's water-works. He becomes very miserable over the lot of the street-walkers. He asks the drinkers in the saloon where he is employed why they get drunk, and is discharged with an oath. Puerile, fumbling stuff it is—its efficiency of presentment about on a level with McPherson's method of gaining the light. Yet through it all, is a radiant glow of the truth. Read the newspapers and the Congressional reports; read the platitudes of investigating commissions, of charity organizations, of revivalists and mushroom mysticisms—and you have the same helpless thing in extension. Sam McPherson, bewildered with his affluence and power, seeking the truth in the fair plains and the cancerous cities, ignorant and awkward and eager—is America today. And Sam McPherson, the boy, arrogant and keen and certain, hiding from himself his

emptiness with the extent and occupation of the materials that his land floods upon him, is the America of our fathers.

For a feel of the America of tomorrow, do not look to this book. I am sure that Mr. Anderson will conduct himself better in subsequent works than he has in the conclusion of "Windy McPherson's Son." As we find the faint footprints of Horatio Alger at the book's beginning, so at the end is the smirch of Robert W. Chambers. (But after all, Balzac could not so wholeheartedly have swallowed France, had he not taken Pixérécourt and Madame de Scudéry along.) When Sam marries Sue Rainey, it is with the understanding that they are to have children and that they are to live gloriously for them. For a while, the magnate's money-madness slackens. But the pact fails, for the children can not come. Coolness between the two, with the goal of their creed denied them:—and at length, when Sam sacrifices his wife's father in his grapple toward dominion, she flees to New York. The man over whose fat body he has stepped to power shoots himself. And, sick of his tawdry, superficial kingdom, McPherson wanders off.

He gains nothing from his experiments, and this is well enough. He hunts in Africa, leisures in Paris, canoes in Canada and sentimentalizes in New York. All this we forgive him. But one day, he finds himself in St. Louis. He encounters a drunken mother, buys her three children, packs them into a train and drops them at the feet of his wife who, like some diluted Penelope, has been awaiting his return in a villa on the Hudson. "Not our children, but just *some* children is our need," he pronounces. And so, walks "across the lighted room to sit again with Sue at his own table, and to try to force himself back into the ranks of life." This is the last sentence of the book; the one episode that is *made* and insincere. I hope Mr. Anderson is ashamed of it. I hope he does not really believe that all man has to do, to

find God, is to increase and multiply more helpless creatures like himself. This pretty surcease to trouble that comes from transferring the problems of life to the next generation is a biological fact. But it is not art. For with it is dimmed all the voluptuous speculation which flushes the novel as a sunrise transfigures a plain. Let life be happy, if it can. The sacred duty of art is to remain sorrowful, when it has challenged a consciousness of sorrow; to abide in the uncertain search of truth so long as the movement of mankind is hazardous. Let our heroes be joyous; but by conquering themselves, not by adopting children. The virtue of Mr. Anderson's book is that it is dynamic. His static ending is bad, because it breaks the rhythm. But it is worse since it slams the door on the vista of passionate inquiry which the book unfolds. Up to the end, we have a clear symbol of America's groping. At the end, we have nothing—in lieu of the suggested everything. But, of course, we may ignore the end. Or, in its fatuous simplicity, we may read still another symbol of America—a token of what might happen to us, if we sought at this stage to read our lives as a conclusion, rather than a commencement.

I was not certain that Theodore Dreiser was a classic, until I had read this novel of Mr. Anderson. Its first half is a portal from which emerges an American soul. This portal is the immediate past, and in the works of Mr. Dreiser we find its definite expression. Beside their magnificent mass-rhythms, the opening chapters of Mr. Anderson are paltry. One feels, indeed, that the uneasy spirit of Sam McPherson has come forth, not from his own youth, not from his own pages, but from the choking structures of Mr. Dreiser.

Mr. Dreiser may of course yet surprise us by the sudden discovery of a new spiritual light. He has not stopped writing. But I feel in his work the profound massiveness of a completed growth. Mr. Dreiser has caught the crass life of

the American, armoring himself with luxury and wealth that he misunderstands, with power whose heritage of uses he ignores. The tragedy of his hero is that of a child suddenly in possession of a continent; too unknowing to know that he is ignorant; too dazzled to be amazed. His books are a dull, hard mosaic of materials beneath which one senses vaguely a grandiose movement—like the blind shifting of quicksands or the imperceptible breathing of a glacier. This is Mr. Dreiser, and this is enough. But with Mr. Anderson, the elemental movement begins to have form and direction; the force that causes it is being borne into the air.

Before Mr. Dreiser, there was "Huckleberry Finn"—there was, in other words, a formless delirium of color and of tangent. These are pre-cultural novels. And in the book of Mr. Anderson, I still find much of them. Indeed, the wandering of Sam McPherson has more than a superficial kinship with Huck Finn's passage down the Mississippi. The land that McPherson walks is still a land marred by men and women "who have not learned to be clean and noble like their forests and their plains." But Huck Finn is an animal boy, floating rudderless down a natural current, avid for food and play. And McPherson is a man, flung against his stream, avid for the Truth. . . .

In conclusion, let us not forget that this is Mr. Anderson's first book, and that a succession of them are already written and will appear in their turn. The fact that Mr. Anderson is no longer young is no hindrance to our hope of his growth. Genius in America, if it does not altogether escape America, rises slowly. For it has far to come. The European is born on a plateau. America is still at a sea-level. The blundering, blustering native was thirty-seven before he became Walt Whitman.

The Dance

By Louis Untermeyer

IN most catalogs it is listed as the seventh art. Obviously, it should be the first. If the erudite statisticians whose souls worry along the shelves of the library had pierced their beloved Past further than the seventies, they would have recognized that the impulse to leap in the air was the first aesthetic expression of joy. It came before song, even before speech. The chant sprang up almost immediately after, to dramatize its emotion and the raw rhythm of the drum followed to intensify it. From its aboriginal pacings, its swaying and tossing limbs, the dance became the central passion of the tribe; it was its religion as well as its ecstasy. Even under the most cultured and sophisticated orders of early civilization the dance maintained its unifying power. From the solemn rituals of Apollo to the mad bacchanals of the Saturnalia, it was the outlet and expression of great groups and communities; it was the people who celebrated, never a person.

It was only with the sweep of Christian dogma and its accompanying repressions and taboos that the dance was degraded; it became an exhibition instead of an exaltation. And even its exponents were fouled by an appreciation that was furtive and salacious. For, after the first wave of prohibitive hypocrisy had passed, people began to revive the dance. But its vigor and cleanness were not part of their revival; they came to enjoy the dance not because it was lovely but because it seemed lewd.

With the decay of this profound and thrilling art, the world suffered a loss that not all its manufactured beauty could redeem: the loss of the human body. That sentence is, of course, a piece of poetic rhetoric. The human body, like the poor, we have always with us; but, like the poor, it was covered with rags and hidden in dark places. The denial of its glory was like a denial of faith. But this denial has not accomplished its negation. It has had a far more evil effect. For it has put an unholy premium on bosoms; a thigh is something for "The Follies"; and a naked body is only for bar-room canvasses or an outraged Censor. The tyranny of dress instead of making people blind to the human body has merely made them dumb about it; a race of Peeping Toms.

All arts have suffered with the hiding and debasing of the body. Since the Greeks and Romans, practically no statues have enriched the world other than Michelangelo's and a few heroic marbles, till Rodin began from the oldest of models. When the body fell into disrepute, sculpture fell with it. One has only to think of the stony cutaways and the baggy bronze trousers of our modern effigies to realize that these things were not merely the symbols of propriety but of statesmanship! And, as Rodin rescued sculpture from its horrible and humorless parodies, so Isadora Duncan saved dancing from its ridiculous pirouettings, its inane *pas-deux* and its paint and powder unrealities.

Nothing could better illustrate her tremendous and salvationary influence than "The Book of the Dance" by Arnold Genthe (published by Mitchell Kennerley). For here are vivid and lovely proofs of a great movement of which she was both propagandist and prophetess. To have seen her when she first danced to Gluck's "Iphigenia" was to have seen one of Beauty's swiftest but most memorable triumphs. And in her recent appearances, that triumph was even greater. For the rapture and revelation came through a body no longer

beautiful in itself; an ecstasy that was as bodiless as the music with which it melted—austere, consecrated, compelling. Yet if Isadora Duncan had been merely an isolated and inspired dancer, her impetus would never have reached beyond certain permanent changes in the terpsichorean technique and a reaction from the stupid and over-elaborated formalism of the ballet. It was her fidelity to the fundamental strength of her art that was possibly her finest contribution; the conviction that the dance was a communal thing, to be brought to its highest development by the people rather than by a person. Out of this conviction grew her school and the development of the small group which she has been constantly enlarging. How contagious this idea was is again proved by Mr. Genthe's interpretive volume. Here are photographs, amazing in the way that they record a fluid curve or a changing rhythm without arresting them. Mr. Genthe has done something close to the impossible. He has caught with splendid intuition, the sharply exotic and obviously dramatic quality of Ruth St. Denis; the slender and supple virtuosity of Anna Pavlowa; the contortive eloquence of the Spanish dance; the almost harsh vigor of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson; even the infantile fancies of Lillian Emerson. In only one instance has he failed; in the photograph of Lydia Lopokowa there is no suggestion of the half-elfin, half-child-like whimsy that is her most insinuating charm. But what is one failure among a hundred successes! From the calm simplicity of Irma, Liesel and Anna (three of Isadora Duncan's girls) to the anonymous nudes, one is given hints and reminders of a wonder that has been too long absent from the world. Here is an echo of its ancient joy. The dance has come into its own again with a new blend of colors and countries. It comes to rouse and rejuvenate the arts and the world. For its leap is the joy of freedom and its buoyance is the laughter of youth.

Shaw and Religion

By Floyd Dell

BERNARD SHAW'S new book of plays and prefaces is a discussion of the two most important things in the world—religion and sex. Not, of course, that Mr. Shaw considers them of equal importance! The whole aim of his dramatic career has been to show that religion is more humanly important than sex. Certainly he has shown that it can be as humanly interesting—which is saying much: for sex recommends itself to literature as a motif of which the effects, whatever else may be said about them, are not usually too dull to chronicle. An instinct several million years older than the institutions of civilized life, it is found startlingly difficult of persuasion into conformity with those institutions; and the attempt to adjust it to the respectabilities and decencies, the refinements and codes, or the mere kindness and self-respect which should obtain in civilized life, provides an endless fund of curious, amusing, ironic and tragic incident.

It was not because sex was uninteresting that Mr. Shaw once, in his "Plays for Puritans" period, abjured it formally as a dramatic theme. But Mr. Shaw, as a working dramatist, was disappointed to find that when civilization succeeded in taming sex there was nothing left to write about; while as a highly civilized person, Mr. Shaw was chagrined to observe that when sex triumphed over civilization the results were not such as he cared to celebrate. Whether it was Antony deserting the battle to follow the fleeing Cleopatra or a bank clerk

sophisticating funds in order to spend them on a prostitute, Othello choking Desdemona or Bill Smith givin' 'is girl wot for—these things didn't appeal to Mr. Shaw as being the sort of thing that it was worth while expending words, costumes, scenery and electric light upon and calling large crowds of people together to behold. Mr. Shaw took the stage seriously. He couldn't bear to think of its being used merely to set forth the grotesque failure of civilization.

Yet he must have been hard put to it to find a motif as interesting in its results as sex—until he discovered religion. It was a happy thought, and a new period in literature began with that moment. Our most popular magazine writers now deal with religious emotions quite as much as with sexual emotions, and their readers like it. For religion, like sex, is a deep and irrational passion that has nothing whatever to do with the respectabilities and codes and ordinary decencies of life, and it is usually, as a matter of fact, in violent conflict with them. Like sex, it is destructive, terrifying, comic and beautiful in its effects. Only—and this is why Mr. Shaw prefers religion—the drama of sex sets forth the discovery of the terrible weakness of the human soul, while the drama of religion sets forth the discovery of its awful strength.

That is to say, it seems less edifying to Mr. Shaw to exhibit the catastrophe produced by the fact that Mr. X just can't help wanting to put his stenographer in his vest pocket, than to exhibit the catastrophe produced by the fact that a man just can't help saying he is a Christian even if he is going to be thrown to the lions for saying it. The sudden insanity which makes a man stronger than the Roman Empire is to Mr. Shaw a more beautiful spectacle than the sudden insanity which makes him weaker than a dish of breakfast food.

The first thing that Mr. Shaw did, however, was to dissociate the religious motif from sermons, miracles and other churchly irrelevancies, and show us the religious emotions

that overwhelm ordinary people in street cars, restaurants, jails and editorial offices. Indeed, "Androcles and the Lion" is the first play in which he has shown the religious motif operating under the auspices of a recognized church. In one of his first plays, "The Devil's Disciple," it appeared simply as an irrational impulse which made a loafer stand up on the scaffold in place of another man whom he didn't like; the point being that he couldn't do otherwise and continue to enjoy his self-respect. Religion, in fact, appears in Mr. Shaw's plays as the sudden discovery that there are things that one cannot bring one's self to do. In this same early play a clergyman discovers that he cannot, by Heaven, sit at home and pray while there is fighting going on outside: in a moment of revelation he finds his real religion, the religion of the sword—and goes out to fight. It is not that Mr. Shaw prefers the religion of the sword to the religion of the Episcopal Church: it is rather that he cannot but admire the ecstasy which turns the soul to steel—which, again to speak for Mr. Shaw, is a more ennobling spectacle than that sudden obsessification of sex which turns the soul to gruel.

Better, Mr. Shaw would say, whatever its results may be; and sometimes they are not, conventionally considered, nice. In "Fanny's First Play" a respectable young woman, in a moment of religious ecstasy, knocks a policeman's teeth down his throat; and in "The Doctor's Dilemma" the religion of the artist hero compels him to act like a cad and a swindler. But—they aren't ashamed of it. The things these people do are done in strength and not in weakness—and Mr. Shaw likes them for it. He likes them even when, like Ferrovius in "Androcles and the Lion," they find that their real beliefs are less angelical than they had imagined, and proceed to act proudly upon that discovery. But he likes them most when, like Lavinia in this same play, they have, in their moment of revelation, no beliefs at all—when they act in the stark mad-

ness of spiritual pride. Lavinia, facing death for Christianity, finds that she does not believe in it any more; and yet she must die for it—for she cannot surrender to the Roman Empire. . . . .

I met a man the other day whom Mr. Shaw would like. He was about to be deported to his own country because he was an anarchist, and hence, in the naive belief of this government, a man likely to throw bombs. If he was sent back to his own country he would be stood up against a wall and shot for refusing to serve in the army—since, as a matter of fact, he disbelieved in the use of force. Under these circumstances it seemed only reasonable for his friends to ask him to go before a United States judge and say: "I am not an Anarchist." But he refused to do so. It was not a moment to quibble over the term by which he called his beliefs; and he was not such a fool as to be concerned just then about the word. But to go before a representative of the organized exploitation and murder which is all the world has so far been able to evolve in the way of a government, and say: "It is not true that I have dreamed of anything better than this"—he couldn't do it.

It is easy, then, to understand why Mr. Shaw, admiring this sort of strength, should decline to admire the weakness of an Antony or an Othello. Someone has described sex as a cat and man as a mouse, tortured and set free alternately . . . but not set free for long . . . crawling away toward some possible achievement, only to be pounced upon again, to feel the claws sunk in his flesh once more . . . It is not an inaccurate representation of the condition of a large part of the human race—but Mr. Shaw would rather cut off his hand than draw that picture. He refuses to accept life on those terms. And so, in a religious ecstasy of his own, he has invented the Shaw hero, superior to sex. He has, it is true, in "Man and Superman," conceded a kind of sexual preoccupation—to women: which has the merit of setting one-half of

mankind free, in Mr. Shaw's imaginary world, to dream of other things, until the fatal day of capture. It is in a mood of unusual candor that he presents us in this volume with "Overruled," a play in which all the characters are afflicted by sexual attraction. They are not Caesars, condescending for a moment to the education of Cleopatras; nor John Tanners, fleeing across the world from the doom of fatherhood; nor Greek professors saluting their fiancées with a chaste kiss across the big bass drum. They are men and women with husbands and wives in the offing, who sit on a sofa and throw their arms about each other because they can't help it.

Such a concession, shattering as it does the elaborate fiction of the Shaw world, that dream paradise through which the sexes float in a serene unconsciousness of each other's existence, arouses all one's curiosity. It is not possible to imagine these characters being romantically wicked—that would be too complete a repudiation of all that Mr. Shaw has lived for. Well, then, are they going to be, for once in a Shaw play, humanly "vulgar"? It seems so for a moment. Mr. Shaw puts what must be to him the really tragic aspect of that side of life which he has conscientously omitted from his plays, as gracefully and lightly and—so as not to seem to take it too seriously—as comedically as he can, in this speech:

> GREGORY. I protest to the last. I'm against this. I have been pushed over a precipice. I'm innocent. This wild joy, this exquisite tenderness, this ascent into heaven can thrill me to the uttermost fibre of my heart, (*with a gesture of ecstasy she hides her face on his shoulder*), but it can't subdue my mind or corrupt my conscience, which still shouts to the skies that I'm not a willing party to this outrageous conduct. I repudiate the bliss with which you are filling me.

In a word, "I know I am doing something I oughtn't to." That anyone should do anything he knows he oughtn't to, should concede surrender for a single instant to a non-civilized passion against his better judgment, should face the horrible and humiliating fact that his soul is powerless to quell the mutiny of his body—this is, from Mr. Shaw's point of view, tragedy. Why, then, does he make comedy out of it? Because he doesn't believe it is true. He won't allow this terrible state of affairs, which he announces, to be really the fact. Even though Gregory says so, it isn't so. It is just talk. He doesn't mean it. For—observe what happens.

Gregory and the lady are interrupted—by her husband and his wife, who proceed to flirt in a very talkative fashion for a while, until they are interrupted by the former pair; and then they all talk, until it is time to go out to dinner, and the play ends. That is to say, we are back in the Shaw world, where sex, if it exists, finds its complete, satisfying and ultimate expression in the utterance of well-chosen words. The play is in fact based upon the convention—the Shaw convention—that people do not really want to do improper things. They only want to talk about them.

This play, says Mr. Shaw in his preface, is "a clinical study of how the thing occurs among quite ordinary people." It is not to be presumed that Mr. Shaw wishes us to believe that ordinary people are always so opportunely interrupted in their folly. We are to take the interruption in a Pickwickian sense. If the interruption had not occurred, they would have yawned and bade each other good night. Indeed, I cannot imagine Shaw characters doing anything else.

But I am something of a Puritan myself. I take all the pleasure in his clear, cool world that the Hebrews toiling under Pharaoh took in the thought of being led out to lie down in green pastures. In Shaw's plays I find a welcome surcease from the world of joy and pain, hope and heartbreak, in which

I and all the people that I know, live. It is an agreeable world—and I am offended to have it marred by the conduct of Gregory and Mrs. Juno in this play. What excuse have they for putting their arms about each other? If they were real human beings, honestly afflicted with the folly of a passion however rash and regrettable, they might be forgiven. But they are of that noble and divine race which inhabits Mr. Shaw's plays, and their conduct is a lapse from the good manners which I expect of them. I really consider it vulgar, and I hope Mr. Shaw will not let them do it again.

The American Composer

By Paul L. Rosenfeld

FOR the critic of the future remains the problem of estimating to what degree residence in America influenced the art of Charles Martin Loeffler and of Leo Ornstein. Patent enough to our own day is the fact that, however much Boston has imprinted its character on the composer of "A Pagan Poem" and New York given the genius of Ornstein its coloring, upon neither artist has the New World come as a process of actual assimilation. For both it has rather more been an experience shaping racial directions already present. Were their work shot through with America, could we, in consequence, claim it, there would doubtless exist in our hearts greater affection for American music. The moments would be less frequent when discussion of the art as it stands at present comes perilously near boring us. We would feel a thanksgiving for the American composer that even the presence among us of an Horatio Parker cannot stimulate to any heat. Above all, we should not have to look entirely to the future for the music we want.

Certainly, it is difficult to feel enthusiasm for American music as we know it to-day. But, however manifest this lack of cordiality, its origin still remains mysterious. Plentiful discussion has not succeeded in satisfactorily elucidating it. Of late, the blame has been laid to the American's lack of self-confidence that impels him to take his ideas and his art modestly and gratefully from Europe, and neglect his own. What-

ever truth the suggestion contains, however much the failure of "Mona" can be explained in this fashion, one cannot ascribe to any such determinant the indifference of our public to the body of American music. In spite of a persistent truckling to the aesthetic arbitration of foreign societies, there still perseveres among us a favorable predisposition to work just because "it's all of it home-brewed." There is continual agitation throughout the country for the production of American compositions, and among both the native and foreign musicians in control of the situation there exists a corresponding willingness to produce such works, although this impulse is scarcely ever rewarded. The Metropolitan has courted failure after failure by mounting operas recommended chiefly by their domestic origin. The orchestral conductors have been assiduous and unsuccessful in their search for American novelties that please their audiences. The repeated offering of huge money-prizes as incentives to composition, the frequent festivals and concerts devoted solely to native talent, the never-ending discussion in the public prints of questions pertaining to Americanism in music, of remedies suggested for the present conditions, bear witness to a general wish for a grand national expression. But the wish has remained unfulfilled, and it is evident that such methods of stimulating art are unavailing. The ineffectuality of the American composer cannot be laid to the absence of desire for an American music. The appetite may be groping enough, but it is sufficiently conscious to feel intense disappointment with the response encountered up to the present moment. If the community is not certain precisely what it demands of the American composer, it feels, at least, that it gets from him nothing in any degree satisfying; that for solace and refreshment and inspiration it must go to the singers of other lands. It feels that his work, a pleasant enough diversion, is useless in the graver business of life, and with infallible practicality of instinct passes it over

as something unrelatable to common experience.

And such it is. The fatal shortcoming of nine-tenths the music produced in America is its utter innocence of any vital relationship to the community. We have heard long the complaint that the American composer suffers from an unfamiliarity with his tools from which the superior technical education of the Old World saves the European. And it is ignorance of the use of his tools that hampers him. But by the use of tools one does not understand greater proficiency in counterpoint and orchestration. Of that he has sufficient. It is rather the knowledge of how to handle his material. If there is anything he lacks, it is the ability to draw the substance of his art from out the life that surges about him. For what else but the life that the artist shares in common with his compatriots is the material from which art is molded? Physical loneliness he may feel, spiritual never; for there is in him consciousness of what swells the breasts about him, a power of translating into personal terms the common experience, a sense of linked arms and of hearts beating together in one high purpose; and out of it he shapes his art, and with it he reveals man to himself and to his fellow, nation to nation, and age to age. It does not come through an intellectual attitude. It is rather the product of that emotional relationship to life, that openness by means of which the spirit of a community, of a nation, of whole continents and ages, comes into a man, and transforms him in its own image. To Shakspere it came, to Balzac, to Whitman; to Bach and to Brahms; in our own day to Andreyev and to Strawinsky. Who touches them, touches a people, an age. Who touches the American composers, touches neither. Listen, if you will, to the clever and often erudite scores written here. Where for an instant do they speak of the proportions of our lives, of the energy in its myriad forms hurtling about us, of the vast hopes at stake, the vast dreams laboriously coming to birth, visible to any one

with eyes half shut? Where for an instant is a ray cast into the chaos by which we can recognize ourselves, our fellows, our land, become conscious of health or evil, take new strength and courage and delight? Out of them all sounds one note, one common trait. A gulf separates the composer from the community for whom he would speak. The artist lives within himself, blind to what exists without, unacquainted with the very stuff of art. It is that unsubstantial contact that has lost the greater majoriy of our musicians the fruits of their efforts.

Present to some extent in practically every American musician, that divorce from life can be seen operating most purely in the tragic figure of Edward MacDowell. The story of this unfortunate composer is that of an engagingly talented man, formed in Lisztian Germany, who on contact with his own land retired further and further into himself, at last with shattering completeness. The quality of his work, at its best of a sweetness marred by an everpresent suggestion of chintz, is not of the sort to arouse antagonism. The weakness lies in the spiritual direction which it reveals. Joined sometimes with a warmer, sometimes with a duller talent, one perceives some variation of it in all his fellow-craftsmen. That turning-away from reality toward a pallid dream-world, that sense of experience largely aesthetic, that tendency to sentimentalize over objects that have succeeded in entering consciousness—deserted farms, October sunsets, bricked fire-places, Indian leggends—is characteristically repeated and modified. One feels it in the preciosity of a Hadley, a Chadwick, in the poetizings of a Converse, in the denaturization of a Daniel Gregory Mason or a David Stanley Smith. The impulse that set John Alden Carpenter to writing fanciful little sketches about his ideas of a baby's sensations, the cold and almost cynical detachment displayed in Schelling's "Symphonic Variations", the attempt of a Stillman-Kelly to resurrect in his "New England

Symphony" the Pilgrim Father emotion, are easily recognizable variants. The exact quality of each talent may differ; the relationship to the life of the Republic, intellectual at best, never. One composer alone stands apart from the group. Were it not for Horatio Parker, one might suppose a divorce from reality the inalienable destiny of the American composer. It is from the viewpoint of the achievements of the creator of "Hora Novissima" and "Mona" that the want of the others becomes clear. For in Dr. Parker's work, an art that unites something of the brilliance of Richard Strauss with some of the turgidity of Max Reger, there speak a strength and an intensity, a sense of the actual feel of life almost absent from other American music. That the attainment of a vital contact was something of a struggle for him, much of his work attests. But, whatever its limitations, there has gone into it much of the austerity and earnestness and idealism of the New England civilization out of which he comes; and with the folk-songs of Stephen Foster it remains the one musical expression of America. If it throws into bolder relief the ineffectuality of the rest of the art, it also constitutes an earnest of what glorious things lie with the future.

It is faith that, in the final test, is wanting the American composer, as it is wanting the rest of us—faith in the American destiny. So much have we lacked it that consciousness of our tepidity is but slow in reaching us. We have long turned our back on our land, content with being outposts of Europe, vouchsafing America only a half-hearted interest. From the cowardice of withholding ourselves we must now part. It is something more than an interest, half-hearted or full, that is demanded of us if we cherish our salvation, personal and common. From us there is now asked the surrender of ourselves to her life, the gift of ourselves to her future. There is asked of us supreme faith in her, love of her, belief that her highest good is the highest good of all that world.

That alone can save us from sterility and sentimentalism, that alone can enable us to throw ourselves, our energy, our dreams, forward, give ourselves to the nature in which we live that she may fill us with her strength. It is faith alone that can let her come in on us and make us new. We must go on where Whitman led, casting from us our past, joyously sure that where the wizard power of faith goes, there life follows after. For all of us, it is the way to fruitfulness; for the artist, the way to his art. And for the composer, once he touches the life that nature spends so prodigally here, what power! It seems as if nature were prepared to deliver into his hands all the kingdoms of the world, if he but fulfil the conditions she demands. If we have already produced the staunch genius that reveals itself in the best of Dr. Parker's art, the promise shown in the fine sense of style, the feeling for form in the work of A. Walter Kramer, in the rapidly flowering talents of many of the new generation of musicians, what cannot be expected of saner conditions? The demolition of the old rules makes way for a musical expression as crude and powerful as American nature itself. The efflorescence of the new Russian, the new French art, music written out of a return to nature, music that sounds as if the national genius had hurled itself into a Strawinsky or a Ravel, and poured itself out through their pens, comes as a trumpet-call to all who would dare afresh. The music of all races and all ages, from that of Asia to the songs of our negroes and aborigines, the fierce rhythms of our rag-time, are before us, to teach, and to be used. Over the country, leaping from town to town, ramifying miraculously, spreads a love of music, blazing the path for the song of democracy. But let our composers write over their art the words in which Strawinsky made his proud apology for "Le Sacre du Printemps":—"I have performed an act of faith," and a great national music will be ours.

A Preface to the December Number

WE had planned to print an essay by Van Wyck Brooks on "Young America" in the November issue, when we received Romain Rolland's "America and the Arts." We then saw that Mr. Brooks had unconsciously written what might be both continuation and corrective of Mr. Rolland's essay. Against the hopes of a great European he pits the painful self-consciousness of awakening America; the doubts, the fears and the aspirations. It seemed necessary then to save "Young America" for December. With Mr. Brooks, a creative power in criticism emerges: a wedge behind which the new forces in our arts may advance.

Kahlil Gibran, whose profound and beautiful "Night and the Madman" appears in the current issue, has several other delightful excerpts from his play "The Madman." This play is in Arabic, but Mr. Gibran has proven himself equally great in his use of English. Kahlil Gibran was born on Mt. Lebanon and among those many millions who read Arabic is considered the genius of the epoch. He is a painter, a dramatist, a critic and a poet, and equally significant, a man of the Old World who has chosen America for his home and work because of his faith in our future. His work will appear from time to time in *The Seven Arts*.

Waldo Frank has written with deep insight of the work of Sherwood Anderson in this issue. A story by Mr. Anderson, "Queer," appears in December.

There is also a story by J. D. Beresford, an adventurous and important variant from that author's tendency in "Jacob Stahl." J. D. Beresford and D. H. Lawrence are perhaps the most significant English prose-writers of today.

Arthur Davison Ficke has sent us "the poem he didn't even dare to submit to any other magazine." It should not surprise us if this poem "The Headland" became a permanent addition to American literature.

Louis Untermeyer has rendered in haunting rhythm and rhyme the cadences and shadows of a New York side-street in summer.

Edna Kenton discusses with fine satire the nature of the modern woman as she evolves painfully through the modern novel.

Peter Minuit has an engaging paper on the art of architecture as it appears —or fails to—in America. By applying the rules of common-sense to a scrutiny of "towers, domes, theaters and temples" of New York he throws a strange light on ourselves.

Leo Ornstein contributes a study of Strawinsky and the modern Russian music. Mr. Ornstein was born 22 years ago in Russia, but has lived in America since 1907. In spite of his age, he is already recognized in Europe as one of the great figures of modern music.

Willard Huntington Wright, who is an acknowledged authority on art, has an article on "Aesthetic Form."

"Queer"

By Sherwood Anderson

FROM his seat on a box in the rough board shed that stuck like a burr on the rear of Cowley & Son's store in Winesburg, Ohio, Elmer Cowley, the junior member of the firm, could see through a dirty window into the print-shop of the Winesburg *Eagle*. Elmer was putting new shoelaces in his shoes. They did not go in readily and he had to take the shoes off. With the shoes in his hand he sat looking at a large hole in the heel of one of his stockings. Then looking quickly up he saw George Willard, the only newspaper reporter in Winesburg, standing at the back door of the *Eagle* printshop and staring absent-mindedly about. "Well! Well! what next!" exclaimed the young man with the shoes in his hand jumping to his feet and creeping away from the window.

A flush crept into Elmer Cowley's face and his hands began to tremble. In Cowley & Son's store a Jewish traveling salesman stood by the counter talking to his father. He imagined the reporter could hear what was being said and the thought made him furious. With one of the shoes still held in his hand he stood in a corner of the shed and stamped with a stockinged foot upon the board floor. "I'll show him, I'll show that fellow yet," he muttered.

Cowley & Son's store did not face the main street of Winesburg. The front was on Maumee Street and beyond it was Voight's Wagon Shop and a shed for the sheltering of farmers' horses. Beside the store an alleyway ran behind the

main street stores and all day drays and delivery wagons, intent on bringing in and taking out goods, passed up and down. The store itself was indescribable. Will Henderson, publisher of the *Eagle,* said of it that it sold everything and nothing. In the window facing Maumee Street stood a chunk of coal, as large as an apple barrel, to indicate that orders for coal were taken and beside the black mass of the coal stood three combs of honey grown brown and dirty in their wooden frames.

The honey had stood in the store window six months. It was for sale as were also the coat hangers, patent suspender buttons, cans of roof paint, bottles of rheumatism cure and a substitute for coffee that companioned the honey in its patient willingness to serve the public.

Ebenezer Cowley, the man who stood in the store listening to the eager patter of words that feel from the lips of the traveling man, was tall and lean and looked unwashed. On his scrawny neck was a large wen partially covered by a grey beard. He wore a long Prince Albert coat. The coat had been purchased to serve as a wedding garment. Before he became a merchant Ebenezer was a farmer and after his marriage he wore the Prince Albert coat to church on Sundays and on Saturday afternoons when he came into town to trade. When he sold the farm to become a merchant he wore the coat constantly. It had become brown with age and was covered with grease spots but in it Ebenezer always felt dressed up and ready for the day in town.

As a merchant Ebenezer was not happily placed in life and he had not been happily placed as a farmer. Still he existed. His family, consisting of a daughter named Mabel and the son, lived with him in rooms above the store and it did not cost them much to live. His troubles were not financial. His unhappiness, as a merchant, lay in the fact that when a traveling man with wares to be sold came in at the front door he

was afraid. Behind the counter he stood shaking his head. He was afraid; first that he would stubbornly refuse to buy and thus lose the opportunity to sell again; second that he would not be stubborn enough and would in a moment of weakness buy what could not be sold.

In the store on the morning when Elmer Cowley saw George Willard standing and apparently listening at the back door of the *Eagle* printshop a situation had arisen that always stirred the son's wrath. The traveling man talked and Ebenezer listened his whole figure expressing uncertainty. "You see how quickly it is done," said the traveling man who had for sale a small flat metal substitute for collar buttons. With one hand he quickly unfastened a collar from his shirt and then fastened it on again. He assumed a flattering wheedling tone. "I tell you what, men have come to the end of all this fooling with collar buttons and you are the man to make money out of the change that is coming. I am offering you the exclusive agency for this town. Take twenty dozen of these fasteners and I'll not visit any other store. I will leave the field to you."

The traveling man leaned over the counter and tapped with his finger on Ebenezer's breast. "It is an opportunity and I want you to take it," he urged. "A friend of mine told me about you. 'See that man Cowley,' he said. 'He's a live one.'"

The traveling man paused and waited. Taking a book from his pocket, he began writing out the order. Still holding the shoe in his hand Elmer Cowley went through the store past the two absorbed men to a glass show case near the front door. He took a cheap revolver from the case and began to wave it about. "You get out of here!" he shrieked. "We don't want any collar fasteners here." An idea came to him. "Mind I'm not making any threat," he added. "I don't say I'll shoot. Maybe I just took this gun out of the

case to look at it. But you better get out. Yes, sir, I'll say that. You better grab up your things and get out."

The young storekeeper's voice rose to a scream and, going behind the counter, he began to advance upon the two men. "We are through being fools here!" he cried. "We ain't going to buy any more stuff until we begin to sell. We ain't going to keep on being queer and have folks staring and listening. You get out of here!"

The traveling man left. Raking the samples of collar fasteners off the counter into a black leather bag, he ran. He was a small man and very bow-legged, and he ran awkwardly. The black bag caught against the door and he stumbled and fell. "Crazy, that's what he is—crazy!" he sputtered as he arose from the sidewalk and hurried away.

In the store Elmer Cowley and his father stared at each other. Now that the immediate object of his wrath had fled, the younger man was embarrassed. "Well I meant it. I think we've been queer long enough," he declared, going to the showcase and replacing the revolver. Sitting on a barrel, he pulled on and fastened the shoe he had been holding in his hand. He was waiting for some word of understanding from his father, but when Ebenezer spoke his words only served to reawaken the wrath in the son and the young man ran out of the store without replying. Scratching his grey beard with long dirty fingers, the merchant looked at his son with the same wavering uncertain stare with which he had confronted the traveling man. "I'll be starched!" he said softly. "Well! Well! I'll be washed and ironed and starched!"

Elmer Cowley went out of Winesburg and along a country road that paralleled the railroad track. He did not know where he was going or what he was going to do. In the shelter of a deep cut, where the road, after turning sharply to the right dipped under the track, he stopped and the passion that had been the cause of his outburst in the store began again to

find expression. "I will not be queer—one to be looked at and listened to," he declared aloud. "I'll be like other people. I'll show that George Willard. He'll find out. I'll show him!"

The distraught young man stood in the middle of the road and glared back at the town. He did not know the reporter George Willard and had no special feeling concerning the tall boy who ran about town gathering the town news. The reporter had merely come, by his presence in the office and in the printshop of the Winesburg *Eagle,* to stand for something in the young merchant's mind. He thought the boy who passed and repassed Cowley & Son's store and who stopped to talk to people in the street must be thinking of him and perhaps laughing at him. George Willard he felt belonged to the town, typified the town, represented in his person the spirit of the town. Elmer Cowley could not have believed that George Willard had also his days of unhappiness, that vague hungers and secret unnameable desires visited also his mind. Did he not represent public opinion and had not the public opinion of Winesburg condemned the Cowleys to queerness? Did not he walk whistling and laughing through Main Street? Might not one by striking his person strike also the greater enemy—the thing that smiled and went its own way—the judgment of Winesburg?

Elmer Cowley was extraordinarily tall and his arms were long and powerful. His hair, his eyebrows and the downy beard that had begun to grow upon his chin were pale almost to whiteness. His teeth protruded from between his lips and his eyes were blue with the colorless blueness of the marbles called "aggies" that the boys of Winesburg carried in their pockets. Elmer had lived in Winesburg for a year and had made no friends. He was, he felt, one condemned to go through life without friends, and he hated the thought.

Sullenly the tall young man tramped along the road with

his hands stuffed into his trouser pockets. The day was cold with a raw wind but presently the sun began to shine and the road became soft and muddy. The tops of the ridges of frozen mud that formed the road began to melt and the mud clung to Elmer's shoes. His feet became cold. When he had gone several miles he turned off the road, crossed a field and entered a woods. In the woods he gathered sticks to build a fire by which he sat trying to warm himself, miserable in body and in mind.

For two hours he sat on the log by the fire and then arising and creeping cautiously through a mass of underbrush he went to a fence and looked across fields to a small farmhouse surrounded by low sheds. A smile came to his lips and he began making motions with his long arms to a man who was husking corn in one of the fields.

In his hour of misery the young merchant had returned to the farm where he had lived through boyhood and where there was another human being to whom he felt he could explain himself. The man on the farm was a half-witted old fellow named Mook. He had once been employed by Ebenezer Cowley and had stayed on the farm when it was sold. The old man lived in one of the unpainted sheds back of the farmhouse and puttered about all day in the fields.

Mook the half-wit lived happily. With childlike faith he believed in the intelligence of the animals that lived in the sheds with him and when he was lonely held long conversations, with the cows, the pigs and even with the chickens that ran about in the barnyard. He it was who put the expression regarding being "laundered" into the mouth of his former employer. When excited or surprised by anything he smiled vaguely and muttered: "I'll be washed and ironed! Well! Well! I'll be washed and ironed and starched!"

When the half-witted old man left his husking of corn and came into the woods to meet Elmer Cowley he was neither

surprised nor especially interested in the sudden appearance of the young man. His feet also were cold and he sat on the log by the fire, grateful for the warmth and apparently indifferent to what Elmer had to say.

Elmer talked earnestly and with great freedom, walking up and down and waving his arms about. "You don't understand what is the matter with me so of course you don't care," he declared. "With me it is different. Look how it has always been with me. Father is queer and mother was queer too. Even the clothes mother used to wear were not like other people's clothes and look at that coat in which father goes about there in town, thinking he's dressed up too. Why doesn't he get a new one? It wouldn't cost much. I'll tell you why. Father doesn't know and when mother was alive she didn't know either. Mabel is different. She knows but she won't say anything. I will though. I'm not going to be stared at any longer. Why look here Mook, father doesn't know that his store there in town is just a queer jumble; that he will never sell the stuff he buys. He knows nothing about it. Sometimes he is a little worried that trade doesn't come and then he goes and buys something else. In the evenings he sits by the fire upstairs and says trade will come after a while. He isn't worried. He's queer. He doesn't know enough to be worried."

The excited young man became more excited. "He doesn't know but *I* know," he shouted, stopping to gaze down into the dumb unresponsive face of the half-wit. "I know too well. I can't stand it. When we lived out here it was different. I worked and at night I went to bed and slept. I wasn't always seeing people and thinking as I am now. In the evening, there in town, I go to the postoffice or to the depot to see the train come in and no one says anything to me. Everyone stands around and laughs and they talk but they say nothing to me. Then I feel so queer that I can't

talk either. I go away. I don't say anything. I can't."

The fury of the young man became uncontrollable. "I won't stand it," he yelled looking up at the bare branches of the trees. "I am not made to stand it."

Maddened by the dull face of the man on the log by the fire, Elmer turned and glared at him as he had glared back along the road at the town of Winesburg. "Go on back to work," he screamed. "What good does it do me to talk to you?" A thought came to him and his voice dropped. "I am a coward too, eh?" he muttered. "Do you know why I came clear out here afoot? I had to tell some one and you were the only one I could tell. I hunted out another queer one you see. I ran away that's what I did. I couldn't stand up to some one like that George Willard. I had to come to you. I ought to tell him and I will."

Again his voice arose to a shout and his arms flew about. "I will tell him. I won't be queer. I don't care what they think. I won't stand it."

Elmer Cowley ran out of the woods leaving the half-wit sitting on the log before the fire. Presently the old man arose and climbing over the fence went back to his work in the corn. "I'll be washed and ironed and starched," he declared. "Well! Well! I'll be washed and ironed." Mook was interested. He went along a lane to a field where two cows stood nibbling at a straw stack. "Elmer was here," he said to the cows. "Elmer is crazy. You better get behind the stack where he don't see you. He will hurt someone yet, Elmer will."

At eight o'clock that evening Elmer Cowley put his head in at the front door of the office of the Winesburg *Eagle* where George Willard sat writing. His cap was pulled down over his eyes and a sullen determined look was on his face. "You come on outside with me," he said, stepping in and closing the door. He kept his hand on the knob as though prepared to

resist anyone else coming in. "You just come along outside. I want to see you."

George Willard and Elmer Cowley walked through the Main Street of Winesburg. The night was cold and George Willard had on a new overcoat and looked very spruce and dressed up. He thrust his hands into the overcoat pockets and looked inquiringly at his companion. He had long been wanting to make friends with the young merchant and find out what was in his mind. Now he thought he saw a chance and was delighted. "I wonder what he is up to? Perhaps he thinks he has a piece of news for the paper. It can't be a fire because I haven't heard the fire bell and there isn't anyone running," he thought.

In the Main Street of Winesburg, on the cold November evening, but few citizens appeared and these hurried along bent on getting to the stove at the back of some store. The windows of the stores were frosted and the wind rattled the tin sign that hung over the entrance to the stairway leading to Doctor Welling's office. Before Hearn's Grocery a basket of apples and a rack filled with new brooms stood on the sidewalk. Elmer Cowley stopped and stood facing George Willard. He tried to talk and his arms began to pump up and down. His face worked spasmodically. He seemed about to shout. "Oh, you go on back," he cried. "Don't stay out here with me. I ain't got anything to tell you. I don't want to see you at all."

For three hours the distracted young merchant wandered through the resident streets of Winesburg blind with anger brought on by his failure to declare his determination not to be queer. Bitterly the sense of defeat settled upon him and he wanted to weep. After the hours of futile sputtering at nothingness that had occupied the afternoon and his failure in the presence of the young reporter he thought he could see no hope of the future for himself.

And then a new idea dawned for him. In the darkness that surrounded him he began to see a light. Going to the now darkened store where Cowley & Son had for over a year waited vainly for trade to come he crept stealthily in and pawed about in a barrel that stood by the stove at the rear. In the barrel beneath shavings lay a tin box containing Cowley & Son's cash. Every evening Ebenezer Cowley put the box in the barrel when he closed the store and went up stairs to bed. "They wouldn't never think of a careless place like that," he told himself, thinking of robbers.

Elmer took twenty dollars, two ten dollar bills, from the little roll, containing perhaps four hundred dollars, the cash left from the sale of the farm. Then, replacing the box beneath the shavings he went quietly out at the front door and walked again in the streets.

The idea that he thought might put an end to all of his unhappiness was very simple. "I will get out of here, run away from home." he told himself. He knew that a local freight train passed through Winesburg at midnight and went on to Cleveland where it arrived at dawn. He would steal a ride on the local and when he got to Cleveland would lose himself in the crowds there. He would get work in some shop and become friends with the other workmen. Gradually he would become like other men and would be indistinguishable. Then he could talk and laugh. He would no longer be queer and would make friends. Life would begin to have warmth and meaning for him as it had for others.

The tall awkward young man, striding through the streets, laughed at himself because he had been angry and had been half afraid of George Willard. He decided he would have his talk with the young reporter before he left town, that he would tell him about things, perhaps challenge him, challenge all of Winesburg through him.

Aglow with new confidence Elmer went to the office of the

New Willard House and pounded upon the door. A sleepy-eyed boy slept on a cot in the office. He received no salary but was fed at the hotel table and bore with pride the title of "night clerk." Before the boy Elmer was bold, insistant. "You wake him up," he commanded. "You tell him to come down by the depot. I got to see him and I'm going away on the local. Tell him to dress and come on down. I ain't got much time."

The midnight local had finished its work in Winesburg and the trainsmen were coupling cars, swinging lanterns and preparing to resume their flight east. George Willard, rubbing his eyes and again wearing the new overcoat, ran down to the station platform afire with curiosity. "Well here I am. What do you want? You've got something to tell me, eh?" he said.

Elmer tried to explain. He wet his lips with his tongue and looked at the train that had begun to groan and get under way. Well, you see—" he began and then lost control of his tongue. "I'll be washed and ironed. I'll be washed and ironed and starched," he muttered half incoherently.

Elmer Cowley danced with fury beside the groaning train in the darkness on the station platform. Lights leaped into the air and bobbed up and down before his eyes. Taking the two ten dollar bills from his pocket he thrust them into George Willard's hand. "Take them," he cried. "I don't want them. Give them to father. I stole them." With a snarl of rage he turned and his long arms began to flay the air. Like one struggling for release from hands that held him, he struck out, hitting George Willard blow after blow on the breast, the neck, the mouth. The young reporter rolled over on the platform half unconscious, stunned by the terrific force of the blows. Springing aboard the passing train and running over the tops of cars Elmer Cowley sprang down to a flat car and, lying on his face, looked back, trying to see the

fallen man in the darkness. Pride surged up in him. "I showed him," he cried. "I guess I showed him. I ain't so queer. I guess I showed him that."

Supers

By Frederick Booth

WANTED: Tall, good-looking men for the stage. Must be well dressed. Apply at stage door of —— Theater at ten A. M.

THERE is a certain amount of irony in the above, such as for instance, "Tall, good-looking"; "must be well-dressed"; and the man who appears in the side street in the vicinity of the stage door at about half-past nine in the morning knows this, for he wrote the advertisement himself.

He is a thick man, with a red beard trimmed in the form of a blunt wedge, and cut away from around his mouth as a hedge is cut from a gate. He is a man with a cool green eye, immobile face, and distant manner. A man who walks slowly, is introspective, gloomy; who carries a big stick like Javert's cudgel and studies the pavement like a man of large affairs. He has the manner of a general waiting to review his army, which he expects to find decimated and run down at the heel. He wears a derby hat slightly broken at the crown, a little shiny on the edges; an overcoat with a collar somewhat frayed; boots that are rather square-toed and vulgar.

This combination of shabbiness and thoughtfulness lends him an appearance of sorrow—simple and primitive in the light of his red beard—as if he were telling himself and would like to tell the world: Here is a man of immense capabilities, fated to deal in small and absolutely rotten potatoes.

In twos and threes some men begin to come in sight from the direction of Sixth and Seventh Avenues. They sidle into

the street that runs by the stage door; some of them cast at Red Beard a look of recognition and a half-nod, to which he is profoundly indifferent. Others fix their gaze upon the legend over the door as children stare at the entrance of a circus tent.

Little by little the straggling and deliberate comers make a scattered crowd. The catchings of the advertisement agglomerate and blacken the middle of the street.

They stand stock still. As a concourse of men they are, all in all, voiceless and apathetic; before the momentary flurry of some traffic in the street they are brushed aside as dry leaves. There is a shuffling of feet on the asphalt as of dry leaves hurried along by the wind.

There seems to be an understanding among these men, as if this were not their first venture in such an enterprise. And there seems to be an understanding between them and the man with the cane: he appears, by the casual oblique glance, by the turned shoulder, to know them, where they came from, what he can do with them; and to feel the indifference of the dealer for his stock-in-trade. He wrote the ad. Here are the men. It is the same as ordering coal and seeing it dumped upon the sidewalk.

The scattered crowd had become a mob, a quiet mob that pushes gently, elbows itself without offence, waits.

Tall? Well-dressed? There are tall men, but their heads move in a sea of men that are short, men that are stooped. There may be well-dressed men, but they are hidden among men with shabby clothes. They are of all ages, but of the same condition. There may be seen gray heads, like patches of white wool in a flock of black sheep.

From a distance this small mass of humanity, held in abeyance by a single purpose, appears to be wholly silent, its attention, if not its glance, controlled by the simple potency of the stage door; but coming closer one may hear sounds that

are words gutturally spoken, and a desultory murmur that resolves itself into a dialogue of many parts. Is there any stratum of society that does not have its shop talk? In every one, its atoms, akin, are stretching back and forth those little tentacles of question and answer, of seeking to know, of seeking to tell, that hold them together.

"Wher' wus you last week?"

"T' Newark wit' Mantell."

"Any good?"

"Nix. Rotten. One night y' play an' th' next y' don't an' y' gotta . . ."

"How many do they want here?"

"I dunno, it's a rotten bizness; not'ing in this bizness no more. I'm goin' t' . . ."

"Hey, y' rummy, git offa my foot. Whaddaya t'ink I yam?"

A sinister sort of meekness controls these men; holds men patient who are hard of face; docile who seem to be cut for any sort of business; pathetically anxious who seem to be cast for any rough hazard.

These are the men who may be seen on park benches; at saloon corners; who accost passers in the name of charity; who carry restaurant signs; who may be seen every morning at newspaper offices eagerly scanning the want columns; who carry a newspaper as if it were something precious; who hurry along with a sidelong gait; whose shoes make a sliding noise on the pavement.

These are men unshaven of face, pallid of complexion. Some of them wear overcoats turned up at the collar, sagging at the skirt with a rag-tag of frayed lining showing; bulging at the pocket with some unimaginable personal freight. Some of them wear no overcoats, some no vests, others no collars. Some, with short, shrunken trousers, show bare red ankles. There are trousers that have settled into fixed folds about the shoes as if they had not been doffed

or pulled up for some nights. The feet point out at a loutish angle, or point in pigeonwise. There are flat feet, feet broken at the instep, spread out like a duck's—oozing damp, hideous and evidently filthy, stub-ended, low in the instep, too large. They shift, shuffle, and twist about like wounded and helpless members. The hands that go with them are red and dirty; they are rubbed against trousers impotently, for want of something better to do. These men stand with their necks habitually drawn into their collars, their shoulders hunched. They have an unhealthy color and they speak in voices coarsened by whiskey and by the weather. They crane at the door like beggars waiting for a handout.

It is ten o'clock. Red Beard has forsaken the sidewalk and is standing on a box or something at the stage door, looking at the findings of his advertisement. He scowls heavily and appears to be disgusted with what he sees.

The crowd edges closer. Those on the outside push those within. The crowd becomes a pack. Necks crane upward. A hoarse voice meant to be jocular wheezes:

"Hey, bo, y' want me, don't y's? Ain't I t' cheese?"

A laugh swells up, but dies instantly before the sardonic sneer under Red Beard's hedge. Someone says: "Huh, wot 'd'yu's t'ink you are, a primy donny star?"

Red Beard's jaw moves and he is heard to mutter:

"Gawd, what a rotten bunch!"

A uniform pushing and shoving begins. A clownish, uncouth eagerness manifests itself and animates the crowd. It is as if they were scrambling for apples. The scuffling of feet sounds like an unrhythmic dance. On the outside gaunt, bent legs push to get in. On the inside, in the middle of the jam, scrawny necks stretch up, heads stare.

A hoarse clacking murmur, resembling more than anything else the quacking of geese going to water, is evidence of a certain sort of talk going on within the confines of the crowd.

It runs in a monotone and reveals no anger, no impatience, none of the mob frenzy that might be expected here. A futile eagerness!

Already the man on the box has begun to exercise his authority. He holds in his hand a card which he consults with knitted brows, and from which his glance shoots quickly, like an accusation, at the men. He points at one man in the thick of the press.

"You there," he says, "you wop wit' t' dent in your nose, I want youse."

As the lucky one shoves forward the crowd is forced apart as logs are pried apart by a canthook.

"Youse guys stand back," bawls Red Beard. The stage door is opened by someone whose face shows through the dirty glass and the first super fights his way within.

Red Beard's club-like finger is periodically brandished at the pack; his voice of brass names some candidate by any ill-favored mark he can see, and that one is cut out as a steer is cut out of the herd.

It seems that some definite program is being followed: some planned chiaroscuro of the stage is being sketched in: broad shoulders and tall frames are at a premium, but shrunk figures, hairy faces and loutish manners are nailed by the Captain of this peculiar industry; old men with long beards have their innings.

The crowd imperceptibly draws together at the edges as the middle is gutted and the ill-hued flowers of the flock are plucked.

At last some at the outside begin to straggle from the press. They light cigarettes which hang like appendages from their lips; some of them whistle; some dance a tentative hop. Thus they make light of their bootless quest "for a job."

Suddenly the man on the box waves his hand and says: "That's all; youse guys come back here tomorry morning,"

hops from his perch and disappears within the theater.

The largest number of those who came are still on the street. Collectively they present the appearance of a dog licking his chops after some morsel snatched away. They gape at the door closed in their faces as if someone had gone inside with something that belonged to them.

There is some hesitation, some loafing about, then a policeman bears down and waves his club. The black knot untangles itself, tailing out into a long string that drags its length in two directions, towards the two avenues, thins more, parts in the middle and disappears. No face shows more than passing disappointment—little has been lost. Some whistle, others call to each other, empty phrases are bandied about by tongues that have lost the gift of tongues.

The scuffling of their feet more or less in unison sounds like a rope dragging.

The Empty Theater

By J. D. Beresford

"LOOKS like dirty weather comin'," remarked my new acquaintance. He shielded his eyes with a stiff, histrionic gesture of his right hand, and stared out over the sea.

I nodded carelessly. I was tired of him. It had amused me for a quarter of an hour to listen to his pretence of familiarity with the place. But I had seen through him before he spoke to me. The new brown brogues, the colors of his blazer, colors that were not reproduced on the band of his straw hat, the scarlet sunburn of his face with its pealing skin, these things among others marked him as the cockney clerk on his fortnight's holiday.

And when he had come and had sat down beside me, his little attempt to assume the air of an habitué had amused me. I had encouraged him, pretended to believe the things that he had approached at first by innuendo. At my encouragement he had grown bolder, had hinted that he was a resident, that he had his own boat on the beach, he had talked of winter storms and shipwrecks, and of how the summer trippers were sometimes rather a nuisance.

A worse actor I never saw; the very gesture with which he shaded his eyes had been obviously learnt in a London theater. And his ignorance of the technicalities necessary for the part he played, was colossal. The porpoises that had come earlier in the week, he referred to as "seals" and he had told me that they were "nearly always there in the winter." He said they

"got quite tame then, when there were no trippers." He threw in any word that he fancied would give an air of verisimilitude to his speech. "Smack" and "cutter" were introduced whenever possible, and even such innocent words as "shingle" and "breakwater." But his triumphant phrase was "dirty weather," no doubt he had learnt it from the boatmen. He condescended to explain it for the benefit of my inferential ignorance.

"We call it 'dirty weather' down 'ere," he said, "what you mean by wet weather in London."

I nodded again. I was quite bored with him, and ready to welcome the storm that had been slowly working up from the South.

"Well, I think I'll be gettin' aboard afore it comes," he remarked after a pause. "We get it very 'eavy 'ere sometimes, even in the summer."

I saw that he really intended to go,—I wondered if he were afraid that that blazer of his would not stand a wetting; already the chocolate stripe of it was showing a trifle rusty in places—and although he had wearied me, I bore him no ill-will; I meant to send him back happy to his lodgings.

"You really think it's going to rain, then?" I said pleasantly.

He cast one more glance at the horizon. "Certain," he told me, with the air of an expert. "We shall 'ave dirty weather afore noon."

"Of course you get to know the signs of it, living here all the year round," I said.

"We do," he acknowledged, looking plausibly weatherwise.

"I shall stop here to see the beginning of it," I told him. "I am staying at the hotel, so I shall only have to cross the parade."

"Take my advice, and don't stay out too long," he returned with an air of great wisdom.

"No, I won't," I said, meekly.

He gave his flannel trousers a slight hitch as he swaggered up the parade. . . .

I sat on, watching the play of light on the overwhelming masses of cumulus that pushed up so steadily to blot out the sun.

An hour ago the summit of each curve had been white and silver. The clouds had lain then on the distant horizon, a little continent of snow mountains, soft and pretty, explorable land of fairy imagination. Then as the summits rose imperceptibly from the sea, the white of them had been touched with saffron and the hollows growing blacker showed deeps and abysses of immense vacancy. But saffron toned to copper as the enormous heights towered up towards the zenith, and below, the illusion of solid mountain was lost in a level darkness of slate-black cloud, that showed an unbroken background to the wisps of grey which here and there wonderfully floated across the gloom.

And as I watched and saw the horizon drowned in the impending sky, the shadows came racing towards me across the sea, swift harbingers of the coming storm. I knew that behind that hurrying darkness would come a wall of rain like a white mist that would presently shut me in to a little world bounded by the foam of the breakers that monotonously roared up the shingle.

Even the thoughtless crowd upon the beach was beginning to move. I heard the shrill call of nursemaids and mothers. The flickering panorama of life on the sands was steadying down to a definable purpose and movement. It seemed to me as if I had been shifted back into the depths of time and seen the unrelated play of individuals absorbed into the broad development of history.

A sense of detachment grew upon me. I felt removed from the minutiae of existence, uplifted and magnificent. I

believed that I was one with the storm and that I could see my own insignificant body still sitting foolishly on the parade, an atom of humanity barely distinguishable from the eager, excited people that bustled and clattered past, a dismayed rout flying to sanctuary.

A voice at my side startled and jarred me. I became suddenly conscious of the crash of a wave upon the shingle, of sounds that had been miraculously arrested and that now broke out afresh. I realised also that my sight of the rout had been a vision of frozen attitudes; now I saw a crowd no longer, but moving individuals. I noticed a little troupe of singers hastily packing their simple properties.

"I, too, was once an actor," the awakening voice had said.

I shrugged my shoulders and looked down. I was not in the mood for another piece of bad acting so soon. My cockney friend had left me disinclined for further posturings.

"One of the millions that make up the population of the world," the voice continued.

I did not look up, but some strangeness in the sound of the voice held my attention, some indefinable clearness of utterance that overrode the sullen, reiterant attack of the sea upon the beach, the threat of the advancing squall, (I could see a sudden thread of breakers lighting the distance of the shadowed sea), the clatter of hurrying feet upon the parade, the excited cries and interested exchange of comment on the imminence of so remarkable a storm.

A great drop of rain burst on the flags at my feet; another dark stain sprang out a foot away, and then another; I counted seven and the first had been absorbed into the heated stone and the flag had dried white and stainless before the seventh drop fell two seconds later.

Every one was running. Two of the singers were staggering up the beach carrying their concertinaed harmonium.

"But *I* acted on the stage as well as off," said the voice.

I turned up my coat collar and sat back. I was determined to see the assault of the storm—that first spatter of rain-drops had been no more than a broken, warning volley. I could see the coming of the host a mile away, yet, a solid wall that rushed to obliterate the world.

I sat back and closed my eyes.

"I was like all the others," the clear, thin voice went on, speaking, I judged, close to my ear. "I was all ambition to present a figment of myself. On the stage, I did not consider the part I played so much as what the audience thought of my acting of it. Off the stage, I hoped no one guessed that I acted the foolish little parts I played. I lived to create an illusion, a phantasm.

"I was never honest even with myself. Late at night in my cheap lodging I would recall each foolish success of the day. I posed before the looking-glass. I wondered what my two worlds thought of me, the little world of my circle of acquaintances, the larger world of the public and the critics that saw me act my tiny parts.

"For a time I was almost satisfied. When I received praise from my fellows I never paused to consider its insincerity, although I knew that I, myself, returned the formula of false compliment with never a thought of sincerity in my own heart.

"But as my small successes became familiar, I longed for wider recognition. In my dreams before the looking-glass I heard the crowded theater tumultuous with applause, I saw a host of white faces and gesticulating hands, I felt the thrill of enormous success. It all seemed so possible to me, so enchantingly possible and near.

"And my chance came almost miraculously. The cards of fate fell into one of those rare combinations that most of us never see once in our little lives. I found myself promoted over an intermediate understudy and called upon to play the

greatest of parts in a great theatre.

"I did not lack confidence. If my heart beat quicker at rehearsals as I mouthed the wonderful words I was to speak, it was not with fear that I might misinterpret the thought of genius but with elation at the vision of myself the cynosure of all eyes. I thought only of the effect that I should produce—even as we all do throughout life."

For a moment the voice ceased and I heard again the roar of my familiar world, and then the unknown speaker began again, in the same clear tone, without emphasis or any shade of enthusiasm.

"The theater was packed from floor to ceiling, another consequence of the strange sequence of events that had lifted me to be the center of that night's performance. I heard the news as I walked proudly to my dressing-room, and took all the credit to myself. I was exalted. The limit of my consciousness was filled with transcending pride. I strutted and posed before my fellow-actors, so full, then, of congratulation and flattery. I condescended unutterably when I spoke to my dresser.

"When I came on to the stage, it seemed to me that the whole world was cheering. I deigned once, prince as I was, to acknowledge their enthusiasm.

"At first I nearly lost myself in my part. But within me I was aware of a little flickering light of consciousness that perpetually prompted me to judge the effect I was producing. And that light grew brighter and more steady until as I stood in the middle of the stage mechanically giving forth the majestic lines I had never understood, I found myself trying to observe individuals in the dimly seen audience.

"And then the strange thing happened.

"I had focussed the bald head of a big man who sat in the front row of the pit; a blot of more livid white against the bank of faces that rose behind it. But even as I tried to fix

my eyes on that beacon it vanished, and left in its place a black void of emptiness. I shifted my gaze to the next face, and that, too, disappeared. I closed my eyes for an instant and then dropped my regard to the figures in the more clearly lighted stalls. But there also I could not fix a single face. Wherever I looked I saw an empty seat. And yet there was no movement of people rising and making their way out. I believed that the people were still there but that I could not see them.

"Indeed, as I glanced in panic over the house, it seemed to me that I was playing to an empty theater.

"I turned my back to that awful blank and faced the stage, but as it had been with the audience so it was with my fellow-actors. As I gazed at each of them he or she faded from my sight.

"I found myself declaiming the lines . . . making mouths at the invisible event.

"Abruptly I fell into silence, for darkness was coming upon me. One by one the lights went out until I was all alone in that great dark place; only in the middle of the stage one little candle flared and guttered in the draught.

"I discovered then that I was naked . . ."

The voice ceased and I opened my eyes, but I was instantly compelled to close them again, for at that moment the storm burst upon me. The rain battered my face, and the wind sprang upon me with a wild shout and pinned me to the seat. I crouched there, crushed and beaten. I dropped my head between my knees and gripped the seat with my hands. The rain pierced me, and sea and wind combined to one terrible shriek of fury so that I trembled in fear of the awful instruments of God. I trembled there eternally, shaken by every gust, shattered by every fresh assault of hail. I thought that it was impossible I could live until the storm abated.

But gradually the horror lessened. The rain drove less

cruelly, the wind permitted me a little ease of movement.

"It is passing," I said to myself, and even as I spoke it had almost passed.

And presently I was able to look up, to wipe the water from my face, to open my eyes.

There was no one on the seat beside me; the beach was empty. I was alone in a deserted world.

But on the horizon I saw below the darkness a faint band of yellow light.

Within an hour the curtain of cloud would be lifted and the play begin again.

The Headland

By Arthur Davison Ficke

AT the cliff's base he looked up, and there saw her
High on a headland, like a Venus risen
Above the earth to front the eternal skies;
And madness came upon him . . .

For this land
Was to him wholly alien; he had come
Wandering hither as to the world's last edge
In search of doubtful peace. Here where the coast
Jutted in cliffs and granite promontories
Over the seas, and took the flooding waters
Into the depths of labyrinthine caves
And weeded estuaries, here he walked
Day after day, a pilgrim whom no shrine
Yet had sufficed. But in the hardy bloom
Of heather on these hilltops, and in the bleak
Iron frugality of the huts that raised
Their thatches here and there, and in the gleam
Of rigor and resistance in the eyes
Of the few peasants, he caught sometimes sense
Of a strong bitterness that might save his soul.

Today with knapsack and half-blunted staff
He had once more set out along the shore,
Traversing sometimes the wide sand of bays
And sometimes scaling boulders where the crags

Had cast their wild detritus down to sea.
"Down from the heights," he thought, "the great crags moulder
In the assault of each indifferent year—
Heights like the ones that once within my spirit
Lifted their splendid precipice to confront
All stars and seas—where now the incessant years
Gnaw them to drifting sand. What now remains
Is shamed by loftiness of these strong walls—
Walls strong as yet, though even while I watch
I know them mouldering seaward as do I.

"So speaks this land to me,—this granite and iron,—
Of tragic fortune; yet in its defeat
Braced to resistance, nerved to high disaster
And an eternal sternness. Thus alone
With stoic hardness must the hills confront
Sky and the stars when all their flowers are gone
Under the sea-wind.

"Vanishing flower-world! . . .
Men toil and fight, love and contrive and dream,
And for a little while the mad illusion
Holds them. And then the beauty sickens away
Beneath the irony of the mortal fate,
Today's fate and tomorrow's. Till in the end
They must go down to the edge of the waste sea
And walk alone as I now walk alone . . ."

Then at the cliff's base, suddenly looking up
He saw upon the headland high above him
A woman's form. Her clear and upturned head
Fronted the ocean-plain; her streaming hair
Tossed in the sea-wind; in one drooping hand

Some snowy garment fluttered as she stood
Naked, sublime, exultant in the sun,
Drinking the lonely spaces. To her feet
Rose up the tawny bastion of the rock,
Scarred as by fires of ancient conflagration,
Higher than any sea-gull's questing flight
Above the low shore-levels; and beyond her
Trembled the deep blue of the summer sky.

And he at this mirage stood staring up
Incredulous. Then as her beauty mixed
With the sky's beauty and the rocks' and sea's
Within his heart, a swift tumultuous sense
Of joyfulness swept through him; he remembered
Suddenly songs that he had long forgotten,
And youthful dreams in moonlight-haunted fields,
And vague unrests that once had mastered him
In Autumn dusks. Out of these buried deeps
Now to the light stormed phantoms long-imprisoned
By bitter walls,—a flash of the world's beauty
And a wild cry for happiness. There she stood,
Image of joy, a shout and a revelation.
Glory! Glory! Glory! Youth and the sun,
Life in its royal hour, there lifted up
Their pinnacle toward the sky; doubting and dust
Fell from him, as the triumphant leap of Summer
Here touched fulfillment.

Well he knew that she
Also, like the great cliffs, would crumble down
Slowly to formless clay: her proud young splendor
Would someday too yield to the lapping waves
Of time around her feet. But for this hour
She faced the sun, lordliest being of earth,

White and all-conquering. And her call rang out
Across the waves like the note of a silver trumpet
Fierce in his ears. He lifted his head in pride,
Once more awakened to the stirring charge
Of desperate living,—once more marching forth
In the human army to assault the dark
Of chaos with its banner of dreams and beauty
And limitless desire.

Then from its shadows
His spirit toward the sun-lands sent its cry,—
"There is a wonder, still, keen in the world—
There is a splendor still:—and on that height
I shall achieve it. There, with the wind and sea
Sending their mighty pulses up to us,
We shall know each other like gods meeting on peaks
Of some lost star,—know the appointed hour
Toward which our lives have groped,—and be at last
Victorious and transfigured. Where the abyss
Yawns down to death, there shall we meet and clasp
In one wild moment of ecstasy,—rush together
Like grappling planets in the void, and be
For one hour, bloom of the world,—for one hour, crown
Of the dim years of failure."

And thereafter,
As though he were lifted by the winds of the sea
Or the winds of his own spirit, he sprang up
Toward the great cliff's base, and with quivering steps
Clambered from rock to rock. The iron front
Of the sheer wall obeyed him, as his dream
Drove him upward and upward. Dizzily below
Grew the long space; but never looking back
He set his passion toward the brow of the cliff.

The sharp-edged granite gnawed his clawing fingers;
And as his feet slipped, he more fiercely clung
And climbed and strove on irresistibly.
His heart beat riotously; his soul with song
Seemed shouting out its triumph, lost and shaken
With winds of heroic battle,—mad and crying
Its flaming hymn of gratitude to have found
A wonder worth its passion of desire.

And slowly came the cliff's edge into view
High over him; then nearer; then he paused,
And with the deep breath of a swimmer plunging
Through a vast wave, he slowly raised himself
Up the last height,—and there, across the edge
Of the brink, grew into sight the woman he sought.

Unconscious on the windy brink she stood,
Her head poised motionless, fronting up and out
Over the winds and waters. Her loosed hair
Would have been dark in cities, but here burned
Into a flame of deep dull-surfaced gold
Like dagger-handles from Etruscan tombs
Or smoldering poppies. A wide generous light
Across her brows swept,—light that grandly spreads
Down lands of gradual valleys where the corn
And wine of the rich year ripen in silence.
Her eyes looked out wonderfully over-sea,
Quiet, emptied of meaning, now made one
With the vastness that they gazed on; and her lips
Stirred not but waited, parting as though a smile
Of mighty gladness sometime there should come.

Then he, a little rising, step by step,
Beheld her throat, columned in slender strength,

Blend with the powerful benignant shoulders
Of ancient statues, and the generous arms
Fitted for work of days or for the shelter
Of man's exhausted sleep. And from her throat
Slowly sloped the forward-swelling arc
In a proud dominance, smoothly, tranquilly,
Until its even mastery changed and broke
Into less perfect rondure,—and reluctant
Trembled into new drooping curves of song.
And the long lines in echoing course swept downward
To meet the passionate strong springing contours
Of the carved thighs, that might have frozen to marble
Save for the quivering light that played across them.
And over the quiet valleys of her body
The living shadow slept as hurricanes sleep.

He poised in dreaming madness . . .

Then she turned
Slowly, unconsciously—till her sudden eyes
Flashed into knowledge—and a wild terror
Flickered like lightning on her face: she cowered
And clutched her arms to her body, dumb and panting,—
Shrank,—faced him,—turned,—and shrank,—and faced
him again.
And he, poising upon that perilous edge,
Drunk with the dream of an immortal beauty
And a brief splendor of deathless joy, cried out—
"I too have heard the wind-call; I too am here,
Beautiful lover! We on the heights of the world
Meet, that the earth may blossom! this is the hour!"

And the bewildered fear grew in her face
From which the timeless womanhood had fallen

Leaving her but a girl,—young, desperate, lost
In lonely agony. The triumphant head
Seemed drooping down now to the shaken breast—
The tremulous body paled; the light went out
That had filled her eyes. And he cried—"Beautiful one!
Laugh! It has come."

She sank to the brown rock
And with a last look of deserted terror
And dim uncomprehending shame and cold
And weakness, hid her face in her quivering hands.

He saw the light go out,—saw the proud form
Crumble into a sobbing heap,—aware
That the sky darkened suddenly and the glow
Of the golden sun was vanished from the world.
Then his numbed fingers on the granite boulders
Slipped with a dull reluctance; and as they slipped
His heaven-soaring mind evoked once more
The wild and windy vision of the white woman
Against the fathomless blue of the blue sky,—
The light, the dream, the earth's transfiguration,—
As his frail body dashed from rock to rock.

A Side Street

By Louis Untermeyer

ON the warm Sunday afternoons
And every evening in the Spring and Summer
When the night hurries the late home-comer
And the air grows softer, and scraps of tunes
Float from the open windows and jar
Against the voices of children and the hum of a car;
When the city noises commingle and melt
With a restless something half-seen, half-felt—
I see them always there,
Upon the low, smooth wall before the church;
That row of little girls who sit and stare
Like sparrows on a granite perch.
They come in twittering couples or walk alone
To their gray bough of stone,
Sometimes by twos and threes, sometimes as many as five—
But always they sit there on the narrow coping
Bright-eyed and solemn, scarcely hoping
To see more than what is merely moving and alive. . . .
They hear the couples pass; the lisp of happy feet
Increases and the night grows suddenly sweet. . . .

Before the quiet church that smells of death
They sit.
And Life sweeps past them with a rushing breath
And reaches out and plucks them by the hand
And calls them boldly, whispering to each

In some strange speech
They tremble to but cannot understand.
It thrills and troubles them, as one by one,
The days run off like water through a sieve;
While, with a gaze as candid as the sun,
Poignant and puzzled and inquisitive,
They come and sit,—
A part of life and yet apart from it.

Prelude

By Clement Wood

NOW night edges close around us,
Pouring his flood of black silence
Out of the star-dotted jar of heaven.

With gay "Good-Nights" the friends depart,
And all the bars that hold us one from the other
Dissolve and vanish.

I lie, wide-eyed, on the couch,
While I hear you moving around in the next room for a few slow minutes;
And the air grows sweet with the scent of the lighted joss on the mantel,
And the subtle promise of hastening raptures.

You stand before the mirror, braiding your hair;
It spills, a brown-gold flood, over your gay kimona
With its radiant pink chrysanthemums rampant
On a jet-blue sky of silk.

At last you turn to me, your smile enveloping mine . . .
You slowly put out the light,
And the love-knitting night floods all of the room.

The one red spark of the joss-taper glows tenderly from the mantel,
One star, alone in a heaven so near that I can touch it.

The Greater Sea

(From the Drama, "The Madman")

By Kahlil Gibran

MY soul and I went to the great sea to bathe. And when we reached the shore, we went about looking for a hidden and lonely place.

But as we walked, we saw a man sitting on a grey rock and taking pinches of salt from a bag and throwing them into the sea.

"This is the pessimist," said my soul. "Let us leave this place. We cannot bathe here."

We walked on until we reached an inlet. There we saw, standing on a white rock, a man holding a bejewelled box, from which he took sugar and threw it into the sea.

"And this is the optimist," said my soul. "And he too must not see our naked bodies."

Further on we walked. And on a beach we saw a man picking up dead fish and tenderly putting them back into the water.

"And we cannot bathe before him," said my soul. "He is the humane philanthropist."

And we passed on.

Then we came where we saw a man tracing his shadow on the sand. Great waves came and erased it. But he went on, tracing it again and again.

"He is the mystic," said my soul. "Let us leave him."

And we walked on, till in a quiet cove we saw a man scooping up the foam and putting it into an alabaster bowl.

"He is the idealist," said my soul. "Surely he must not see our nudity."

And on we walked. Suddenly we heard a voice crying, "This is the sea. This is the deep sea. This is the vast and mighty sea."

And when we reached the voice it was a man whose back was turned to the sea, and at his ear he held a shell, listening to its murmur.

And my soul said, "Let us pass on. He is the realist, who turns his back on the whole he cannot grasp, and busies himself with a fragment."

So we passed on. And in a weedy place among the rocks was a man with his head buried in the sand. And I said to my soul, "We can bathe here, for he cannot see us."

"Nay," said my soul, "for he is the most deadly of them all. He is the Puritan."

Then a great sadness came over the face of my soul, and into her voice.

"Let us go hence," she said, "for there is no lonely, hidden place where we can bathe. I would not have this wind lift my golden hair, or bare my white bosom in this air, or let this light disclose my sacred nakedness."

Then we left that sea to seek the Greater Sea.

Voices

By Hortense Flexner

SCENE: The main street of Domremy, in front of the shattered church sacred to Jeanne D'Arc. Roofless houses and broken buildings stand huddled in ruins. The place is deserted and silent. From the right comes a peasant girl, Yvonne, finely made and young. She wears a coarse, wool skirt and a gray shawl loosely folded about her shoulders. Taking her way down the sunken street, she passes before the door of the church and kneels. As she does so, another peasant girl, slight and erect, comes silently from the church. The time is late afternoon in May. The south wind is stirring. Yvonne stands.

YVONNE

I heard a voice that called across the wind.

THE OTHER

A voice? My thoughts were prayers.
What vision I have seen no words have said.

YVONNE

The dead! Their souls are strange upon the air,
And cannot find the way to Paradise.
Perhaps they spoke.

THE OTHER

Or cannon far away.

YVONNE

(Covering her ears)

Oh, no—

THE OTHER

Alas—and did you live in Domremy?

YVONNE

Before they came. But now
The great shells have not left a house—not one.
Even the church,
Jeanne's church in which she heard the angels speak,
Is broken to the ground.

THE OTHER

Jeanne dwelt once in a prison far from home;
There was a day—ah, well—
She can forego the church.

YVONNE

(*With energy*)

But no! We shall rebuild it stone by stone.
There is no villager will rest
Till it is whole.

THE OTHER

There's better work to do for Jeanne
Than build a church.

YVONNE

And let her think we have forgot again?
Or that we are afraid?

THE OTHER

It was so long ago—and now—

YVONNE

But Jeanne is Domremy!
We think of her as if she had not died.
In early Spring
We make a pageant—every Spring for Jeanne,
To show her as a girl, here where she lived,

And heard the voices first—a shepherd girl,
In clothes like these, like yours.
I was the Maid last May!

THE OTHER

You Jeanne? And rode a charger, too?
In armor like a man's? And were you mocked,
Until you crowned the King that day at Rheims,
Thrown in a cell—and burned—all in the play?

YVONNE

You saw it, then? Perhaps you lived nearby?

THE OTHER

Nearby.

YVONNE

And are you coming now to find the things
The soldiers have not battered to a ruin?

THE OTHER

Not I.

YVONNE

(*With defiance*)

Nor I!

THE OTHER

What then? A hidden relic in the church?

YVONNE

I should not seek for that in Domremy.
The one I wore so many years for luck,
About my throat, I gave the lad who played
Jeanne's lover in the fete.

(*Stolidly*)

Relic and lad are buried in a ditch
Beyond Arras—how should I know?

THE OTHER

And so you came?

YVONNE

I came to pray Jeanne D'Arc.

THE OTHER

Trudged all the way through blood and mire—

YVONNE

To pray her come again. They say she hears
When May is young, and that her spirit flies
Close—close to Domremy when leaves are new,
And tender things are born.

THE OTHER

You'd have her come? Is there not strife enough?
France has good friends, and all the kings are crowned.

YVONNE

Jeanne D'Arc would make an end of war.
She'd stop the guns!
When she was just a girl—alone and mocked,
She took a sword and flashed it through the land,
Until she pressed the foe upon the sea.
And would she not today?
Shall one love France the less for being safe
In Paradise?

THE OTHER

Poor Jeanne.

YVONNE

(*Remembering*)

It was a miracle—

THE OTHER

I do not know.

YVONNE

She was so young, so slight—but all her soul
Burned as a torch.
A spirit lies in Jeanne to wake the dead.

If she should come, we could not wait and wait,
Gain here, lose there, hide in the trenches, wait,
And drag the war to years.
O, she would show the way!
No girl, this time, but saint she'd draw her sword—

THE OTHER

(*Sharply*)

No—no—

YVONNE

(*Mocking*)

Jeanne D'Arc without a sword.

THE OTHER

Without a sword!

YVONNE

It was her strength. She saw it in a dream—

THE OTHER

Jeanne had her soul before she had the sword.

YVONNE

(*Scornfully*)

A soul against the guns!

THE OTHER

It is the only thing they may not break.

YVONNE

But who would know Jeanne D'Arc without her sword

THE OTHER

Hush! She will weep in Paradise for that.

YVONNE

(*Frightened*)

I love her—

THE OTHER

She hates her sword!

YVONNE

You dare! She carried it the day
They crowned the King.

THE OTHER

The day she failed! Poor Jeanne! She did not know—
A peasant girl must never crown a king,
Nor fight his foes. If she had known—

YVONNE

(*More and more amazed*)

But Jeanne was led! A spirit showed the way.

THE OTHER

(*Continuing*)

She would have struck the King—there as he knelt,
And killed him with her sword. It was her sin
She did not kill the King. He was the foe
Of France—all kings are foes of all the men
They rule. How else should they send men to death
For little things? What that a King can fear
Is worth the death of one—one peasant lad,
Who loves the sky?
Jeanne was no saint—she was a shepherd girl,
Who did not know how things would come to pass.

YVONNE

The voices spoke—

THE OTHER

O, yes—the voices! Better had she heard
Her heart—her pitying heart!

YVONNE

(*With emphasis*)

Jeanne was a soldier-maid. Her pitying heart
Was but the girl—

THE OTHER

It was herself—the most of her—the flame!
And it shall lead when she shall come again.

YVONNE

A pitying heart the leader of a host?

THE OTHER

(*Gladly*)

Yes—yes. A pitying heart!

YVONNE

(*As if humoring one a little mad*)

And what host then?

THE OTHER

A host of pitying hearts, which kings shall fear,
More than defeat and death.

YVONNE

(*Making ready to go*)

It is a dream—as mine—a dream.

THE OTHER

The voices were not more.

YVONNE

If that were true, Jeanne would be here today,
And my prayer heard.

THE OTHER

(*Continuing in exaltation*)

An army kings shall fear,
A silent host,
Scattered—bereft—
Mourning at broken hearth-stones in all lands,
Hating one thing—a hate that makes them kin,
Stronger than blood and bone—the hate of death,
Which is their love of life.

These Jeanne shall lead, the brooding ones who give
In grief and tears, knowing so well the end,
The raw, earth mound that's left where kings have passed.
These Jeanne shall find—

YVONNE

(*Stirred*)

Women—women of France.

THE OTHER

Women of all the earth shall be Jeanne's strength.
And she shall go to them,
In peasant clothes—a maid!
And where she finds a woman at her toil,
She'll stop and say,
"Would you have back your dead?"
And by their answer they shall follow Jeanne,
Until her army, swelling like a flood,
Pours down the earth undammed.
What can the kings build up against this tide,
The woe and rage, impatience and despair
Of all the withheld women of all years,
Borne down on them at last?
What can they do, if men no longer mad,
But grim with agony, and blood and death,
Leap from the trenches, break the mighty guns,
And with the women turn their faces home?
O, in that hour the puny kings shall see
As some great mountain blotting out the sun,
The shadow of our wrath,
And know defeat—all kings alike—
But people shall be free!

YVONNE

(*Rapt*)

Jeanne and the women—when?

THE OTHER

She was a peasant girl—

YVONNE

(*Looking down at her wooden shoes*)

A peasant girl!

(*As she lifts her eyes, she is alone. With terror.*)

Voices! It was the Maid herself.

I am afraid.

(*She kneels upon the stone step of the church, in the crack of which, strangely, a lily is growing.*)

CURTAIN

The right of representation reserved to Stuart Walker of the Portmanteau Theater.

Young America

By Van Wyck Brooks

SHORTLY after the outset of the nineteenth century there passed into the intellectual currency of almost every European people a certain phrase which everywhere stood for one substantial, common impulse: a resurgence of national purpose working consciously against a played-out national background. It was the watchword of the new generation—Young Germany, Young Italy, Young Ireland, I mean, to mention a few instances; and in each case it represented a warm, humane, concerted and more or less revolutionary protest against whatever incubus of crabbed age, paralysis, tyranny, stupidity, sloth, commercialism, lay most heavily upon the people's life, checking the free development of personality, retarding the circulation of generous ideas. A little later the phrase and its informing impulse passed beyond the European countries; it emerged in the Orient, first among the Young Turks and finally in Young China and Young India, until within the space of a century the entire Eastern Hemisphere had passed under its rejuvenating touch.

A similar phrase became current at about the same time in our own social history. Who does not remember "Young America," a phrase that served, and continues to serve, though it has long since passed into cant, as a sort of touchstone of American juvenility? Young America blossomed out originally on the covers of innumerable magazines and storybooks, the text of which set forth his ingenious and enterpris-

ing career. He was the typical farmer's boy of our national epos, who sought adventure and found success. By shifts and devices that all his contemporaries understood, he came back home from time to time, his pockets bulging with greenbacks acquired somewhere on the other side of the horizon, just in time to save his mother from dispossession or a painful death; and in the end, automatically and by easy stages, he arrived at the White House. The story always stopped just at the point where Young America became the arbiter of our national destinies. He had got his particular plum, that was the climax. How the rest of us fared with regard to the plum, how he himself digested it—everything of that sort was manifestly beside the question.

Now, superficially, of course, there is no basis of comparison between such a conception as this and one so far less easily personified as that of Young Italy, for example, or Young China. But, really, I think, Young America stood for the essential impulse of our post-revolutionary history in exactly the same way that the corresponding phrases have stood for the essential post-revolutionary impulse in every other country. As in China, as in Turkey, as in Italy, as in Germany, it stood for the force that overtoppled the old regime—the colonial regime in our case, the aristocratic, or bureaucratic, or despotic, or alien regime elsewhere, as the case might be, and set up the ferment of modern society. In function it was identical, in quality alone it was fundamentally different, just as the American revolution was fundamentally different from all the revolutions of Europe and Asia.

It was fundamentally different, it was unique, of course, in striking the note of a country where, to reverse the proverb, nothing was to be endured, everything was to be done, where the programme was necessarily one, not of reaction through the mass, but of expansion through the individual. Moral and kindly, bold, callous, and simple, Young America had to do

with immense, external, impersonal, wholesale tasks like "developing the West"; it had to fence in lands it had never tilled, filch gold out of mountains it had never lived among, and cover the continent with a sound, rudimentary population. The contest lay all along not between man and society, not between youth and age, as it lay in the Old World, but between the human and the non-human, and it called into play so great an over-plus of will and energy, of self-reliance and self-assertion, that nature, else intractable, was in the end borne under.

That was the quality of our essential historic impulse, the tune to which every loyal American heart in the old days beat high, an impulse that was determined not by the pressure of personality from within, but by the existence, the allure, and the eventual decay of material opportunities outside. For there came a time when the tune began to lag, when the pioneer passed over into the business man and the giants and empire-builders began to lie back among their dividends, spilling right and left in public works the millions they had had a clear title to in the days when everyone felt that their enterprise and prowess were blazing a trail for the race. Well before 1900 Young America gave up dreaming of the White House, not because the White House had become less attainable by everyone at once, but because it had ceased to be in the general regard the merely natural and legitimate prize of the good boy who had made his way best in the world. The hour of the epos had struck.

It had struck, bequeathing to us only one human tradition, by virtue of which we are all "infinitely repellant particles," all too rich in the technique of material enterprise, impoverished and without experience in the technique of society and the intellect. Primitive competition, the competition of the jungle itself, the only mode of life our fathers knew, had left us cold and dumb in spirit, incoherent and uncohesive as be-

tween man and man, given to many devices, without community in aim or purpose.

Thus it is that the fierce rudimentary mind of America, like that of some inchoate primeval monster, relentlessly concentrated in the appetite of the moment, knows nothing of its own vast, inert, nerveless body, encrusted with parasites and half indistinguishable from the slime in which it moves. One looks out to-day over the immense vista of our society, stretching westward in a succession of dreary steppes, a universe of talent and thwarted personality evaporating in stale culture, and one sees the inevitable result of possessing no tradition to fill in the interstices of energy and maintain a steady current of life over and above the ebb and flow of individual impulses, of individual destinies. Is it strange that while the spiritual life of the Old World, deep-rooted and all-embracing organism that it is, perpetually blossoms afresh, the spiritual life of America is at the mercy of everything that passes in the air, and that any fresh breeze from a new direction can bowl it over, like a plant sprung up in a sand-waste?

For we are indeed, as Turgeniev said of Russia, *grande et riche, mais désordonnée.* Who can estimate the latent force that inexhaustibly spends itself in the trivialities of our popular fiction and makeshift art, in the search for successful formulas, in aimless theorizing and senseless ingenuity, in advertising and ragtime, in rhetoric, jocosity, and vague sentiment, in half-apprehended culture, and the bogs and fens of theosophy? Our life is like a badly motivated novel, full of genius but written with an eye to quick returns; a novel that possesses no leading theme, in which the style alternates between journalese and purple patches, and every character goes its own arbitrary way, failing of its full effect. So undeveloped we are, save in the little private role we set ourselves, so unhabituated in the more comprehensive relationships of life, that it is as if we lived in relief, as it were, only half cut out.

Encircle most Americans and you will encounter nothing but a rough block, plainly not intended to be seen.

Now, I assume that we are all quite aware of these things, that we are all heartily sick and tired both of our own old ways and the old ways of the life about us, quite aware that something fundamental in our national background has played itself out and gone threadbare. To the remotest corners of the country the new generation is putting to itself the question, "What is coming next?" Well, I have spoken of Russian society as at one time, in the one sense at least of possessing no consciously organic life, comparable with ours. And this, not to push the comparison too far, is what happened in Russia at the turn of the tide. The quotation is from Stepniak, on the revolutionary movement of 1873-1874.

It was a revelation rather than a propaganda. At first the book, or the individual, that had impelled this or that person to join the movement could be traced out; but after a while this became impossible. It was a powerful cry which arose, no one knew where and whence, and which summoned the zealous to the great work of the redemption of country and humanity. And the zealous, heeding this cry, arose, overwhelmed with sorrow and indignation over their past life, and abandoning home and family, wealth and honors, threw themselves into the movement with a joy, an enthusiasm, a faith, such as are experienced only once in a lifetime, and which when lost are never found again.

I will not speak of the many young men and young women of the highest aristocratic families who labored fifteen hours a day in the factories, in the workshops, in the fields. Youth is proverbially generous and ready for sacrifice. The most characteristic feature of the movement was that the contagion spread even to the people, advanced in years, who had already a future clearly worked out and a position won by the sweat of their brows—judges, physicians, officers, officials,—and these were not among the least zealous.

Yes, it was not a political movement; it rather resembled a religious movement in its contagious and absorbing elements. People not only sought to obtain a distinct practical object, but also to satisfy an inward sentiment of duty, an inspiration, so to speak, leading them toward their own moral perfection.

One can see at a glance, of course, how characteristically Russian all that is, how little it bears, in any specific way, upon anything either existent or potential in the American make-up, in which for one thing the religious impulse has for so long ceased to be organic. I quote it simply as the most perfect example of a psychological phenomenon that appears again and again at appointed moments, in one form or another—the sudden fusion of a race, by which all its elements are miraculously set beating together at the highest pitch. Differing in style and degree, according to the peculiar genius, in response to the peculiar need of the race in question, now literary, now political, now agricultural, now religious, or a combination of two or all of these, it has appeared in all the national movements of Young Europe and Young Asia, from the days of Mazzini to the days of Sun Yat Sen, in the awakening of Ireland, in the re-birth of the submerged nationalities of Eastern Europe, in the sudden tensity of a score of "national cultures" at the outbreak of the war. It is exactly as in the opening and the development of a symphony; a lull succeeds the chaotic din of instruments not yet in tune; in the presentiment of unison, the general dawn of a leading theme, an immense calm descends over all, and then slowly, faintly, at the dropping of the wand, the orchestration begins, weaving its way hither and thither till at last every mind and hand, every thought and sense, every nerve and muscle is aflame, and a whole population is caught up in some supreme system of ideas.

It is vain to look for anything quite like this in America, even if it is this alone, or the less ecstatic and more habitual equivalent of this, which makes a race great and an age great. For we are not a race, to begin with; we are incongruous at once in blood and in culture. Unlike the nations of the Old World, we possess neither a dormant, sub-conscious multitude existing on a common level and capable of responding to a

common watchword, nor a student class united in the discipline of common ideals and capable of arousing them. There are centers of our civilization where nothing is real but the future, immense areas of mentality keyed at the Tennysonian pitch, villages in the interior of Virginia, where, they say, Matthew Prior, prince of poets in the age of Anne, is still the reigning favorite in letters, tenacious outposts of culture in Tennessee and Kentucky where the speech of the people remains unchanged from the time of Queen Elizabeth. And this is the tale of the Anglo-Saxon tradition alone. We are a population at sixes and sevens, holding among all classes and at all stages of development scarcely any common conviction save one, that "the essential pre-occupation of youth," as one of our novelists put it the other day, "is organizing a living."

And yet there is one indisputable new fact that has been gradually coming to light these last years, a sort of epilogue to the Young America myth which may in the end put a new face on things, new in a different sense from that of all the other "newnesses" that have befooled and befuddled us from the days of the Transcendentalists down. And this new fact is that material enterprise no longer possesses the infinite horizon and the spiritual *élan* that once justified it in the eyes of all and could alone continue to justify it in the eyes of a "proverbially generous" youth. One stands on perfectly safe psychological ground in asserting that young men will not for long go on committing themselves to a mode of life that has lost its leaven of spiritual conflict and adventure, a mode of life that no longer calls the poetic faculties into play, and offers nothing to the soul; "organizing a living," without that, is altogether too tepid an affair. One sees how the wind blows in business itself, in the dissatisfaction, so to say, of business with being merely business, in its tendency to pass over its own borders and become a means of expression, an "art-form," as Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee says. But far more significantly one

sees it in the tired, baffled expression on the faces of so many middle-aged Americans, bewildered men like Mr. Henry Ford, men who have discovered the inadequacy of business to fulfill their spiritual needs and who, reaching out from it, find themselves lost in a maze of wider relationships with which no technique that they possess enables them to cope.

This is the real disposition of things, and it gives meaning to the painful, insistent, blundering, inarticulate will to exist on a higher plane than that of the domestic animals which manifests itself the country over in so many thousand isolated lives. The poems that all but reach their intention, the novels that never come to market, the religious emotions that never crystalize, the speculations that never quite achieve their master-thought, the political ideas that lose themselves in sentimentality, who can estimate their number, or question the reality of the experience that lies behind them? All this confused, thwarted, multitudinous welter of spiritual impulse is, I believe, the certain visible sign of some prodigious organism that lies undelivered in the midst of our society, an immense brotherhood of talents and capacities coming to a single birth. For we have learned one lesson from our competitive pioneering past—that we human beings are all pretty much, as Balzac said, like the figure O; when another is set beside it we acquire ten times our value.

THE SEVEN ARTS

AN EXPRESSION OF ARTISTS FOR THE COMMUNITY

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WITH the increase of democracy one would naturally expect art to contact more and more of the majority. The opposite seems to be true. Art for the people seems to lie behind us, with Homer, the Greek dramatists, the Minnesingers, Troubadors, traveling players, with the Elizabethans, and in this country with the New England group. For the main modern tendency in art is aristocratic. America has produced Henry James and Henry James' books are closed to most of America. Who but a "cultured" man can read Jean-Christophe, or the works of H. G. Wells, or understand modern painting, modern music, modern sculpture? And yet we say that art must be the expression of a homogeneous group, the nation—that the glory of England is Shakespeare, and the greatness of Germany is Goethe. Such geniuses express a people and become part of the consciousness of that people. It is true that Faust soars into

a realm that is inaccessible to most minds: but nevertheless it is so deeply rooted, that large areas of the work belong to all. In fact most of the first part is a popular play. And so Shakespeare, eluding at every tenth line the intelligence of a general audience, yet so works in action, in emotion, in character, in slang and vulgarity, that the plays are really for all. Yet Shakespeare scorned the mob, spat upon the groundlings. Our moderns slap democracy on the back, but what are they giving it in art?

YES, we have magazines that circulate in the millions: we have cities sown thick with theaters: we have ragtime and the movies. It is an age of general reading, general theater-going, and almost every home has its phonograph or player piano. Never was the *machinery* of art more widely and thoroughly distributed. And never, among a great people, was there less of art. For what we call art to-day seems to be largely the work of specialists in expression for specialists in appreciation. In the aristocracy of culture, in the high-brow circles, there is abundance of fine work: especially art of the "pure" type—pure music cleansed of the dirt of thinking and image, pure painting thrice-purged of the "story" and the "picture," pure novels with melodrama and incident burnt out, pure poetry all wrought of images and combed clean of sentiment and thought. But as Shaw probably said, purity is for the pure. And so most of the species is excluded.

HOWEVER, this onset of "purism" is not confined to the aristocracy: it also reaches to the democracy. Here is purity of another sort. Pure trash, pure vulgarity, if you will, but—pure. Here are stories that are all plot, snap, ginger, and wish-fulfilment: cheap fairytales of business and adventure, turned out as by machinery. The product, though multitudinous, is uniform: and one can buy

one's magazine by the color of the eyes of the girl on the cover. Here is illustration that carries rubber-stamp beauty and heroism. Here is music that sets the feet dancing and turns heart-throbs into syncopation. Here is drama that transplants with actuality the people of the street to the stage, with not the loss of a grimace or a gesture. There is vitality in it all, there is even the sort of reality that an election crowd gives, or an ambulance tearing down the packed avenue. It is the art primarily of sensation, of news, of common desire. We say it lacks greatness: we say it is flabby and sentimental: we say that it discovers no depth and no height in the human being. We effectually damn it, but what do we offer in its place? To the reader of Harold Bell Wright we offer Robert Herrick, or Henry James. To the lover of ragtime we offer Chadwick. To the admirer of Christy we offer the Cubists. Well, if it comes to a choice between the art of vitality and sensation and the art of subtlety and intellect, perhaps the raw appetite is wiser than "fine taste." If one must choose, there is much to be said for the street and the mill and the saloon, and all places where life is a hot flame, and not the curling wisp of incense.

THE truth of the matter is that great art was never *pure*. It was the expression of the whole man, and not merely his sublimated upper layer. He never separated soul from body, the aesthetic from the emotional, the intellectual from the intuitive. The belief in pure art doubtless springs from the modern fallacy that we have men and women amongst us (or rather we are such men and women) who have no under-parts. They or we are all upper. And yet it takes but little psychologic analysis to discover in your pure man a region all slums. He may hold his nose and half shut his eyes as he hurries through Cherry Street: just as he represses and refuses to see this street in himself: but it is there—the

vulgar passions, the primitive instincts, and all that is brutal, sordid, ridiculous, absurd and cheap. This refusal to see his own animal is part of his refusal to see himself as part of the herd. He is as much an aristocrat when it comes to the different parts of himself, as when it comes to his relations with his fellows. And even as this is true, so is it true that in the herd are capacities and possibilities, reaches and desires far greater, far higher than is patent. Yet to the herd, vulgar art: to the aristocrat, pure art. Could we not almost say that great art comes to neither?

BY expressing his whole being, the great artist contacted every level of life at some point. This is why we say he is "universal." To the low he gave their own lowness, but also the overtones, the promptings and leadership toward the higher. To the high he gave height, but also depth. He offered the thin abstraction and the monstrous welter of passion: philosopher, merchant, sailor and thief could go to him for a sense of the life that included and transcended their own. It was thus that art could unify a nation and express a national entity. Mankind was in it. And more than man, animal was in it, and plant, and gross Earth. Such an artist could not produce anything pure—for "purity" is a specialty, a split-off strand from human nature. He was not afraid to tell a story, to utilize melodrama, sentimentality, tears and laughter: to mix philosophy with imagery, and ethics with obscenity: to joke, to preach, to exhort and to amuse. And possibly he was helped in this by the fact that he had directly to reach his audience, a mixed audience of high and low. To-day the artist communicates with a group of specialists.

EXTREMELY significant for our future, then, is the emergence in America of the so-called "new poetry." From the older, the New England standpoint, it lacks refinement, gracefulness and respectability. But it is a vital

growth from below upwards. It starts on the level of vaudeville and the newspaper but it rises to the heights of "culture." It includes vulgarity and passionate aspiration, it is both simple and complex, it attempts "to taste the whole radiant round" of life, and also those parts which are not radiant. "The Spoon River Anthology" has some of the greatness of great art for this reason. Its expression is simple, it springs directly from many levels of experience, it leads off toward high places. And so with several of our poets: the attempt to break through the class-crusts, to be assimilated back into the universal experience of life, to take again the leadership toward the future. Once again we have prophecy and philosophy and vulgarity in art. There are isolated novelists, painters and architects who are tending this way, but only in poetry is there yet anything like a large tendency, an integrated movement. In this lies a great hope for a national art.

J. O.

Concerning a Little Theater

By Waldo Frank

WHITMAN'S man of the "divine average" will tell you that any effort is noble, and that it is better to do a thing badly than not to do it at all. You may not go as far as he does. It may seem to you that effort is often a lie and a thing ill-done a botch. Still, you can't slur your average man from his strategic place in our democratic life. And so long as he is there his tendencies are pragmatically true. Thus, in America, a bad job is often not alone better than no job at all, but an historical achievement. For any effort releases energy, displaces matter, implies leaving somewhere and getting somewhere else. And these disturbances have been at once the typical and the saving parts of the American maelstrom. Had it set, it would have been morass. Since it whirls on, it may still spread forth into silt and become the home of flowers.

An intense example of the American character is Washington Square. The neighborhood that is gathered to this name is not so much locality as mood. To the mind of America, it is a complex of what is rebellious and homeless within it. The great part of it is idleness, and license and chaos. The commanding residue is spirit. One of its recent conspicuous outbursts—for like all complexes it pushes upward into symptoms—has been the group known as the Washington Square Players. They emerged from the clutter of disparate effort and desire which, from all American soils and all American traditions, is repelled toward Greenwich Village. They bore

the concentrated light of popular attention which is so easily mistaken for the torch of spirit. And their light has led, although it was entirely the reflected fire of those about them. From the impetus of their acclaim, other little theaters are now joyously springing up. And out of these, it is highly probable that at last an American dramatic consciousness may grow.

So after all, eventually, the "divine average" is right. In Berlin or Moscow or Paris, an organization which would quicken art would need to be a good organization. In America, all that was called for was an active organization. For America had not yet reached the ethical stage where quantity moulds into quality and where impulse is naturalized as good and bad. A fit man must create: a fit infant need only scream. The Washington Square Players have been important simply and solely because they have existed.

It is our hope, however, that the end has come to this fledgling stage. Judgment is entering and torturing the blandness of our life. Alternatives of interest dull the edge of our promiscuous enthusiasm. The fact of vociferousness no longer passes as a sign of health. We are, in fact, struggling beyond the imitative morning into the ruthless noon of self-exploration. And if we are to achieve that intense consciousness which is the source of true expression, we must sacrifice our past. The childish things that beckoned forth our energies must be put away. But first, they must be understood. . . .

With this point of view, it appears that from their humble beginnings three seasons ago to their present achievement of a theater on Broadway, the Washington Square Players have been untrue to what America expected of them, and to themselves. Their confessed program was to produce the European moderns whom Broadway designedly ignored and to give utterance to an American dramatic art which had seemed fated to be mute.

But a study of their work reveals that what these Players really wanted was to strut like their elders. On the continent of Europe was a mature dramatic art—one bound to exert a vast and unbalancing persuasion on that type of sensibility which, while it lacks the body to express, quivers to each external charm. These Players dressed themselves in the regalia of the foreign arts. And sometimes they called it Maeterlinck or Schnitzler; and sometimes they put their own names to it and called it American. Their productions of the Europeans were dwarfed approximations to themselves; their productions of native plays were for the most part inflated approximations to the Europeans.

It is hard to be small, when so many giants are about. It requires a heroism that has a name: humility. The Players lacked it. It was easier to flaunt the masks of other cultures. This is the sort of thing applauded by all children.

Had the impulse of this group in giving Andreyev and Bracco been one of kinship and understanding, the performances would have revealed it. If the impulse rose from that intellectual snobbery which, in a lower form, inspires the use of foreign accents and foreign neckties the performances will also have revealed it. They have. The Washington Square Players have had seasoning and success. But they have not grown. Their one step has been a more sophisticated acting—and a better house. And the vicious perfection of their tendency may be seen anywhere on Broadway. They commenced with at least the superficial feature of a truth. Their rebellion and their artistic faith rang loud, even if it did not ring true. Under the semblance, the reality often may evolve. Had the Washington Square Players at first been pliant, they might at the end have grown to be what they professed. But they lacked even the hospitality to truth which comes from not being actively engaged in falsehood. They had their own standards, their own goal—static ones and pre-arranged, since

they were the standards and goal of others who had succeeded. Rightly directed, they must have known that their true goal was unknown—since what they pretended to fulfill was still unexpressed. For the achieving of this, they would have kept their vision and their senses free. They would have avoided most what they most courted—the already formed perfection of the Europeans, which could only dim and discourage the uncertain promptings of an American art. But not alone the humility of discovering themselves, even the will to discover others, was alien to their spirit.

I have seen them in their several seasons—and the seasons are interchangeable—produce plays by many accepted masters. In their hands, Andreyev's "Love of One's Neighbor" lost all of its recurrent terror—a terror in which the artist drowns life's flaring colors to the fate of grey: Andreyev became boisterous vaudeville. In their hands the dramas of Chekhov which are a weave of close-knit emotional stresses, subtly patterned, were shredded and destroyed: all that was left was a false accentuation of the external looseness in his structures. In their hands, Schnitzler's ironism was a dead thing, and the sex-counterpoint by which he brought it out was all-important. It was not alone that they knew nothing of Austria and Russia: their superlative mishandling seemed to suggest that really the thought of background had not occurred to them.

This last season, they have produced a play by Georges de Porto-Riche—a penetrating master of modern licentious comedy in France. Now the aim of this type of gallicism is to create a dramatic convention from the spectacular emotions and vicissitudes of life. The theater of Porto-Riche is a purely artificial theater; its analogy in English letters is the comedy of Congreve. At present, a school in this spirit, headed by Alfred Capus, is producing dramas in France which will outlast the sententious symbolism of Brieux, the romantic sleight-of-hand of Rostand. Obviously, the one way to play

this style of theatrical expression is the artificial. Its emotions are not real, but conventions; its structure is not full-dimensioned but the phrasing of an extended epigram. Its genius is flat and hard and cold. Done with no understanding of the racial culture that created it, it becomes a hideous parody of life; and no possible reason remains for doing it at all. Yet, the Washington Square Players acted Porto-Riche realistically! The external details that they were alone able to grasp, they stressed. The spirit for which all of the detail was mere delineation, they ignored. A true impulse could not work so badly. A true love of art could not so cruelly maltreat.

But what of their own productions? One could forgive these artists their mismanagement of the European theater, if they were but creating a theater of their own. Unfortunately, this is not the case. However badly they play the Europeans, these are not so much their great preoccupation as their obsession. I fail to see any indigenous quality in Edward Goodman's "Eugenically Speaking" beyond a coarsening of the Shavian theme and a flattening of the Gallic method. Philip Moeller's serious playlet of the first season was a stringing of conversational pearls synthetized from Synge and Maeterlinck upon a *Grand Guignol* plot. And the best that can be said of his later farces is that they rank with the extravaganzas already produced annually by college seniors. Their spirit is more ugly, their wit is more sophisticated. But if the *genre* is more congenial in the hands of callow University clubs, its demoralization is more adept in the *revues* of the Parisian boulevards.

I have seen, in addition, products of New England's variant of Sardou—Alice Brown is a chief exponent; and melodramas so very near the best of Broadway that they soon found their career in the vaudeville exchanges for one-act thrillers. Indeed, where these Players have most nearly succeeded, they have seemed most nearly to approximate the commercial—and

more real—theater which they were hailed to reject. It would be cruel to their excellent "Pierre Patelin" to bring to mind certain fantastic importations of Winthrop Ames—"Sumurun" and "Pierrot the Prodigal" among them. And even in their quite successful attempts at the timely folk versions of drama, such as "The Clod," they have never approached an achievement like George M. Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate" which for sheer artistry, lushness of imagination, sensitiveness to the American mood would have been their masterpiece had they had the fortune to produce it.

To complete the picture, we must look at the other side of the footlights—at the press and the public. A great, vague hunger greeted the Washington Square Players. They were to supplement—even to supersede—Broadway. And of course Broadway had left a large group empty; even among those whom it satisfied, there were many unwilling to admit it. The Players came to create a home for cultured drama. Of course, no critic would care to be left out of such a housewarming. They arrived, trembling a bit; for they had heard of the French and Russians. And they saw these monsters, whom they had so awesomely avoided, given in a way that they could understand! This flattered the critics. They began to have a great respect for their critical powers: they began to think that after all the native drama was not so very much inferior to the drama of the Europeans. And they were unconsciously grateful to the Players who had taken the sting—and the spirit—out of the "highbrow stage." Moreover, when they saw a native playlet that was professedly serious, and the old chords in their hearts which had so long twanged to Broadhurst and Charles Klein, twanged on, they were grateful again. For if the Players lacked background, so did the critics. If the Players took snobbish delight in being familiar with the Continentals, so did the critics. And if the Players enjoyed their masquerade in the gesture and habiliments of

the Adult Drama, so did most of their audience. It was a happy family of children, playing house . . . playing mother and father and uncle . . . playing adult business and pleasure. Making believe in the way of children. And doubtless, in the process, sharpening their wits.

But here the analogy between individual and social growth breaks suddenly away. In the racial progress, a group stands statically for what in the individual is a mood or a period of time. In personal history, the children who play at being father and mother evolve and achieve what they emulate. In the social organism, new groups emerge, slough off the older units and assimilate the progress through which these have found expression. And as a personal mood is superseded, so is a social group destroyed. With this vision, the work of the Washington Square Players is significant; their childishness becomes the constructive practice-play of later functionings that will be carried on by later groups.

The impulse which barred these Players from the possibility of a direct communion with America was a thoroughgoing false one. During the last decades, human spirit in Europe has been in revolt. It has had a rich cultural soil from which to spring and soar. And art, as the expression of spirit, has revolted also. It has ceased to be extensive, to delineate the manifest in life. It has reached up into essences and abstractions. And it has been able to do this, since prior to the revolt, art had shot through with light and understanding the actuality that then existed. This was the art typified by Balzac and Hugo, by Schiller and the German lyrists, by Gogol and Pushkin:—the art of pure extension, the art known as popular and great. Rooted in the soil thus labored, art could afford to soar. And finally, when it has clarified the new domains of human aspiration, when Europeans have caught up with it and become merged with it, a new period of equilibrium will follow—a new period of popular art. But

in America, the situation is not germaine. These spirits of revolt—Andreyev, Wedekind, Maeterlinck, Romains—are not true for us. They have not reached up through labored fields that are our own. Absorption in them is a natural growth for their countrymen; for the American it is a dangerous trick. And its consequence must be to cleave us from reality as completely as it intensifies reality for the European.

We have our own fields to plough; our own reality to explore and flush with vision. Let us do this first; humbly and doggedly as lowly toilers must.

Beyond the Screen

By Kenneth Macgowan

THE movies! They inspire the world with hope and despair on singularly small evidence. Over the photoplay we all wax enthusiastic or fall dyspeptic in the same large uncritical way. It is instinct. For good or bad, just instinct.

Of course, we back it up with a fine lot of rationalizations; but we must not be over-suspicious of it for that reason. I'm not. My instinct tells me that the movies are a very exciting and promising thing which we have the chance of watching in its first campaign for the conquest of the mind and emotions of man. My intellect tells me to believe my instinct, and it also tells me that the people who don't like the movies are letting their instincts do the hating for them, too. But I think my instinct has this much the advantage of theirs. Theirs is disliking the screen art for something utterly different from the thing that sets mine thrilling. Theirs hates the crude plots, the ugly crime and the silly happinesses; theirs despises the flash and disjointed rush of mediocrity. Mine catches at vistas of beauty, the hills and trees and seas; the appeal of fresh girlhood, the play of light and shadow; the curve of motion; deeper still, the continuous changeful loveliness of pose. These things here and there, of course, separated by feet, yards, reels of celluloid stupidity; but here and there nevertheless, backing that curious assemblage of broad impressions which the screen can gather as no other art. And sometimes, illuminating with a terrible power, a rare flash of

something nebulous, unsubstantial, atmospheric. On this my instinct fastens, and out of it my mind builds an edifice whose vision keeps me happy within the jerrybuilt hovels of disappointment which almost every photoplayhouse is to-day.

And this is the truth for an amazingly wide audience. Poets, professors, high-brows and uplifters, the aristocrats as well as the democrats of art, pass beyond the repulsion of crude incident, even beyond the fascination of a miraculous, myriad-flashing invention to a satisfaction in the humblest of movie art. Their senses leap from these pure accidents of mediocrity to anticipations of a beauty they may never see. Of course, the appeal of the screen is at bottom the appeal of the photograph. It is the discovery, by accidents that are so essential to the camera as to need some other name, of a new pictorial distinction. Even the worst bungler gives once or twice—set against it as his commercial creed may be—some new grasping at reality. It may be the rounding of a valley into view, the poise of a shoulder against a background, the proportions of a house to its frame of trees or even to the edges of the picture, the flare of shadow cast by a single point of light, or just the reflection and diffusion of a cross light under a summer pier. These hazards of the cinema camera are the things that the rare moving picture director of today, and the plodder of the future, can make the rule.

Today, there is no director who cannot obtain beautiful and inspiring backgrounds for his exterior scenes. Nature and its possibilities need no comment. As to man-made things, he has in America a more restricted range of architecture to choose from than had the director of France or Italy, who before the war could put his troupe into motors and drop them back into the art and atmosphere of any century his scenario called for. Yet even with buildings lacking a complete beauty, the skilled director can find a corner, an edge of door, a balustrade, or the diagonal of descending steps, out of which he can

build a composition which suggests everything that the perfect, desired pile might have conveyed.

This matter of composition is half the photoplay battle for art. And it has fascinations that the painter cannot touch in his two dimensions, or even the sculptor in his static three. The screen is all things. Played with as a flat surface—and it is only a question of angle, movement or light, whether the picture takes on the suggestion of two or of three-dimensional space—the composition may assume every quality of drawing, formal or dynamic, rectilinear, mural or in created perspective. The texture of background, the quality of light, the tint or tone of the final celluloid print, may throw the suggestion of oil, water color, wash or etching into a photoplay. A story may be told in one of these mediums, or it may draw forth each as it suits the phase's inner feeling.

Or the composition may, by the same means of angle, movement and light, fall into moving sculpture. This is the more usual. It is, because of the necessity of seeing beauty from all sides, the more difficult and the more rewarding. Here light and shadow play a tremendous part. Even today in the productions of the least enlightened studios, the dramatic, sculptural power of a single source of light is being used as it has never been used on the stage west of Germany.

The most remarkable part of photoplay composition is still to be considered—and still to be accomplished, though it is hinted at again and again in workday productions. This comes in the relation of each succeeding picture to the one before, in the multiplicity of composition that may be thus presented. The director may give us instantaneous compositions, held for longer or shorter periods; he may then flash a new and contrasting posture upon us. But he may also achieve a continuous composition, the figures moving into new harmonies as dancers move, even the buildings and backgrounds taking their seeming place in this dance of beauty as the camera is

shifted slowly into a new position. This continuous composition, as in the assembling of the Ku Klux Klan in "The Birth of a Nation," must take on a dramatic significance. It may be literally tremendous if the beauty achieved is constantly cumulative, rising to its height at the moment when the meaning of the scene comes to its triumphant climax. Or the catastrophic sense may be touched by a sudden or gradual collapse of poise and balance as the episode ends in engulfing tragedy.

These things the director does today by accident or unconscious divination. In the future he must and will know his power. He will evolve a new stagecraft to help him. And he will gladly leave the restricted concavity of the stage for forays into that full, convex world where the camera crank turns and the tripod swings the lens across the vision. Pure invention also will lay new possibilities to his hands. He must learn the scores of ways in which color may give him power, and the one or two directions in which it must be ignored for various single tones; the even chances for finer effects by some method of actual three-dimensional photography; and the advantages, slight, if any, which synchronized speech may bring him.

Out of his possibilities the director must obviously create a very personal expression when he chooses technical and artistic means for some particular problem. He has two further helps toward individual expression—the "leaders," or words thrown on the screen, and the order of development and statement in the telling of the story. Of these two intellectual elements the latter is by far the more important. The great virtue of the photoplay as a vehicle for art is this knack for assembling in an order suited to theme or mood all the varied elements of life. Flashing here and there, the lens picks up for comparison scores of details that fuse in a picture of reality such as even Zola could not produce with his verbal accumulations. Through this—offering hundreds of oppor-

tunities for individual variety of expression—the director instills life with the beauty of his pictorial art.

And my instinct says that this is good.

Of course, it would be good, unmistakably, triumphantly good, if that were all. But there is something more than pictorial beauty to present day movies; and there must be something more to the future art. There are plots and themes. Right now these are dirty and ugly; mawkish and debasing. And there lies the problem. Directors who achieve pictorial beauty still deal in things of the charnel house and the bawdy. Why? Because no one objects to this? Because it's not thought to matter? Because it's cheap—and easy? Because plots are hard—good plots? The photoplay art aims more strongly for the violent, for the things of the Roman Colliseum, for the satisfaction of crude desire in spectacle (but not for the actuality of primitive passion), than it does for the beautiful in pose and picture. Here is an art battling within itself.

And who is the umpire right now? Who are the men that choose between the beauty the director may achieve, and the horror that the scenario writer may set him to portray? A worse set of ignorant sporting gamblers are in command of photo-play organization than ever fattened on the theater. But the great hope lies in the fact that they are trying to rule an art that won't behave. It runs away from them financially with its demand of responsible business to make it pay; and also it runs away from them artistically.

I could make my point more thoroughly with an exposition of the economics of the movie industry. May I instead merely call attention to a symbolic aspect of every photoplayhouse? Whatever the fortunes of a man or a company, in the bright lexicon of the films—in the daily routine of showing this and that thousand-feet of celluloid to the public—there are no such words as "Broadway failure." People get up and go

out—constantly—right in the middle of some story. But it doesn't "cut" as in the theatre, because, though it may or may not be criticism, it is the ordinary hour-by-hour habit of the place. Disgusted high-brows and disgruntled low-brows mingle and are lost in the maze who come in the reel's midst, and who leave as the round of the two hours' amusement brings that reel's same incident once more to view. There is no set place for applause—there is no moment to detect the chilly house. So the good and the bad flourish side by side and get their composite hearing.

Granted that this curious system—and it ramifies, as I say, into a score of economic angles—protects both good and bad. At the worst, it is experience. Out of it the good should rise triumphant.

At least my instinct tells me so.

Aesthetic Form

By Willard Huntington Wright

IN THE general contemplation of painting many qualities which are regarded as definite signs of greatness have no bearing on the æsthetic worth of the work. These qualities meet certain demands in the individual whose education has been faulty or whose responsiveness is the result of early emotional associations. When the average critic beholds poorly depicted objects of rich and varied colouring, he not infreqently mistakes their ornamental aspect for technical variety. When he sees an effective rendition of a beautiful woman, he is apt to overlook the mediocrity of execution in his rapt contemplation of the desirable subject. Confronted by a rural scene which recalls mellow and sentiment-hallowed vistas of childhood, the critic once more errs by attributing to the artist a high degree of creative reaction to natural beauty. In each of these three instances we find a critical judgment based on considerations which are personal and unrelated to intrinsic artistic merit.

On the technical side of art we find other errors of valuation. Portraiturists who, by exaggerating or idealising certain salient facial characteristics, achieve what is commonly called "character" (after the manner of Frans Hals) are held in high esteem because of some imagined esoteric insight. Again, those painters who practise a careless and economical method of brushing and attain to a free and brilliant technique—the Besnards and the Sargents—are ranked above the profounder men whose surfaces are less masterful. The rich

matière of a Manet is more admirable in the critics' eyes than the profoundities of a Cézanne. Canvases in which the colors are highly neutralised with white; landscapes revealing stiff and airless objects with cold and net outlines; portraits wherein one may read aloofness, dignity and personal detachment—here, too, are qualities which commonly pass as great. The early primitives have been highly praised for their "austerity"—another quality of accepted greatness. But this austerity was not even the result of an æsthetic impulse. The primitives, just learning the lessons of art, desired, above all, to produce in the spectator a quiet, contemplative and calm emotion, unruffled by any sensuality or memory of life.

These many superficial aspects of art, misunderstood by modern critics, have set criteria of judgment; and not until such extrinsic appeals are ignored shall we be able to approach to a pure æsthetic comprehension of the art of painting. Every enduring quality of great painting—the painting of El Greco, Giotto, Giorgione, Rubens, Titian, Veronese, Renoir and Cézanne—can be explained by the laws of æsthetic form and organisation. One artist is greater than another solely because his form is more perfect. These laws correspond to the laws of life and movement; and the factors of art are the factors of consciousness. Art is a restatement of the whole of life—a bringing to an intense focus the universal will of nature.

The sense of beauty is always related to form. All colours and musical notes are portions of a form which can be completed by other colors and notes. Colors either advance or retreat from the eye; and notes either advance or retreat from the ear. At once there is the implication of a spatial dimension which is a quality of form. A note or a color may therefore be beautiful. A series of notes or a series of colors, so arranged as to give the impression of a balanced form (a picture or a melody), may be doubly, trebly or a hundredfold as

beautiful as one note or one color. The beauty increases in proportion to the perfection of the form. But a perfume or a texture never implies beauty. No matter how exquisite a perfume may be, there is no sense of *form* attached to it; and a series of perfumes is no more exquisite than the most exquisite individual perfume in the series. Thus with texture in its tactile (not visual) sense. It may be pleasing to the touch in many different ways—like velvet, satin, flesh polished ivory, or a warm or cold surface. But it lacks the element of beauty because it does not give us the sense of form; nor does a series of tactile experiences produce a formal conception. Only when we project a conception of form into texture (such as visualising a human body when we touch a flesh-like substance), and only when we associate a perfume with an object (calling up the flower, for instance, for which the perfume may be named), does either one of them give us an emotion of beauty.

Form, in the artistic sense, has four interpretations. First, it exhibits itself as shallow imitation in painting, as reportorial realism in literature, and as simple tune in music. (Sorolla, Zola and Rubinstein make use of this type of form.) Secondly, it contains qualities of solidity and competent construction such as are found in the paintings of Velazquez, the novels of Tourguénieff and the music of Liszt. Thirdly, it shows signs of having been arbitrarily arranged for the purpose of volumnear accentuation. (Poussin, George Moore and Wagner represent this development of form.) Last, form reveals itself, not as an objective thing, but as an abstract phenomenon capable of giving the sensation of palpability. All great art—the art of Rubens and Michelangelo, Balzac and Flaubert, Bach and Beethoven—falls under this final interpretation.

But form, in order to be emotion-provoking must be ordered and composed; and here we touch on the vitalising element of

art—*organisation*. The natural instinct for order, the desire to have details properly arranged, the pleasure derived from the justness of proportions in the factors of common experience—herein we find the human impulse toward unity. Chaos disturbs the most primitive of intelligences: in all the flux and reflux of existence there is the constant tendency toward law and order, toward the harmonising of divergencies. Even in the minds of pluralistic philosophers will be discovered a process of relationship, which co-ordinates and cements the physical and metaphysical integers. There is a gravity of the mind which attracts to it all intellectual particles; and this mental gravity is no more than the protoplasmic instinct toward unity. All mathematical divisions of one are arbitrary assumptions. The establishment of relationships—which must eventually lead to a unique measure—is our only basis of satisfaction or gratification. A work of art is only perfect in so far as it effects us as a unity—that is, as an ordered and related whole. A demand for this interrelationship in art is analogous to the same demand as applied to the factors of life. In art, however, the unity must be both real and philosophic. It must represent the concentration of the *emotion* of unity—the co-ordination of causes as well as effects.

The form in all the arts must be related in its details as well as in its largest aspects. That is, we must be able, first, to appreciate the mutual dependence of the successive factors of an art (the notes in music, the colors in painting, and the words in literature) ; and, secondly, to co-ordinate all of these dependent factors into a unified whole. The first relationship is established in music by tempo (or accent) ; in painting, by line (or outline) ; in literature, by cadence (or, in poetry, by metre.) The second, and larger, coherence is dependent upon the tonality (or key) in music; upon the lighting (or tonality) in painting; and upon the thought in literature. The laws of progression and coherence are identical with the laws which

govern all physiological and psychological activities, and are in harmony with our universal experience.

The demand for symmetry is an expression of the primitive need of static balance. It is the first consciousness of existing. A child learns first to balance itself upright; hence, its initial sensation is symmetry. Later, movement is introduced into this symmetry, and locomotion is acquired. The æsthetic consciousness develops similarly, for we must not lose sight of the fact that art is the expression and projection of life. Herein lies its great philosophic value. It is the reduction of all life to a perfectly composed miniature world. Therefore the reaction to symmetry is anthropomorphically prior to the reaction of movement. Later this symmetry is set into simple action: there is an alternation of balance—a swaying to one side immediately counterbalanced by a swaying to the other side. The primitive art, which followed the making of symmetrical designs, balanced these designs after the manner of the human body in motion. Music was entirely a matter of rhythm, accentuated by the tapping of drums. Still later the rhythms became complicated according to the evolution of bodily movements—running, hopping, skipping, dancing, and so forth. Stimulations of impacts and stress resulted in emphasis on one foot or the other. Because of this rhythmic basis in all consciousness of movement, there exists necessarily a simple rhythm in every work of art which has passed beyond mere symmetry.

There is, of course, in all great art, an underlying and all-embracing rhythm which determines the microcosmic life of the work. This profounder rhythm (which, because of the paucity of art nomenclature, we must call æsthetic rhythm) is the result of the perfect organisation of all the qualities of art—linear direction, balance and volume. It has nothing to do with rhythm in the ordinary sense, with tempo, with alternate swaying of curved lines, with action, or with metrics. It

is a complete cycle of poised movement presented as a simultaneous vision; and the change of the smallest part would completely alter every constituent. Thus a person may walk or dance rhythmically (in the narrower sense); but one of Michelangelo's slaves, which actually is static, possesses the profounder æsthetic rhythm, for within it is embodied every possible phase of ordinary rhythm of the human body, perfectly related and organised. Likewise a popular piece of dance music may possess rhythm; whereas Beethoven's *C-Minor Symphony* embodies in its four movements a complete world of rhythmic poise which gives itself to the auditor only when the cycle is complete—at the instant the final chord is struck. Again, we find in Swinburne's *Dolores* a melodious rhythm which sweeps us along on its surface; but in Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* we possess a great example of æsthetic rhythm which is developed by the perfect organism of documentary form. Ordinary rhythm extends itself wholly into time, and is the repetition of alternating lines, points or accents. Æsthetic rhythm is poise in three dimensions, wherein all the extremes of movement are related to a center of gravity, giving us the sense of complete satisfaction.

The whole history of art, like the history of all thought, has been directed by a desire to arrive at truth. The first prehistoric scratches on stones, the first crude musical sounds, the first tales and sagas—all have been dictated by some cryptic inner impulse to reproduce and interpret the world of actuality. Along this path, and this path alone, has the search for truth progressed. To many it would seem paradoxical to say that the modern art which aims at an abstract æsthetic effect evolves from the same longing for truth that has given us impressionism, the realistic novel, and illustrative and imitative music. Yet such is the case. From the painting of five hundred years ago, when the artist's only desire was optically to reproduce his model, to the recent art which

strikes at underlying causes alone, we have a direct *progressus* of research and aspiration. At first the model was considered merely in its aspect of recognisable silhouette. Next the artist went deeper into the character of the model and subordinated details in order to catch the very essence of what was before him. Then he studied the light surrounding the model, and, dissecting it, made it vibrate even as in nature. Later he discovered the formal qualities of color, and his chief desire was to reproduce the rotundity of the model. As a result of these more or less technical considerations he became acquainted with his medium, and was able to mould it to his own ends.

Needless to say, his progress toward a sure knowledge was not so simple and smooth as it appears set down in a brief statement, for other struggles occupied his thoughts and at times distracted him from the problems directly concerned with his medium. At certain stages in his development he was necessitated to depict figures of the church and the court, or to describe events of past epochs in which he had no interest. But despite these retards he acquired, in turn, resemblance, character, objective reality, color, and volume. It was then that he felt the need of a philosophical element which would express subjectively the laws of life just as his figures and shapes expressed the objects of life. Here entered composition—that quality which, by means of certain laws of line and mass, welds together all parts of the picture and makes of the work a symbolic replica of man's obedience to the laws of nature. After the Renaissance, the knowledge of composition died down, and many minor schools of painting sprang into life; but after a short period of experimentation in methods, composition came back to art with renewed vigor.

More and more the serious creator is coming to realise that there is but one element in all deep and significant expression—*complete order,* and that this element is like a seed out

of which every other element and attribute in an art work grow. After all, this complete order is what holds life together—the unseen order which dictates our every thought and action, the energetic and dynamic order of which our separate personalities, our very bodies and brains, are merely the inconsequential result. Just as the truth in life is hidden deeply under the visual and material world, so does the truth in art lie far beneath the document and imitation.

The Masqueraders

By Peter Minuit

MY OLD friend, Jacobus van Horn, had promised to meet me the other day on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, but something had delayed him, and I was growing more and more impatient as I stood in the tempestuous throng that nearly hurried me off my feet.

"What a stupid place for an appointment," I thought, "when there are so many pleasant cafés to wait in." And I decided never again to make an appointment in a crowded street. Just then there came one of those strange sudden pauses in the thickness of the traffic and I had a peculiarly free view of the bank building on the opposite corner.

The sight amazed me. "Here I have been rambling up and down Fifth Avenue for years," I said to myself, "and yet I have never before thought of looking at this building! And such a good-looking building, too!" My thoughts continued along this line. And it occurred to me that I had never looked at any of the buildings of my native city, although in my travels abroad I had gone conscientiously about with Baedeker in hand and with eyes sedulously fixed upon facades and monuments.

I began to examine the building before me more closely—bringing to it perforce the interest which I had quite naturally had for European structures. It suggested some half-effaced memory, something I had seen before—but where? I hunted among my recollections; and at last found what I was looking

for. It was one of those Roman temples that lift their battered columns from the litter of the Forum; and the Bank was merely masquerading in its cast-off finery.

Now, I love masquerades. I never miss one when I can help it. But I always rather pity the fellow who goes to one with his trousers peeping out from under a Greek peplum or a Roman toga. And those ugly little shops sticking out along the side of the Bank gave me quite the same impression. They didn't belong there. Or rather, on second thought, they did belong there and it was the architecture that did not. The shops were real, but the Roman columns and the resplendent cornice were frauds. They were only pretending to be something that they couldn't possibly be in reality. And incidentally they were making it impossible to light the top story of the building from the street. What a pity, I thought, to have gone to so great trouble with so futile a result! Think of wasting all this magnificence on an odd corner where hardly anyone ever stopped to look at it!

By this time, my old friend had completely faded from my mind. This interest in the buildings of New York was a fresh and strange experience. I wondered if there were many other buildings of this sort to be seen thereabouts, and I startd to walk up the Avenue in search.

At once the great, overhanging cornice of a tall structure two blocks away caught my eye. The cornice of a Florentine palace beyond a doubt; but what was it doing without the tile roof it should have carried? What was it doing here at all since the purpose of those great cornices was solely to shade the story below, and on the south side of this building—of all sides!—the cornice was omitted? The lower part of the building was queerer still. To look at it you would have sworn it was first built as an open arcade, and enclosed later when the rest of the building was placed on top of it. But I knew better. I remembered when the thing had been put up by

one of our greatest firms of silversmiths and I was certain it had all been built at one time. Why, then, the idea of making it look as if it had been patched and altered? True, there had been three architects, but surely they would not have worked out the different parts of their design without consulting one another. The problem was too deep for me. I gave it up and went my way.

But my surprises were only beginning. A block above, a vast jeweler's shop confronted me, disguised as a Venetian palace that, as I well remembered, stood on the Grand Canal. I had been used to passing it in my gondola. And here again I noticed that the disguise failed to fit perfectly. In order to flush the store with light, they had cut away the wall to almost nothing and had even lanced away the filling over some of the arches with the result that they looked extremely weak and foolish. Moreover, to make a six-story building fit a three-story front, they had run their floors across below the arches, thereby completely ruining the already marred proportions. If only the floor lintels had been of dark colored metal as they were in the Bank, one might perhaps not have noticed the disfigurement; but unfortunately they were of gleaming marble and most conspicuous. The vast sheets of plate glass on the ground floor where the structure should have been most solid completed this stressing of the lack of unity between the building and its architecture.

A few blocks beyond I found two more Florentine palaces, obviously copied from the one I had first seen. One of the palaces was a department store, another was a clothing shop; and the large show windows that both of them required for their business destroyed altogether the effect of the Florentine original.

But another building opposite the Library filled me with genuine amazement. It was a phonograph shop. It had started to masquerade as something Spanish, and then changed

its mind. This was most unfortunate, for while the Spanish details were not particularly fetching and the imitation tile roof that stuck out at the top was obviously a sham, to put in panels showing people in ancient Greek costume was really too much. I had a friend who could not decide whether to go to a dance as a pirate or as a sylph; so he had mixed the two together.

There were a lot of other Italian palaces. On one block I found two of them, one a picture gallery with an ornate stone front, the other a shoe store done in marble and sgraffito. Nearby, a French house sheltered a jeweler's shop behind a black marble front, and the fruit store opposite had Greek columns in its window. Another jeweler's a few blocks away paraded a French design, with carved panels copied from the Carnavalet Museum, but it was topped off with an Italian cornice, and above it was another of those queer little tile roofs that start where the rear roof ends and stick out inquisitively over the sidewalk. I am sure they don't fool anybody, and yet you see so many of them! What do the architects do them for, I wonder?

Altogether Italian palaces seem quite a favorite form of costume. You see quantities of them, sometimes cut to shreds by the plate-glass windows of department stores, sometimes stretched to hide the vast monotony of apartment houses fourteen stories high. Though I must admit that these dwellings look better than that other apartment house facing the Natural History Museum which has the whole façade of a Gothic Cathedral smeared across it and spilled even into its entrance vestibule.

But to return to the Avenue. Some of the specimens I found there were really remarkable. For instance, there was one of our best clubs disguised as the Strozzi Palace in Florence. But there were little windows prodded in here and there, where they couldn't possibly give sufficient light and

succeeded merely and deplorably in cutting up the wall. Also, there was an English antique dealer's shop which pretended to be a corner of the Place de la Concorde with two extra stories stuck on top of it by way of improvement.

The French châteaux are popular, too—especially for millionaires' houses. In half a mile of the Avenue I found four of them, all striving to look like different parts of the single Château of Blois. And everyone knows the one on the Drive; that great square thing which masquerades as the Château of Chenonceaux. All that it lacks is the setting and the trees and the gardens and the gallery over the river and the old round tower to one side. All that it lacks is all that makes Chenonceaux perhaps the loveliest of the manors of Touraine.

Of course not all our millionaires live in imitation French châteaux. One of them bought and demolished a public library to replace it with a cold, unfriendly English house, its rear garden to the street. Another dwells in a caricature of a well-known Beaux Arts *projet* for a gamblers' house; a third has a dainty bit of an Italian villa which he uses as a private library in connection with his old brownstone mansion.

Our office buildings also suffer from the same mania for masquerade. One of the biggest is an imitation of some Gothic cathedral—Antwerp if I remember rightly; another is disguised as the Campanile of St. Mark's; others are imitation châteaux, palaces, or what-not; while one of them which begins plainly enough erupts suddenly at the top as a stone pyramid that resembles the tomb of an Egyptian king.

The strangest thing, though, about these masqueraders is that they are for the most part about the best-looking buildings we have. A little ragtag and bobtail now and then, of course; but still very imposing when one thinks to look at them, and rather a relief from the usual monotony of square-brick, tin-cornice boxes. And mostly, too, they seem to have been expensively enough built, as if the owners could have

had anything they wanted. So it surely was not lack of means that made them do so much copying. I wonder if it could have been lack of imagination.

But I can hardly believe that. All my life I have been hearing what daring thinkers we Americans are. Surely a nation that was able to invent telephones isn't lacking in imagination. And yet our architects seem to have nothing to express—for you aren't expressing a thing merely by making it look like something else.

What does it all mean? I have been wondering about it for some time. Is it the fault of the architects, after all? Or is it the fault of fellows like myself who live in a town for forty years without looking at the buildings around them? Perhaps if we took more interest in what the architects are doing, as we do with musicians and painters, we might get them to give us better work or at least work that is more expressive of the spirit of our times. Yes, there is something in that. I must ask an architect about it, the next time I meet one.

Mothers of Daughters

By Edna Kenton

THE lady, the servant, and the prostitute have been the three female types in fact and fiction for which we have to thank What Was; which was the most miserable social product no one can say, but until three-quarters of a century ago Clarissa, Pamela, and Moll Flanders composed the piping minor chord of the All-Womanly. Since then the female rebel has been threatening the foundations of life and plots. Life still survives. Recalling that Jane Eyre, an advanced young woman of 1847, is the great-grandmother of Anglo-Saxon revoltees in fiction, let us consider Mrs. Deland's *The Rising Tide,* (published by Harper and Brothers).

In this latest bulletin on the present state of the woman movement, ladies still abound. There are no prostitutes save as they linger, unseen protagonists, taking their revenge in the idiocy of the dead Mr. Payton's son. But there is Flora, a poor darkey drudge whose all impelling sex-urge is sufficiently explained by her inferior race and servile state. And there is Fredericka, called in these latter scientific days, a "feminist."

Fredericka, twenty-five years old in 1915, smokes boldly atop the crest of what Mrs. Deland calls the rising tide of woman's revolt. When its backwash annoys her she swears competently. She demands, in 1915, "the right to work." As a renting agent she goes with a young man to one of her vacant apartments and faces with him the indubitable but questionable facts of faulty traps with bright composure. Pausing to

instruct a working woman on the merits and technic of birth control, she loses a last owl car, and, like Clarissa in 1740 or thereabouts, is "compromised" by the innocent necessity of remaining under his concededly respectful care "all night" at an Inn. She faces "the facts of life—" there are many of them, but we all know what Mrs. Deland means when she calls it that. This book is clotted with an obscene fastidiousness. Freddy does not drink.

But she walks in suffrage parades, and, defending a striking picket, is arrested—ultra modern notes, these. She is rather an unpleasant young person; not, according to Mrs. Deland, very pretty, and quite lacking in "charm." She turns out to be "only a woman after all," but she carries her militancy into love, and makes the inexperienced mistake of proposing marriage to a young man who had been merely philandering. She proposes as most women novelists make their Women-Who-Dare propose—as men do not. "I love you; will you marry me, Howard?" says Fredericka. Only Mr. Shaw turned with deftness that trick of ultimate directness when he made Ann's seizing of John Tanner stand for the universal symbol of why men marry. Mrs. Deland acutely surmises that Arthur Weston, proposing marriage to Fredericka much later, would never in a world of uncertainties, propose that way. His love words, like those of men and womanly women, are floating feathers drifting with kindly or unkindly winds, not militant stones hurled through uncalculated cross currents by an arm forever doomed to bad aim through nature's blind, unkind sex differentiation in male and female collar bones.

Freddy—repeatedly—lacks "charm." But her little cousin Laura has it. The toe of her tiny slipper peeps ever out from her pink tulle skirts. "One thinks of Laura and babies together." Laura always agrees with Howard. When Howard told Freddy he was taking up conchology, Freddy said shells weren't vital to civilization, but when he told Laura that

science was the religion of the man of intellect, Laura said simply: "Yes, indeed, it is," which, as Howard delightedly commented, showed what kind of a mind she had. "See that dreadful person—is he drunk!" cries Laura, and adds, "It frightens me—I'm not sandy like Fred." As the terrible creature lurches against her, ah, how Howard was upset! "Laura had been scared and it was his fault. . . . He hardly slept that night with worry over having made Laura nervous." Thus masculine are those males who are in high retreat before the rising tide. "I'm glad poor old Fred is going to be married," says charming Laura in the final chapter, having achieved Howard and a baby by proposing, but so expertly as to spare all his prides.

It is necessary to know Freddy's mother. Mrs. Payton's home on Payton street reads remotely. Its windows are smothered in plush and lambrequins; its carpets are scrolled and garlanded, and its oil paintings stare out from a boiling scum of gilt foliage. These bridal furnishings of the 1860's are almost new to-day. Fredericka's babble of feminism, birth control, votes for women, and health certificates for bridegrooms is like a newspaper the day after, dull indeed; but Mrs. Payton's talk in 1915 is almost novel in its imbecile dignity.

". . . If Freddy was like her great aunt Adelaide—she just lived for *her* brother. . . . We children were never allowed to read secular books on Sunday. . . . When I was a young lady respect for my elders would have made such words impossible. . . . Rather different from the time when a young man asked a girl's parents if he might pay his addresses, isn't it? . . . When I was a young lady I used to receive Mr. Payton in the back parlor and Mama always sat in the front parlor. . . . When I was a young lady girls stayed indoors with their mothers. . . ."

"When I was a young lady," says Mrs. Payton, and visions the ante-bellum days of delicacies and crinolines, and we too

stand aghast with this sex-obsessed old woman before the abortion of her young married days of the 1860's—this cigarette-smoking, oathful young suffrage parader, aged twenty-five. . . .

But Freddy, born in 1860, would be fifty-six to-day!

Every age and movement is filtered sooner or later through some Rip-van-Winklian sieve. In a world dimpled with women lawyers since the '70's, one of Mrs. Payton's friends exclaims: "That nice Wharton child is going to study law if you please!" When Freddy considers nursing: "What!" says old Mrs. Holmes, accustomed since the Crimean war to Florence Nightingale's healthful innovations, "see a gentleman entirely undressed in his bed!" These women belong in Dicken's pages; spiritually Mrs. Payton is Freddy's grandmother, and a bosom friend of old Mrs. Nickelby. Had a crazy old man in Payton street tossed her cucumbers over a restraining wall, she would have duplicated her Nickelby's state of flattered, delicate distress.

Mrs. Deland stands convicted of having mixed her generations badly. In actual point of time Mrs. Payton was a young married woman of the early '90's, a young lady of the late '80's. As Miss Ellen Holmes she wore "Patience" hats, and sang sweetly to her young gentleman callers of:

A greenery-yallery Grosvenor gallery
Foot-in-the-grave young man.

She was Yum-yum or Pitti-sing in her church guild's amateur performance of *The Mikado*. Many of her friends—some of her aunts—were Vassar graduates. Others were students at the Philadelphia Woman's Medical School, or already embarked on serious careers in law or divinity. Neither she nor her girl friends were "staying indoors with their mothers." They were taking Delsarte, playing tennis, and riding their bicycles, some already in divided skirts and "rationals," for the Jenness-Miller cult was abroad in the land. As a very

young lady she read *Ghosts, A Doll's House, Daisy Miller, The Story of an African Farm,* and *Diana of the Crossways.* Mrs. Payton, had she been worth writing about, would have been a contemporary young lady heroine with all these thrilling "new women." A few years later, with Freddy playing on the floor at her feet, she read *The Heavenly Twins, The Yellow Aster, The Woman Who Did, The Odd Women, The Emancipated, Magda,* and *Dodo,* not to mention *Tess of the D'Urvervilles, Jude the Obscure, The Damnation of Theron Ware,* and George Egerton. A few years later and she could have read *The Awkward Age,* with advantage, for Henry James sensed in the 1890's through the eyes of a quaint but open-minded Rip van Winkle by the way, the revolution sweeping through not only the daughters but the mothers of that decade. Mrs. Brookenham controlled the parental relation by several refined laws, the spirit of which was to guard against the vulgarity so often coming to the surface between parent and child. "Why *should* I ask Nanda any questions?" demanded Nanda's mother, "when I want her life to be as much as possible like my own. I think it's *so* vulgar not to have the same good manners with one's children as one has with other people." And Mr. Benson's Dodo, who smoked and swore charmingly through the charming Eighteen-Eighty-Nineties, and whose Nadine (see *Dodo's Daughter*) woke to life with Fredericka in 1890, held that same new respect for her daughter's soul.

Published in 1870, just after Mrs. Deland had read with conservative reactions Mr. Mills on *The Subjection of Women, The Rising Tide,* its title no misnomer then, might have seemed a lifeline tossed into a roaring surf. Mrs. Payton would have bloomed to brighter foolishness in that period still given over to neurotic worship of self-sacrifice, and Freddy would have been then what she is not to-day, "modern" in her swaggerings through Payton street, "drunk with

the sudden sense of freedom," humorless, a man-hater, a daredevil, at once the New Heroine and the Horrible Example. To-day she is neither. She is a scarecrow with a sign dictated by her grandmother which flaps upon her back:

"I don't wonder you are not married—no man would be such a fool as to ask you, a girl who cheapens herself by locking herself up in empty flats with any young man she happens to meet—you, why you're not a lady. You are as plain as a pikestaff, and you have no manners and no sense and no heart—you've nothing but cleverness, which is about as attractive to a man as a hair shirt! Maria Spencer told me she expected you would be ruined, but I said that I would think better of you if you were capable of being ruined, or if anybody wanted to ruin you. You are not a woman; you are a suffragist. That's why you haven't any charm, not a particle!"

This then is the rather materialistic warning of *The Rising Tide*: Girls, be careful. It is cheap and unwomanly to propose to the man you love. But: It is charming and womanly to propose to him if he doesn't guess in time what you are about. Yet: "For a girl to love a man unasked is neither ignoble nor immodest." But: "Reluctance in the woman makes for permanence in the man." Shades of Mrs. Barbauld and all the idealists who refuse to go back of words for meanings! This sort of thing too openly rates the intelligence of men too low. For men too have risen with the rising tide.

What is the matter with Fredericka! Aside from Mrs. Payton, a mere physical accident, she had a number of fine mothers in those sister heroines of Mrs. Payton's young womanhood. Mrs. Alving was one who, in *Ghosts* tore to shreds a home of sin that Mrs. Payton put breathlessly together and lived in not entirely to her shame. Nora was another, whose deserted doll's house Howard and Laura took bride's possession of. Lyn on her African farm was another, a sombre rebel who lost her life but who, in losing, lived it. "Men and things

are plastic," she said. "They part to the right and left when one comes among them moving in a straight line." Diana of the Crossways and Carinthia of *The Amazing Marriage* were two others, Carinthia the freest spirit of them all. Until these mothers of Fredericka came, self-sacrifice and duty exalted to fetishes for womanly women had blackened plots and had made countless heroines criminals to morality. But these women all held a new faith, the faith of the hedonists, of the anarchs. Self-sacrifice is nothing; self-development is all. Nora slammed her door on motherhood. Mrs. Alving opened her house to incest. Evadne, in *The Heavenly Twins,* discovered her husband's "past" on her wedding day and did not keep silent about it as Mrs. Payton did. Her very frank talk on topics that Brieux has since dealt with so thoroughly raised a deal of counter talk in the early '90's. Furthermore Angelica, one of the heavenly twins, proposed marriage to and was accepted by a very flattered man. Gwen, the Yellow Aster, and Dodo talked "sex" in all its franknesses a generation before Fredericka began to lay aside her seven veils. The Woman Who Did lived with her lover and bore him a child, but being a Puritan she did this religiously and without joy. Magda said simply: "What I do is right because I do it. I am what I am and I cannot be another. We must sin if we wish to grow."

These rebel women, mothers of Fredericka, are among those who helped to clarify the woman movement and thereby make it dangerous. Jane Eyre began the long series of repudiations of the moralities that has built it into power. "We must sin if we wish to grow," said Magda. . . . As Norah sinned when she went away; as Mrs. Alving sinned when she determined to give Regina to her son. This side of the woman movement is what the timid hold to be dangerous in it, and it is to be noted that *The Rising Tide* has not one word to say of this superbly terrible side of it. Fredericka is not a worthy

daughter of her rebel mothers. And she is foredoomed, for with a severity characteristic of the Victorian Matrons' Authors' Lodge, Mrs. Deland denies Fredericka love. In the end she is conceded a legalized sex relationship with a tired, disillusioned, middle-aged man who dislikes Fredericka almost as much as he likes her. But he too has suffered, so Fredericka surrenders herself to the womanliness of pity, another hostage to the ideals. Thus she lives, proving the immense sadness of revolt.

The Strong Young Modern

By James Oppenheim

RECENTLY one of our strong young moderns made a frontal attack on utopia. He showed an appetite for "reality" which was immense and satisfying. He showed likewise that he was a disciple of H. G. Wells, who believes not in contorting and twisting the facts of life so that they fit into a vision, but in accepting the facts, breaking them open, following their inside possibilities, and constructing a vision out of them. This is a courageous asking of courage, and the picture presented is of a man of tough nervous system, whose feet know the earth, and who refuses to accept the stars save from a spectroscopic standpoint. In short, we have the picture of a de-sentimentalized Liberal. "What's to be done now?" he asks, and adds, "You cannot legislate for a hundred years hence. Life changes, and we don't know what our descendents may need. Let us turn to the instant pressure, take it, see what we can do. And let us abolish the utopia phantasy, raze it out of the minds and hearts of men. Let us, in short, be realists."

My dear Walter Lippmann! Don't you know that your scheme is both utopian and idealistic? You might as well decide to abolish fairy-tales for children. For fairy-tales are not something which parents have presented to children, but something children have presented to parents. If you abolished fairy-tales, rooted them out to the last Grimm tale, children would merely create them all over again: not out of perversity, but out of need, the need of the symbol. The child's

desire outstrips immeasurably his power, and since this desire, a dynamic force, can have no adequate outlet in reality, it takes the road of phantasy. But more is gained than an outlet, a safety valve: there is gained a picture that attracts the child toward growth, toward heroism, and power, and manhood. He identifies himself with the Prince, he takes on the mantle of the Hero. Now of course, this is a childish mechanism for getting ahead. It would be better if he could measure what was actually possible, now and in his child's state. But since he can't, what are we going to do about it?

Utopia-vision and the fairy-tale belong to the same category, and spring from the same needs. For the truth of the matter is that most people are childish and undeveloped, and you can no more take their utopias, heavens, holy Maries, resurrections and immortality from them, than you can ask them to write H. G. Wells novels. Their real need produces the symbol which sustains them, and not only sustains them, but is actually a bridge toward maturity. For the Cross or the Crescent, or the Socialist State, for Nationality and the Flag, for the Home—or any symbol you will that has sprung from and stirred the heart of the race—men have suffered, struggled, created and died in a discipline which has given us the best human nature we have. If you could abolish all the utopia-drive of the past, you would blot out the host of the great. Fired by a false dream, they that bore us achieved a true growth. Who then can deny the pragmatic value of utopias? And cannot we truly say that the symbol was merely a convenient focusing point, an object outside of self by which a man could take hold on the future and so surpass what he was? He raised himself by an idea.

Curiously enough the symbol is not only the essence of art: it is the essence of science. It is the mechanism through which we can advance. Faust and the Superman are artistic symbols

of human possibilities: patterns to which we may attempt to mould ourselves. But no less a symbol is the theory of the conservation of energy, or the postulates of the atom, the electron, the evolution of species. Each of these is something experientially unprovable: merely convenient focal points by which we may think and live. Their dynamic value is vitally great, just because of the vistas opened, the possibilities disclosed. "Evolution" as knowledge means nothing to us: as a basis for philosophy or religion it means a right-about-face toward life. It means finally "conscious evolution"—the making of life, the direction and control of it. And of course our strong young modern wouldn't abolish all these symbols: he would merely abolish those which are *more remote.*

Well, he is right when it comes to himself, perhaps, and all strong young moderns. To be able to dispense with heaven and survival after death and the dream of heaven on Earth shows that a certain stage of growth is reached, and that a hero has emerged. But since so few of us have reached this stage of growth, since the mass of mankind is still merely these children, these pitifully blind, overworked, overwrought and needy beings, these desirers and seekers who need so greatly and find so meagerly, our demand that they cease to be childish will be of little avail. They may promise faithfully, but let a Billy Sunday appear, or a Bill Haywood, or the Day of Armageddon, or Defense of Liberty and England or the Fatherland, and they will flock to the dream.

And not only they, my strong young modern: but certain others who seemed so much above such things! Have we not seen this happen in the present war? Have not tough-minded gone maudlin, even as the tender-minded were, ever and ever? And if we really want, right now, to be non-utopian and realistic, yes, if we really want to face the facts of life, shall we not have to allow utopias to others?

David's Birthright

By Edna Wahlert McCourt

WHEN David was six, his friends could not tell whether he was going to evolve into poet or pugilist. There were periods of abstraction and a casual quivering of his upper lip which, together with a dreamy darkening of his grey eyes, suggested the poet. But then, there was the square jaw, sturdy body, ready fists, queer little frown line between his brown brows, and above all a passion for physical activity that made his mother hide the green sheets of the evening paper.

"I can fight anybody," David would declare. "I—I can knock down any feller—even if he's ten. An' I can—I can almost kill girls—even—even if they're twelve! I can pretty *near* kill 'em."

When he came home from a boy-fight he was merely exultant, naturally flushed. But after he had pulled a girl's hair until she howled for mercy, after he had kicked a girl's shins or torn her clothes or twisted her wrists, his eyes burned queerly.

"I—I can almost *kill* girls!" he'd vow.

Of course his mother, being a decent lady with the loftiest of ideals, always sent him to bed, supperless and unkissed, when he voiced his ability and desire to mutilate or annihilate the members of the fair sex. She even shed tears over his ungentlemanliness, his unnaturally brutal tendencies; and she worried terribly. David would weep in his little bed, too—hot blinding tears that quite dampened the pillow. But they were tears of happiness.

"I can whip 'em all!" he'd sob. "Every feller an'—an' *every* girl I know! Oh, I'm so glad I can fight 'em all! If I couldn't I'd—I'd *die,* I would. When I'm a man I'll—I'll fight *mother!*"

And with dizzy visions of that delicious millenium, he would forget to obey her commands, and, jumping from the bed, would run to her like a mad thing and almost smother her with kisses, quite dampening her with his tears.

David's father came from a long line of southern gentlemen. He had never struck a girl in his life, and the mere fancy of physically hurting a woman made his head swim a little. But the defect in his boy's character did not trouble him.

"There are thousands of fine boys that fight. He'll get over it. He'll outgrow it. I don't want to punish him yet. There are thousands of boys who love to fight."

"But there aren't thousands of nice boys who love to fight girls," his wife would reply sadly. And of course he had no answer to make to that. "I can't bear to think he's just a coward—just glorying in fighting the weaker element. It seems more like a disease."

And when David was seven, as he still loved to beat up little girls and to tell of his conquests with quivering lips and queer fanatical gleams in his eyes, she actually took him to a physician. But the doctor only laughed.

"He's a fine boy," he assured the troubled woman. "Don't worry for five or six years. Do what you can to influence him to like girls, or at least to be indifferent to them. But I am sure there is nothing abnormal about your child. There are more youngsters in the world than you imagine with natural perversities. That is all David's passion for superiority is. He'll outgrow it."

But David did not outgrow his so-called natural perversity. His relation to small girls continued to be very much like that

between serpent and bird, lion and prey, bull and red rag.

II

It was a warm Spring afternoon, two or three years later, that a very white little boy with blue lips and dilated pupils that made his eyes appear abnormally round, crept into his mother's room.

"David!" she almost screamed. "What has happened! Are you sick?"

The voice that answered her was hoarse and the grey eyes that gazed at her with a sort of inhuman fascination were almost black.

"No, I'm not sick," he said. "I'm just—I'm just—wicked."

It flashed through her mind that at last the thing she had been fearing had come to pass; he had seriously hurt someone or perhaps . . . She would not permit herself to imagine the logical possibilities of her fear.

"What have you done?" she cried.

The far-away voice answered dreamily, "Nothing."

"Don't lie to me, David," she commanded. "Tell me exactly what has happened. What have you done?"

"I—I don't know," he told her. "He just said—he just said I hurt the girls. He just said I was—too wicked to come to school any more."

"You are not——"

He said the word for her bravely: *"Expelled."*

He handed her the note from his principal. She read things about her son she knew and yet did not know; she read judgments she had never permitted herself to formulate; she read prophesies that made her teeth chatter a little. The fact emerged, as unsuspected mountain peaks emerge when the mist lifts, that her son—her son and her gentlemanly husband's son—was too cruel to girls to be allowed to associate with children in the public schools. She would a million times rather have read that he had the small-pox.

During the eternal afternoon hours before the father came home, they two sat silently, and every tick of the clock was stentorian.

Without a word she handed her husband the principal's letter, and, as David watched him read it and realized, for the first time in his little life how handsome his father was and how white his blue veined temples and hands were, tears came to his eyes, quite unconsciously.

David's father whipped him, terribly, that night.

"I want you to understand," his white lips managed to tell the boy, "that I am only doing this because your mother's and my reasoning with you during all these years has been of no avail."

But after it was all over, the boy threw his arms about his father's neck passionately, and, kissing him all over the front of his shirt, sobbed: "Oh, Daddy! Daddy! It was a grand fight you put up! How long will it be before I'm a man like you?"

The father's lower jaw dropped then, foolishly. He had intended to lock the boy up and keep him on the frugalest of diets until he promised never to touch a little girl again. But instead he talked—carefully. He explained to the very best of his ability the sanctioned and conventional attitude of man towards woman and the wisdom of forming chivalrous habits during boyhood. When he exhausted his supply of admonitions and inspirations and warnings, David gazed at him adoringly.

"You talk—Oh you talk beautiful, Daddy!" he sobbed. "But still—Oh Daddy!—it seems *right* for me to—to fight girls! It seems *right* for me to make 'em do what I—want 'em to do—if I—want to. Oh Daddy," he cried earnestly, his white, tear-stained face all a-quiver, "can't you see?"

III

They put him in a boy's school and practically isolated him from the society of little girls; so that, as the years passed, he

seemed to develop into quite a normal youth. They even grew able to smile over their fears as to his future, and the youngster came to be able to pass a girl with the same indifference with which he would pass a gate post.

But when he was fourteen, David fell in love.

The object of his young passion was a blonde girl about his own age with long silly curls that her mother, and kids, manufactured over night. She had a simpering little face and affected manners, and her skinny body was togged out in all the ridiculous fluff-fluffs and fashionablenesses and incongruities of the absurd ruling mode. You cannot imagine a greater contrast than that between her useless white hand, bedecked as crudely as any savage's, and David's great baseball-hardened paw. In fact, hers was the last type of girl his parents would have expected him to take for his first sweetheart.

But how he adored her! He carried her books to and from her school (although his gallantry caused him to be repeatedly tardy himself, for which offense he was assigned tremendously long extra exercises, which he performed, however, without batting an eyelash). He fetched her all the books she wanted from the library; she had a passion for reading absurd novels, but was too lazy to go after them herself. He spent all his allowance taking her to moving picture shows and providing her with candy, hot-waffles, and ice-cream. And once, when she told him how she loved to wear chains and things around her neck, he broke open his nickle-and-penny-bank and, with the savings of years, purchased every string of beads in the 5-and-10-cent store for her. He would have died for her or slaved for her or starved for her. Which really means a great deal, for David was enamoured of living and of loafing and above all of eating.

While David's fourteenth year marked the glorious culmination of an inspired childhood, Jessie's ushered in all the

false standards, all the hardness, selfishness and illogicalness of budding womanhood. Although she basked, like a cat at the hearth, in the deliciousness of David's devotion and purred her absolute satisfaction inwardly, yet she manifested her complacency in a fashion that David could no more correctly interpret than a fervent bull could the struttings and coquetries of a peacock.

When their courtship was four or five months old, Jessie began to make eyes at and call trivialities to a fellow who lived across the street. But David had a physical interview with his near-rival and, although what transpired between them has not been recorded, his opponent ever afterwards, whenever Jessie entered his line of vision, pulled his cap hastily over his eyes and rapidly disappeared beyond the horizon.

But after a few weeks of peace, Jessie commenced Dancing School where David, of course, scorned to go. For a while the boy was not suspicious of the constancy of his sweetheart, and was absolutely content escorting her to and from the academy. One day, however, a certain Joseph Jones walked home with them. Jessie was in her element, mincing along between the boys, and she laughed and giggled and simpered and frolicked deliciously. David had really no conscious disturbing thoughts; but when, after the next lesson and the next, Joseph again accompanied them homeward, his face became very white and he frequently stumbled. For things swam before his eyes and the bright sunshine cavorted about in purple-blue spirals. Jessie understood intuitively that he was in an unusual mood, but did not aggravate him. Wisely she devoted her entire attention to Joseph.

David did not hear a word of their conversation; he was solving his problem. He figured out that there wouldn't be any sense in fighting Joseph, because he and Joseph were good friends and because Jessie had evidently asked Joseph to walk

home with her. He recalled the difficulty with the boy across the street and realized that, even if he did away with Joseph in like manner, Jessie would probably get interested in yet another fellow. And, he couldn't spend the rest of his life beating up his rivals, could he? He decided that there was only one way to settle his eternal firstness in Jessie's heart for all time to come, and that way was to subdue Jessie.

When they reached the girl's home, he picked up a bit of wood and, whittling carefully, whistled meaningly. Joseph took the hint and left, in what an outsider would have termed unnecessary haste. But then, Joseph had heard of the episode of the boy across the street.

Jessie hummed a frivolous tune. And, "Isn't Joseph a grand looking fellow?" she asked.

David closed his knife carefully and put it in his pocket. Then he stood up, and, as magnificently as though he were throwing the discus at an athletic contest, hurled the piece of wood far down the street. He caught the admiration that leaped to Jessie's eyes, but instead of following his impulse to josh her and forgive her, he listened to something in his brain which kept repeating: *It's got to be settled for good!* He kicked the steps rhythmically and avoided meeting her coquettish glance.

"You've got to quit dancing school," he said slowly.

Her heart fluttered delightedly. "Oh, do I?" she inquired pertly. "Why?"

His breath was sucked backwards and his fists clenched. "Because—I—want—you—to," he answered, and this time he looked at her steadily.

She laughed nervously and flirted with the ruffles of her pretty frock. "Why should I do what *you* want?"

"Because," everything turned perfectly black to him as, for the first time, he uttered the glorious words, "because you're my girl."

She walked across the veranda to her front door with ridiculous dignity. "Oh, is *that* so?" And she tossed her head with the offended pride of her favorite tragedy queen of the movies.

He sprang to her and grabbed her wrists. "Ain't you——" he choked, "ain't you—my girl?"

With the intuition of a seasoned flirt she answered prissily, without meaning a word that she said or implied, "If your eyes'd been open, lately, you wouldn't have to ask that."

David's brain grew clear as ether, and the words whirled through his heart: "She's *my* girl—if I want her. No matter what she thinks or says. Whatever I want her to do, she's got to do. She's got to *want* to do what I want her to. Because I'm a boy!"

And with all his strength, and David was an unusually strong boy, he twisted her wrists. She screamed at the top of her voice. He covered her mouth with his hand. She bit his fingers and screamed louder than before. Then he shook her, —not furiously, but so violently and passionately, that she fainted in his arms.

As inmates of the house rushed to the door in response to her cries, he handed her over to—someone.

Then he was seized with a nervous chill; but somehow he managed to stumble home and to his mother.

"I—I've killed Jessie," he moaned. "She wouldn't do what I wanted—her—to. She got the—best of me. And I'm a boy . . ."

And he crumpled up at her feet.

IV

I might consume the pages of a good sized novel recounting the conditions and adventures of the next ten years of David's life.

He emerged from a long seige of illness into an epoch distinguished by ardent poise and extreme intellectual activity. He endeavored, almost feverishly, to imitate the good manners

of his parents, and he read and studied voraciously, chiefly science and anthropology. Again he seemed dead, dumb, and blind to the existence of womankind. But during his third year at the secondary school he read an original oration on *Woman's Place in Nature* that quite electrified the institution. Teachers listened in astonishment, wondering if it were possible that he had read Nietzsche, and students forgot to applaud.

That night he ran away from home and joined the army. He was only seventeen, but easily passed all tests. In less than a year, however, he returned, having learned very little of patriotism but a great deal of life. He kissed the grey hairs that had come to streak his mother's head during his absence, and studiously prepared himself for college.

When he made Sophomore Honors, a tremendous fury seized him.

"What good is it!" he cried to himself. "Any girl could do as much! *I* want to do something that is manly! I want to be a *man!* Why didn't I live a hundred years ago? Studying is well and good for girls and for fellows who want to live like women and for great men. I—I shall never be great. I don't want to be! I want to be just a man—an ordinary man—but a *man.* All this studying is the absorbing of a feminine type of knowledge. My professors are no different from my mother. Everything is saturated with this feminism,—the newspapers are mere organs for women, sanctioned literature is what the women approve of, the professions, commerce, even politics . . . O, I must live a life that is manly as life used to be! I shall! I will!"

He joined the navy, and for two years sailed the high seas and carved his way through the life of the ports. With the militia he had learned of life. Now he lived it. And he came to know all types of women well, though chiefly the lower orders. He worshipped beauty and kindliness in women:

everything else he despised. Not very clearly, not very logically, not with reason, but wholly because he was fiercely jealous of womankind and her perpetually evident superiority, or at least, her importance.

The twenty-three year old boy who finally returned to his mother looked thirty. But he told himself he was a hundred.

"Is there no place in the world for me?" he asked himself, bitterly. "The world today is a world for women and for feminine men who are afraid to be manly, and for men who could be manly if they did not prefer to cater to the women. I am greater than any woman! I was born knowing it . . ."

He started for "Out West," and though "Out West" is no particular spot on earth, but is only a spirit of freedom and a significance, yet he did gravitate to the Rockies, and he took to ranching and to loving it.

V

But he chose his ranch in empty country, empty save for a tawny road, a blue-gold river, the green glory of the pines, and an infinite wave of violet hills backgrounded by tall massive peaks whose white uplifted faces kissed the sky. Such cabins as were in his neighborhood were scattered far apart. In fact, he grew so out of the habit of expecting to see indication of human life that, frequently, he mistook white smoke from a chimney for cloud or mist or forest fire. His gentle cattle and pretty sheep flocked his hills rhythmically. He loved them. "Because I control their destinies," he told himself.

He rode five miles each day for his mail, and when the ground was firm returned by way of Blue Bell Canyon. The scenery there was of unparalleled beauty, and besides, his good friends, the Waltons, had their cabin near the head of the ravine. Mr. Walton was an ex-college-professor whose library had been conveyed to the mountains in spite of the fact that the professorial savings account had been considerably de-

pleted thereby. The library attracted David as much as the Waltons did.

On a late Spring morning, as the intoxicating odor of new life dilated David's nostrils, his mare, Peggy, from force of habit, slowed her pace as a bend in the road revealed the Walton's whitewashed cabin and fences.

Now David, for more than seven years, had ridden by this place about three hundred times each twelve months and he knew it well. He stared at the stranger who was calmly sitting in the orchard.

She was quite young, about twenty, and not especially beautiful. But an unusual serenity lay upon her delicate features that ennobled them with something that struck David as more beautiful than beauty. Her lap was full of flowers,—wild flox, the mariposa lily, galardia, harebells, lupine, sulfur, bedstraw . . . and her white fingers touched them caressingly. David had not the faintest idea who she was, but so well was he acquainted with the Waltons that, just as though he had encountered her on his own verandah, he raised his hat.

She lifted her calm face, as Peggy pranced gently at the gate, but, as though David were an invisible thing, she gazed past him to the farther wall of the canyon. There could be no doubt from the expression of her face that she was aware of his presence, but her calm eyes ignored him. No woman had ever before ignored David, and he winced as though he were ashamed. Then his eyes blazed at her; he turned perfectly white, and wheeling Peggy with a terrible pull, dashed up the trail.

"She—she looked *through* me! I might have been an insect! She was more concerned with the weeds in her lap!"

Peggy caught his mood and galloped furiously.

The next day Mrs. Walton phoned an invitation to come to dinner and "meet her niece."

"I didn't tell you I expected her to visit me," she said, "be-

cause I was afraid you would manufacture a pretext for a visit to the hills. And I want you to know her."

But David excused himself. It was the end of the month . . . he would be busy with his accounts . . . He changed the subject abruptly, then longed to hear more of her. Mrs. Walton volunteered no information, but in the midst of a discussion on crops he blurted out, angrily.

"Can she sing?"

"Very beautifully."

Like an overwrought child he brought the conversation to a close.

"I've hunted all over the world for that face," he whispered. "It has the expression I have always longed to see on a woman's face. I've so often been afraid she wouldn't sing. To think that she can . . . and then to have her ignore me." The thought was very bitter.

One cannot disapprove without approving; nor can one censure without appreciating. And so because of the anger and the jealousy and the contempt for women that he had felt in his youth, and, too, because of the poignant antagonism he had experienced in his maturer years, David had formed a more vivid picture of his ideal than most men do. He knew just what his perfect woman should be and what she should not be. He had dreamed of meeting her a million times. He knew he would not fail to recognize her and he had never even vaguely suspected that she would not recognize his superiority. One of the essentials of his ideal woman was that she should know him as her mate and as, if not the creator of her destiny, the chiefest determining factor.

Everywhere he turned, in all his day dreams, all his nightly visions, he saw the calm face of the girl in the Walton's orchard, saw her expression of awareness yet of ignoring, of seeing and yet of looking beyond and through him. He was ashamed. It was as though he had found himself wanting.

He dreaded meeting her. "If she should look at me like that again, I don't believe I could control myself."

He got out his camping outfit and went, with Peggy, to the high hills for a week, in order to "forget her." But when he returned home he could not do that, or stay away from Blue Bell.

He rode down the canyon. Peggy tried to slow up as they approached the Walton's ranch, but when he swore she galloped by, all too swiftly. Yet she had been in the orchard! She had dropped her sewing as he flew by! She had smiled at him! There was something in the smile even that made his heart leap—not shyness but rather humility. O, fool that he had been, wasting all these days when he might have had that smile sooner, that shy, humble smile!

For days he hung around the telephone hoping, almost praying for Mrs. Walton to invite him to her home again. But when he realized that she would not, he made up his mind to visit her unasked. No sooner was his mind made up than he was on Peggy's back. For David never yet had failed to obey an impulse, nor had he ever first procrastinated.

Mrs. Walton met him at the gate.

"I'm glad you've come, David."

"I—I wanted to hear her sing."

"It is a rare treat to hear her. By the way, David, I want to tell you she is blind."

VI

Indian summer: the white beards of the mountains have grown longer; the angiosperms below have turned lemon color; and Blue Bell canyon has donned her most gorgeous array.

"I never thought I should ask a woman to marry me," David told Mary Catherine.

"You probably planned a sort of Young Lochinvar ceremony. Now didn't you?" she questioned.

He laughed a little, but the eyes that watched her white fingers crotcheting swiftly were serious.

"I want to tell you about myself," he answered.

"Haven't you told me a good bit about that person already?"

"I want to tell you logically, before I ask you to marry me."

"I'm all ears, Sir Knight."

"When I was a little shaver, I used to—fight girls. I hurt them like everything. I was expelled from school, even, because I treated them so abominably. I guess I really tortured them."

She caught her breath. David could not tell whether from surprise or dismay.

"When I was fourteen," he went on, "I had a—girl. Because she wouldn't do just what I wanted her to, I hurt her so and frightened her so that—she fainted."

He was afraid to look into her expressive face.

"I hope you won't hate me," he continued quaintly, "but I'm not even ashamed of—all that. The superior airs they assumed seemed *wicked* to me, when I was a boy. I fought girls as the Crusaders did the Heathen, I suppose. They were, they seemed the usurpers of the Temple, you know—the Temple of Manhood."

"What made you that kind of a child, David?"

"I haven't the faintest idea." He fell into a bit of musing.

"Go on," she urged.

"I was thinking of Mother. Father, too. Of course I was a terrible disappointment to them."

"Why 'of course'?" she demanded proudly, for her, almost defiantly.

"They are very modern, very conventional people, you see. It hurt them to have a freak for a son. All during my youth . . . I hope you won't laugh at me . . . but it was like Jeanne d'Arc. I always heard Voices crying out for freedom,—crying out against Woman the Tyrant, the usurper of that supe-

riority which had been wholly man's. I heard Voices calling for the old conditions when men were the acknowledged Masters of the Earth."

"You were just a poet."

He kept on with his confession.

"I had a fair amount of brains, but all my school work and all my college work was tainted. For I knew that every realm of knowledge, all learning, the sphere which during all the ages has been the sanctuary, the holy of holies of man alone!—it had been besieged, stormed, conquered by," he smiled, "the enemy."

"Such thoughts robbed book learning of all its pleasure for me. Mother and Father wanted me to be a great physician or a professor of philosophy. But I—I just couldn't. Women could do that. I longed to work at something that was imbued with the old time spirit of manliness. There was the army and the navy. I—I learned them both by heart. There were many women in my life, at that time, too. But I did not find what I was seeking for. It was not until I was twenty-five that I realized the fact had to be accepted: Man was no longer the Czar of the Earth; Woman had come to stay."

"David," she began.

But he had made up his mind to confess everything.

"I haven't told you the worst. Listen. Of course I know that woman has been evolving according to her god-given rights, even though mistakes have been made in the evolving. I know that hurting her body as I did when a youngster, and hurting her, as I did when I was older, is futile. But . . . but I still believe men should be, I still wish men were, the more complete. A man ought to confess that before he asks a girl to marry him."

She gave a little cry.

"David—please! You are too wonderful. Don't ask me."

He caught her hands.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I've been honest always. Every honest man may ask."

"You don't understand, I mean . . . if I were like others, I should be so proud. But, David . . . I cannot *see*. I cannot *see*."

Her words seemed to reach him like a joyous announcement.

"You are my birthright, Mary Catherine," he said.

The Untold Lie

By Sherwood Anderson

WHEN I was a boy and lived in my home town of Winesburg, Ohio, Ray Pearson and Hal Winters were farm hands employed on a farm three miles north of us. I can't for my life say how I know this story concerning them, but I vouch for its truth. I have known the story always just as I know many things concerning my own town that have never been told to me. As for Ray and Hal I can recall well enough how I used to see them on our Main Street with other country fellows of a Saturday afternoon. Ray was a quiet,rather nervous man of perhaps fifty with a brown beard and shoulders rounded by too much and too hard labor. In his nature he was as unlike Hal Winters as two men can be unlike.

Ray was an altogether serious man, as I remember him, and had a little sharp featured wife who had also a sharp voice. The two, with half a dozen thin legged children, lived in a tumble-down frame house beside a creek at the back end of the Wills' farm, where Ray was employed.

Hal Winters, his fellow employee, was a young fellow. He was not of the Ned Winters family, who were very respectable people among us, but was one of the three sons of the old man we called Windpeter Winters, who had a sawmill over near Unionville, six miles away, and who was looked upon by everyone in Winesburg as a confirmed old reprobate.

People from my town will remember old Windpeter by his unusual and tragic death. He got drunk in Winesburg and

started to drive home to Unionville along the railroad tracks. Henry Brattenburg, the butcher, who lived out that way, stopped him at the edge of the town and told him he was sure to meet the down train, but Windpeter slashed at him with his whip and drove on. When the train struck and killed him and his two horses, a farmer and his wife who were driving home along a nearby road saw the accident. They said that old Windpeter stood up on the seat of his wagon, raving and swearing at the onrushing locomotive and that he fairly screamed with delight when the team, maddened by his incessant slashing at them, rushed straight ahead to certain death. I myself remember the incident quite vividly because, although everyone in our town said that the old man would go straight to hell and that the community was better off without him, I had a secret conviction that he knew what he was doing and I admired his foolish courage. Like most boys I had already had my seasons of wishing I might die gloriously instead of just being a grocery clerk and going on with my humdrum life. I know now that many in our town must have felt the same way.

But this is not the story of Windpeter Winters nor yet of his son Hal who worked on the Wills farm with Ray Pearson. It is Ray's story. But I must tell you a little of young Hal so that you will get into the spirit of it.

Hal was a bad one. Everyone said that. There were three of the Winter's boys in that family, John, Hal and Edward, all broad shouldered big fellows like old Windpeter himself and all fighters and woman-chasers and generally all-around bad ones.

Hal was the worst of the lot and always up to some devilment. For example, I can remember how he once stole a load of boards from his father's mill and sold them in Winesburg. With the money he bought himself a suit of cheap, flashy clothes. Then he got drunk and when his father came raving

into town to find him they met and fought with their fists on Main Street and were arrested and put into jail together.

Hal went to work on the Wills farm because there was a country school teacher out that way who had taken his fancy. He was only twenty-two then but had already been in two or three of what we used to speak of as "woman scrapes." Everyone who heard of his infatuation for the school teacher was sure it would turn out badly. "He'll only get her into trouble, you'll see," was the word that went around.

And so these two men, Ray and Hal were at work in a field on a day in the late October. They were husking corn and occasionally something was said and they laughed. Then came silence. Ray, who was the more sensitive and always minded things more, had chapped hands and they hurt. He put them into his coat pockets and looked away across the fields. He was in a sad distracted mood and was affected by the beauty of the country. If you knew our country in the fall and how the low hills are all splashed with yellows and blacks you would understand his feeling. He began to think of the time, long ago when he was a young fellow living with his father, then a baker in Winesburg, and how on days like this he wandered away to the woods to gather nuts, hunt rabbits or just to loaf about and smoke his pipe. His marriage had come about through one of these days of wandering. He had induced a girl who waited on trade in his father's shop to go with him and something had happened. He was thinking of that afternoon long ago and how it had affected his whole life, when a spirit of protest awoke in him. He had forgotten about Hal and muttered words. "Tricked by Gad, that's what I was; tricked by life and made a fool of," he said in a low voice.

As though understanding his thoughts, Hal Winters spoke up. "Well, has it been worth while? What about it, eh, what about marriage and all that?" he asked and then laughed. Hal tried to keep on laughing but he too was in an earnest mood.

He began to talk earnestly. "Has a fellow got to do it?" he asked. "Has he got to be harnessed up and driven like a horse?"

He didn't wait for an answer but sprang to his feet and began to walk back and forth between the corn shocks. He was getting more and more excited. Bending suddenly down he picked up an ear of the yellow corn and threw it at the fence. "I've got Nell Gunther in trouble," he said. "I'm telling you, but you keep your mouth shut."

Ray Pearson arose and stood staring. He was almost a foot shorter than Hal and when the younger man came and put his two hands on the older man's shoulders they made a picture. There they stood in the big empty field with the quiet corn shocks standing in rows behind them and the red and yellow hills in the distance and from being just two indifferent workmen they had become all alive to each other. Hal sensed it and because that was his way he laughed. "Well old daddy," he said awkwardly, "come on, advise me. I've got Nell in trouble. Perhaps you've been in the same fix yourself. I know what everyone would say is the right thing to do but what do you say? Shall I marry and settle down? Shall I put myself into the harness to be worn out like an old horse? You know me, Ray. There can't anyone break me but I can break myself. Shall I do it or shall I tell Nell to go to the devil? Come on, you tell me. Whatever you say, Ray, I'll do."

Ray couldn't answer. He shook Hal's hands loose and turning walked straight away toward the barn. As I've said he was a sensitive man and there were tears in his eyes. He knew there was only one thing to say to Hal Winters, son of old Windpeter Winters, only one thing that all his own training and all the beliefs of the people he knew would approve, but for his life he couldn't say what he knew he should say.

At half past four that afternoon Ray was puttering about

the barnyard when his wife came up the lane along the creek and called him. After the talk with Hal he hadn't returned to the cornfield but worked about the barn. He had already done the evening chores and had seen Hal, dressed and ready for a roistering night in town, come out of the farm house and go into the road. Along the path toward his own house he trudged behind his wife, looking at the ground and thinking. He couldn't make out what was wrong. Every time he raised his eyes and saw the beauty of the country in the failing light he wanted to do something he had never done before, shout or scream or hit his wife with his fist or something equally unexpected and terrifying. Along the path he went scratching his head and trying to make it out. He looked hard at his wife's back but she seemed all right.

She only wanted him to go into town for groceries and as soon as she had told him what she wanted, began to scold. "You're always puttering," she said. "Now I want you to hustle. There isn't anything in the house for supper and you've got to get to town and back in a hurry."

Ray went into his own house and took an overcoat from a hook back of the door. It was torn about the pockets and the collar was shiny. The wife went into the bedroom and presently came out with a soiled cloth in one hand and three silver dollars in the other. Somewhere in the house a child wept bitterly and a dog that had been sleeping by a stove arose and yawned. Again the wife scolded. "The children will cry and cry. Why are you always puttering?" she said.

Ray went out of the house and climbed a fence into a field. It was just growing dark and the scene that lay before him was lovely. All the low hills were washed with color and even the little clusters of bushes in the corners by the fences were alive with beauty. The whole world seemed to Ray Pearson to have become alive with something just as he and Hal had

suddenly become alive when they stood in the cornfield staring into each other's eyes.

The beauty of our country there about Winesburg was just too much for Ray on that fall evening. That's all there was to it. He couldn't stand it. Of a sudden he forgot all about being a quiet old farm hand, and throwing off the torn overcoat began to run across the field. As he ran he shouted a protest against his life, against all life, against everything that makes life ugly. "There was no promise made," he cried into the empty spaces that lay about him. "I didn't promise my Minnie anything and Hal hasn't made any promise to Nell. I know he hasn't. She went into the woods with him because she wanted to go. What he wanted she wanted. Why should I pay? Why should Hal pay? Why should anyone pay? I don't want Hal to become old and worn-out. I'll tell him. I won't let it go on. I'll catch Hal before he gets to town and I'll tell him."

Ray ran clumsily and once he stumbled and fell down. "I must catch Hal and tell him," he kept thinking and although his breath came in gasps he kept running harder and harder. As he ran he thought of things that hadn't come into his mind for years—how at the time he married he had planned to go west to his uncle in Portland, Oregon—how he hadn't wanted to be a farm hand but had thought when he got out west he would go to sea and be a sailor or get a job on a ranch and ride a horse into western towns shouting and laughing and waking the people in the houses with his wild cries. Then as he ran he remembered his children and in fancy felt their hands clutching at him. All of his thoughts of himself were involved with the thoughts of Hal and he thought the children were clutching at the younger man also. "They are the accidents of life, Hal," he cried. "They are not mine or yours. I had nothing to do with them."

Darkness began to spread over the fields as Ray Pearson ran

on and on. His breath came in little sobs. When he came to the fence at the edge of the road and confronted Hal Winters all dressed up and smoking a pipe as he walked jauntily along, he couldn't have told what he thought or what he wanted.

I suppose Ray Pearson lost his nerve and that this is really the end of the story of what happened to him. It was almost dark when he got to the fence and he put his hands on the top bar and stood staring. Hal Winters jumped a ditch and coming up close, put his hands in his pockets and laughed heartily. He seemed to have lost his own sense of what had happened in the cornfield and when he put up a strong hand and took hold of the lapel of Ray's coat he shook the old man as he might have shaken a dog that had misbehaved.

"You came to tell me, eh?" he said. "Well, never mind telling me anything. I'm not a coward and I've already made up my mind." He laughed again and jumped back across the ditch. "Nell ain't no fool," he said. "She didn't ask me to marry her. I want to marry her. I want to settle down and have kids."

Ray Pearson also laughed. He felt like laughing at himself and all the world.

As the form of Hal Winters disappeared in the dusk that lay over the road that led to Winesburg he turned and walked slowly back across the fields to where he had left his torn overcoat. As he went, some memory of pleasant evenings spent with the thin legged children in the tumble-down house by the creek must have come into his mind, for he muttered words. "It's just as well. Whatever I told him would have been a lie," he said softly and then his form also disappeared into the darkness of the fields.

The Scar

By Elizabeth Stead Taber

IN a certain remote road valley among the foothills of the North Woods country, the Wild Cat Road forms a jagged, unsightly scar upon the otherwise lovely face of Nature,—a scar which is the more hideous by its contrast to the wild, alluring beauty around it. The law of Nature works here in harsh ways which are in accord with the grim aspect of the place.

Bald, rocky steeps; gaunt, struggling pines; and in the lower ground, tall grey corpses of trees still standing upright in the swamps that had brought death to them,—it was on such an outlook that Rilly Ward gazed from the doorway of the tar-papered shanty that was her home. The dead trees stood in a ghastly company on the opposite side of the straggling road which here and there took a turn around a rocky outcrop on its way; beyond the swampy ground Big Elephant Mountain reared its bulky mass; back of the shanty the dry fields were covered with the pale greenish-yellow of the coarse bent grass; upward from them sloped the seared and scarred form of Little Elephant Mountain which had burned over the year before.

The woman in the doorway possessed a certain dull comeliness. The dark, cheap wrapper which she wore hung in shapeless folds; her brown hair had no lights and shadows but was all the dun color of earth; her hands were coarse and large; yet there was an air about her that was almost pleasing. Her eyes were lustreless but they brightened as she stepped

down to the broad flat stone in front of the door and called, "Almy."

In response to her call, a strange-looking little creature of six or seven years crept from behind the big tamarack tree, carrying in her hands cones which she had been gathering. Dark hair encircled her colorless face, the eyes were hidden by lowered lids; it was when she raised her glance to her mother's and held out the cones that a foolish smile broke over the face which had, at first glance, seemed almost pretty. It was a smile singularly like the silly grin of a drunken man.

"You set here, Almy, and watch for your pa to come; I'll be makin' supper."

The child sat down on the high doorstep and the woman went within the shanty. A moment later a tall young giant swung into view around the bend of the road. He was dark and roughly handsome with an animal beauty; uncouth and like an untrained animal he looked as he came nearer with lounging strides.

The child in the doorway shrank aside as he reached her, but if he was aware of her presence he ignored it, and passed on into the shanty. The little girl entered when her mother called out, "Almy," and the three sat down to eat from the thick plates on the bare table near the door.

The furniture was scanty and rude; a worn-out stove was at one side of the room, a rough bed stood in the darkest corner, and a homemade cot close beside it.

A deep dish of raccoon meat in thick greasy gravy was the chief food. Joe Ward ate for some time in silence, his wife glancing at him furtively. She was wondering "what ailed Joe" tonight; he had not been drinking, but there was a subdued excitement and unnatural manner about him which disturbed her.

"First coon I've got in a year and it'll be the last for a while, I guess," announced Joe. "Can't nobody else do nothin'

huntin' with Ruddy Munroe gettin' it all." He shook back the dark hair from his forehead, and looked at the woman facing him. "Ruddy Munroe's got luck," he continued; "he won't never lack skins to sell nor meat to eat."

"He's been fixin' a new house up the Wild Cat Road," ventured Rilly; "he does get along."

Almy remained silent most of the time, but occasionally she glanced at her mother, the same silly grin disfiguring her face. She was strikingly like her father; it was when that expression came over her countenance that he avoided looking at her.

"Yes, a four-roomed one, all sided up and painted, lookin' off to Blueberry Pond," Joe was saying. "Do you suppose he'd be livin' in a place like this? Neither would I be if I'd ever had any luck. Can't raise nothin' on land that'll only grow hell-bent grass; can't do trappin' where Ruddy Munroe's gettin' rich on it. If it hadn't been for the sawmill comin' in this year, I'd cleaned out before this. But we're windin' up the clearin' and that'll be movin' soon."

Rilly had heard Joe talk against his luck before, although perhaps not quite so fiercely. "Why, Joe, you ain't never tried no farmin'," she said. "Huntin' or farmin' or whatever, Ruddy Munroe's got along because he's a smart man and—"

"Ruddy Munroe don't drink. How'd you like it if he'd chose you for his woman?"

"Why, Joe, Ruddy Munroe wouldn't 'a' looked at me. He's fine set up; but maybe I wouldn't be so bad off," she said musingly.

Rilly had risen and stepped to the door. She was emptying the greasy gravy outside where it fell on the broad stone. She turned back into the room as Joe went on,

"That's the last grease gravy you'll be emptyin' out o' this door, Rilly."

Almy's big eyes looked at him wonderingly and the woman, too, did not seem to understand.

"Yes, Rilly Ward, how'd you like to live up to that new house of Ruddy Munroe's?" Before she could speak he continued, "Well, that's where you're goin'. Ruddy wants a woman,—been havin' his eye on you for some time, he says,—ain't you pleased?"

"Why, what do you mean, Joe? You ain't been drinkin' again?" she questioned, for he spoke with a reckless laugh.

At her words he gave a quick glance at the child, who was still gazing at him with wide open eyes, but he quickly looked away. "No, I ain't been drinkin'. I mean you're goin' to be his woman, Rilly. He don't mind takin' her"—he jerked his head at Almy without looking at her—"for the sake o' gettin' a good woman like you. It'll be a big thing for you."

"Why Joe," she protested, "you ain't tired o' me?"

"It ain't no new idea; I've been thinkin' of it for a long time." His eyes wandered back again to Almy for a moment. "It's no more'n Billy Tompkins and Jud Camp done,—didn't they swap wives? I'm goin' to clear out, Rilly. I'm goin' down to the Falls, and I'm goin' to get me another woman down there." He said the last words with an air of bravado.

"Ruddy Munroe don't drink, neither," he repeated grimly, keeping his eyes upon her.

"Oh Joe," she cried, "I don't mind your drinkin'. I mean," ——she looked at Almy, "I'd rather live with you anyhow."

"Well, I wouldn't, so that's settled," he declared flatly. "Ain't it enough for you that I'm goin' to get me another woman?"

The woman seemed to sense this thought for the first time. The dog-like look of submission passed from her face, and in its place came a sort of boldness, as with a quick toss of her head she said, "Well, course I ain't wantin' to stay much."

"The bargain's all made and you'll like it first rate," he said.

"Ruddy Munroe!" she muttered. "It's awful sudden, Joe; I wish you'd told me before. But it's real excitin' and I'm

glad to go," she declared.

"Ruddy ain't bad if you aim to please him," Joe responded weakly.

Just then they heard the sound of wheels outside. Joe's name was called in a hard ringing voice. He turned to Rilly saying:

"You ain't got much to leave and you ain't got much to take, so it won't take you long to get ready."

"Yes, I'm goin', Joe," she answered as he went out of the door.

Rilly looked around her in a dazed way and then, seeming to awake to the situation, she spoke to the child who all the while had been staring in wonderment at her father.

"Almy, we're goin'. Pick up them things. Goin' for good." She added to herself, "Your pa won't never have to see your face again."

The things were an old cape and a cap which the child sometimes wore. There was indeed but little to take; Rilly soon made a bundle of their only clothes, and with no other preparation she was ready. No looking glass was in sight but she smoothed her hair back with her hands, as if she stood before one.

"He's goin' to get another woman," she muttered. "But it ain't me so much as it is Almy,—he never could stand her, and I might 'a' known he'd do somethin' like this some day. Well, he never treated her bad, and Ruddy Munroe shan't neither."

Grasping the child tightly by the hand, she stepped to the doorway. Joe was entering and Rilly saw that there was green money in his hand, which he placed on the shelf, setting a heavy dish from the table over it. Then he went out after Rilly into the dusk of the evening.

The short stocky form of Ruddy Munroe was dimly outlined in the half light as he sat in the buckboard; his face could not be clearly seen, but Rilly Ward knew the full straight line

of his thick lips, and the bulging eyes that almost seemed to hang over his cheeks. She felt those eyes upon her even in the darkness.

"Well, so long, Joe," Ruddy said in an easy tone, while Joe was awkwardly pushing Almy into the buckboard after her mother. "Don't forget your old friends, Joe, when you get down to the Falls."

Rilly was holding her head high.

"When you leavin', Joe?" she asked casually.

"Day or two," he answered, adding shortly, "Goodbye." His tone sounded relieved.

They drove off in the darkness, Almy clinging close to her mother. They went some distance in silence; then the man spoke in a natural manner.

"Well, Rilly, we're goin' to hitch up all right, I guess, eh?"

Rilly gave an almost unintelligible murmur. It sounded like assent. Almy nestled closer to her.

" 'Course nobody could be sorry for leavin' that place. Even Joe's glad to get out." The man's voice rang out loudly in the night air.

Rilly thought, "It ain't that, he's glad to be gettin' away from," but she did not speak.

"I knew you'd be glad to leave," he went on with assurance. " 'Course we all know Joe's a good sort, but he gets drunk most too much sometimes, eh?"

Rilly tightened her hold on Almy's small form. She seemed to see that white face even in the blackness of the night, the face which was to Joe Ward a constant reminder that he was drunk "most too much."

With a real physical effort she tried to master her feeling of undesire. It was not that she wished to hold to Joe,—no, if he was to get another woman, she could put him out of her thoughts and let someone take his place. She did not know why she should mind much leaving Joe, but it had all hap-

pened so suddenly, and a feeling of blackness oppressed her, as heavy as the darkness of the night.

Once Ruddy gave the horse a sharp cut with the whip. Rilly winced and she felt the child cringe. While he talked and Rilly joined in now and then with acquiescence, the two miles along the Wild Cat Road were covered. They drew up to the new house which was only a square black spot in the dark night.

When they had entered Rilly saw that the room in which they stood was clean but bare-looking; it seemed to invite a woman's care. She looked around her at the white plaster walls, and thought of the dark discolored sides of the room she had left, but Ruddy, standing awkwardly nearby, interpreted her glance in his own way.

"Pretty good lookin', ain't it?" he questioned.

She nodded approval and then glanced down at the child who still clung to her.

"Almy, you're getting sleepy." Then she looked questioningly at the man.

"She's so quiet she gets forgot," he said. "But that's all right,—she won't be no bother then. Here you,"—he turned to the child, speaking not roughly but without any feeling—"you sleep there tonight." He indicated a couch in the room. "We'll fix up a place in the loft for you later."

Then he turned to the woman. "You ain't never had no real bedroom to sleep in, livin' with Joe, have you? Well, this ain't no tar-papered shanty."

He was close to her; his cheeks were flushed with cold passion. He caught the woman roughly in his arms, and his kisses were as brutal as blows.

He had forgotten Almy, but while he held her mother he felt the small strong hands of the child upon him. They were like claws ready to tear him. He turned and caught her by

the arm, twisting it in his strong grasp. As she gave a low cry he flung her aside.

"You damn brat!" His hard voice was shrill. "You fool-face like your drunken daddy! No wonder he wanted to get rid of you!"

The woman caught up the child in her arms and he went on calmly, "Come now, Rilly, you and me have took each other, and she ain't goin' to be no trouble. I paid a price for you and I ain't goin' to go back on my bargain now. But you little devil,"—he paused and looked at the little creature whose eyes evaded him, "you take yourself to sleep and you and me'll get along all right tomorrow." His full lips loosened into a smile that was meant to be friendly.

Almy was already on the couch, as far as possible from him. Submissively Rilly followed him into the bedroom, but the air of dumb coquetry which she had tried to assume was gone.

Hours later she lay, wide-eyed and wakeful, beside the form of the man now sunk in deep slumber. One thought only filled her mind,—that he had laid his hands on Almy to hurt her, but gradually this gave place to the desire to get away. Brutality to herself she would have taken and borne as a part of her new life, but to Almy—no, she should not be touched. They must get away before it could happen again. They must go while the creature beside her slept.

But where? Back to Joe? No, he was going to get another woman, he had said, and she herself had told him that she was glad to go. No, they could not go back there. Presently she thought that it was the remembrance of the money she had seen which made her thoughts go back to him. She saw him as when he had entered the door of the shanty, the money in his hand, the money which he had put on the shelf under the heavy dish. Her crude mind grasped the idea of the money as a possibility of escape.

She could not formulate any clearly conceived plan, but she felt that if the money could only be secured, they might use it in some way to get away. She thought of reaching Stormytown,—it was only six miles away and there was a stage from there to the railroad at Thurston. Her thoughts ran wild; she had no aim in mind but to get away before Ruddy Munroe awoke. The only thing which she saw clearly was that the money might help,—the money which had been paid for her.

Slowly and stealthily she slid from the bed, and passed into the room where Almy lay on the couch. At her mother's touch she rose without a sound, and in a minute more they were out upon the Wild Cat Road.

No words were spoken until they were far from the house, when Rilly said, "We're never goin' back there, Almy, never." After a pause she went on, "We'll go somewhere away, I don't know where, but we'll aim first to Stormytown. We can get there by mornin'."

The child asked no questions but trudged along by her mother's side with her hand tightly clasped in the woman's. Neither thought of the dense blackness of the night that surrounded them, but a sudden sound broke the stillness and brought terror to their hearts. A cry mingling the wail of human agony with the laughter of fiendish glee sounded from Blueberry Pond.

For a moment the woman shivered with fear, but as the child cowered closer to her she said, "It's only a loon, Almy."

They hastened on, at times almost breaking into a run.

The familiar smell of the swamp greeted their nostrils as they approached the little shanty. They slackened their pace and finally they stopped, until their quick breathing had quieted somewhat.

"It's goin' to rain," Rilly murmured, sniffing the air.

Then they went closer toward the doorway, stepping soundlessly. Upon the intense blackness around them the big tamarack tree seemed to cast a still heavier shadow. The sound of Joe's heavy breathing came through the open doorway.

Rilly dropped the child's hand from her tight grasp and seemed to tell her, without words, to stand still while she went forward.

She was within the doorway, her ears sensing the regular breathing, her mind reaching forward to her grasp upon the money which was now almost within her reach. She raised her hand to the shelf and lifted the dish.

As she took it up and her other hand closed upon the money, the cry of the loon rang out again more faintly like a hideous distorted echo of the earlier sound still ringing in her ears. She gave a nervous shiver and the heavy dish dropped to the floor with a crash.

She started toward the doorway but Joe, aroused by the sound, was before her.

"What!" he thundered. "Who's there?"

She could feel his nearness although she could not see him. She thought of Almy, crouching in the night outside, and she spoke calmly.

"It's only me, Joe,—Rilly. I come—"

"Rilly! You come back?" He was touching her. "What —why—where's Almy?"

"I didn't mean to wake you, Joe. I just come back. I—I somehow knocked the dish off when I heard the loon. Almy!" she called from the doorway, and in an instant the child was beside her.

Joe was making a light. Almy's pale face was chalky white in the yellow glare; the fear in her eyes and the ghastly grin of her mouth made a picture of sickening horror. Joe turned from it and looked into Rilly's eyes.

"How—how—" he stammered, bewildered. "Where is he?" and he peered into the night as if expecting to see Ruddy Munroe enter the doorway.

"Him!" she exclaimed fiercely. "Him! God curse him! He laid his hands on Almy; he hurt her and I'll never go back to him. I was a fool to go!" Her strong ejaculations seemed to have spent her force and her voice trailed off weakly. "He didn't let us come away,—no, we come while he was sleepin'."

"You come back to me?" Joe questioned.

"No, we ain't come back. We're goin' to Stormytown and take the stage out—we just stopped—" she faltered.

"But, Rilly, where'd you go? You can't go on," he protested.

"Well, we ain't comin' here, you needn't fear," she answered shortly. She failed to bring disdain into her words.

Joe's thoughts went back to the cause of their appearance. "Ruddy Munroe! He'll be huntin' for you," he exclaimed, "and he'll be comin' here, I bet!"

At these words Almy reached out her thin nervous fingers and caught her mother's hand again.

"We'll rest a bit," Rilly soothed her. "I can't go on just yet. You don't mind our stayin' a while, Joe? We'll go on before Ruddy Munroe should come."

"We made a bargain, Ruddy and me, and I wouldn't want him to think I'd gone back on it," Joe responded. "But you can't go on, Rilly."

"Well, I've said we was goin' and that's all there is to it."

" 'Course you must rest a while, Rilly, and we'll talk it over. I don't see what you're goin' to do," he ended, going to the door again.

He stood there a long time while Almy and her mother sat within. Not a word was spoken. Rilly glanced now and then at Joe's broad back, but for the most part she sat silently in a dejected attitude of fatigue and despair.

When streaks of grey dawn began to show over the dark outline of Big Elephant Mountain, and the tamarack tree showed its huge shape dimly, Joe turned and said:

"Well, Rilly?"

As he spoke new force seemed to straighten her figure. But before she could answer they heard the sound of wheels on the Wild Cat Road, and in another moment a horse and wagon showed obscurely at the turn of the road. It stopped, and Ruddy Munroe jumped out and approached the shanty. Joe filled the doorway as Ruddy stood on the ground outside.

"Has she come back here?" Ruddy's loud voice rang out. "Didn't I pay for that woman, and didn't she come o' her own accord? What's she get up and leave me in the middle o' the night for?"

Rilly, with Almy clinging to the back of her skirts, had come up to the door. She saw only the big bulging eyes of the man before her as she pushed past Joe. She started to answer Ruddy but Joe spoke first.

"It means that Rilly don't choose to stay, that's all. There ain't no law against it, as I know of, if she wants to."

"Huh!" the man sneered. "So she's come back to you!"

"No, I didn't come back to Joe," Rilly spoke up. "But you shan't never touch Almy again. Why, her own father—" she hesitated—"her own father, what can't bear the sight o' her face, ain't never been mean to her."

"Rilly," Joe interrupted her quietly, "hand back that money to Ruddy, and he can go."

It was the only intimation Joe had given that he knew Rilly held the money and she stared at him in surprise. Nevertheless she held out the money to Ruddy. He reached out his hand for it, and as he did so something in the face of the woman seemed to call the passion of cold anger within him.

The money dropped to the ground as he seized her arm;

he held her face back and laid his full lips roughly against it.

"I guess that was comin' to me," he said as he stepped back.

But the words were scarcely spoken when Almy was upon him. Her fierce little hands were reaching for his face and her big eyes were blazing. Only for a moment, however, did she expend her force upon him, for he hurled her from him with a strong thrust that sent her falling back into the shanty doorway.

"You little devil, born of a drunken—". He started to speak, stepping forward as he did so, when Joe's arm struck out. It did not touch him, for Ruddy dodged the blow, but Almy, starting to rise as her lips twisted in a half-frightened, half-pained whimper, caught the spent force of it. She fell, slipping on the spot of greasy gravy which Rilly had thrown from the doorway the night before. Her temple struck the edge of the doorstep and she sank in a little sprawling heap upon the big stone.

She lay strangely still in the grey light of the morning that was dawning.

For a moment Joe stepped back within the doorway, and Ruddy stood outside, a bulky mass of indecision. But Rilly was picking up Almy from the broad stone. The little body sagged as she raised it. Joe stooped beside her and, looking into his face, Rilly spoke dully.

"She's dead, Joe."

"Dead!" breathed Joe, and as he leaned down he saw that it was so.

He took the body from her arms, and carried it to the cot in the dark corner within. The small face looked whiter than ever before, and the thin lips smiled at him fixedly. Rilly sank down on the rough floor beside the cot and hid her face in the old cape which Almy had worn.

She moaned quietly once or twice, and Joe looked down at her helplessly. Ruddy had stepped inside the doorway and

stood there awkwardly. He cleared his throat with a thick sound a few times, and then he spoke.

" 'Twasn't your fault, Joe, you know. She sort o' slipped on the step."

"I guess it wasn't nobody's fault," Joe answered weakly. "But what's goin' to be done?"

Rilly raised her head. "There ain't nothin' to be done; nothin' but a pine box now, Joe."

She looked at the quiet face. "Just a little bruise on the temple," she whispered. "We'll tell 'em she slipped. We don't want no trouble. It wouldn't do no good now," she muttered.

Ruddy's hard tones became a little lower as he said, "An' what about after the—the—?" He motioned his hand loosely toward the cot, without looking at it.

"Maybe Rilly won't mind comin' now," said Joe.

"No, I don't mind comin' now," she repeated. "After it's over."

A few minutes later she heard the sound of wheels growing fainter on the Wild Cat Road, and she saw in her thoughts the four-roomed house on the shore of Blueberry Pond, white in the cold morning light, awaiting her.

The Astronomer

(*From the Drama, "The Madman"*)

By Kahlil Gibran

IN THE shadow of the temple my friend and I saw a blind man sitting alone. And my friend said, "Behold, the wisest man of our land."

Then I left my friend and approached the blind man and greeted him. And we conversed.

And after a while I said, "Forgive my question; but since when hast thou been blind?"

"From my birth," he answered.

Said I, "And what path of wisdom followest thou?"

Said he, "I am an astronomer."

Then he placed his hand upon his breast, saying, "I watch all these suns and moons and stars."

On Giving and Taking

(*From the Drama, "The Madman"*)

By Kahlil Gibran

ONCE there lived a man who had a valleyful of needles. And one day the mother of Jesus came to him and said: "Friend, my son's garment is torn and I must needs mend it before he goeth to the temple. Wouldst thou not give me a needle?"

And he gave her not a needle; but he gave her a learned discourse on Giving and Taking to carry to her son before he should go to the temple.

Rain After a Vaudeville Show

By Stephen Vincent Benet

THE last pose flickered, failed. The screen's dead white
Glared in a sudden flooding of harsh light
Stabbing the eyes; and as I stumbled out
The curtain rose. A fat girl with a pout
And legs like hams, began to sing "His Mother."
Gusts of bad air rose in a choking smother;
Smoke, the wet steam of clothes, the stench of plush,
Powder, cheap perfume, mingled in a rush.
I stepped into the lobby—and stood still
Struck dumb by sudden beauty, body and will.
Cleanness and rapture—excellence made plain—
The storming, thrashing arrows of the rain!
Pouring and dripping on the roofs and rods,
Smelling of woods and hills and fresh-turned sods,
Black on the sidewalks, gray in the far sky,
Crashing on thirsty panes, on gutters dry,
Hurrying the crowd to shelter, making fair
The streets, the houses, and the heat-soaked air,—
Merciful, holy, charging, sweeping, flashing,
It smote the soul with a most iron clashing! . . .
Like dragons' eyes the street-lamps suddenly gleamed,
Yellow and round and dim-low globes of flame.
And, scarce perceived, the clouds' tall banners streamed.
Out of the petty wars, the daily shame,
Beauty strove suddenly, and rose, and flowered. . . .
I gripped my coat and plunged where awnings lowered.

Made one with hissing blackness, caught, embraced
By splendor and by cleansing and swift haste,
Spring coming in with thunderings and strife! . . .
I stamped the ground in the strong joy of life.

Prelude

(*To "Creation"—a Drama*)

By James Oppenheim

PROLOGUE

As a photograph taken by lightning flash,
Giving a brief glimpse of the night,
So is this drama . . .

Its hero is Life . . .
That which from the beginning rose, and with swift changes
of garment,
Rushed up from the sun to the human beings we are . . .

Only a glimpse, a flash,
A look into self . . .
For self is the whole of Creation . . .
Then daylight—and darkness . . .

Part, curtains . . .
And in the gloom, let the original Chaos be imagined . . .
Life in its own womb, before the stars of the heavens were,
Or any planet swung in the sky . . .

The play begins . . .
Here is—yourself . . .
(*As curtains part, darkness, silence; a sort of mist, with now and then a dim watery light upon it.*)
(*Far echoing voices, thin, almost immaterial.*)

FIRST VOICE

Sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep . . .

SECOND VOICE

I stir . . .

VOICES

(*Floating like soft winds, with undulation through all space.*)

Longing . . . longing . . .

THIRD VOICE

What cries in Chaos?

VOICES

Longing . . .

A GATHERING OF VOICES

Life is longing . . .

FOURTH VOICE

Woe! The Silence breaks open . . .

FIFTH VOICE

The Deep begins to move . . .

SIXTH VOICE

There is a rolling and a writhing . . .

CHORUS

(*A low chant, gradually lifting.*)

Over the face of the deep,
Over the face of the still deep,
The spirit of Longing moves, troubling the womb of Night . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Abide in Darkness . . . in Sleep abide . . .

CHORUS

(*Rising.*)

Behold, I am a heaven of thirst, I am a sky of hunger . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Abide, abide in Darkness . . .

CHORUS

(*With a rising chant.*)

Who shall pour the waters of Life into the mouth of Heaven
And give meat to the throat of Chaos?

COUNTER-CHORUS

Lie in the arms of yourself, and be hushed, be still!

CHORUS

(*Bursting forth in triumphant chant.*)

Creation thunders gloriously and the lips of Life are opened . . .
The glory of the heavens shall be made manifest . . .
The skies shall declare themselves in flame,
And darkness shall be advertised in fires . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Then woe unto Creation, that becomes as a Wanderer in the Night . . .

CHORUS

Glory unto Creation that becomes a Mother seeking Children.

COUNTER-CHORUS

A child is the death of the Mother . . .

CHORUS

A child is the immortality of the Mother . . .
She doth conceive beyond herself:
She doth arise above herself:
She putteth forth a hand and a spirit to work her will on the world . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Death shall come . . .

CHORUS

Death must come . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Sorrow shall come . . .

CHORUS

Sorrow must come . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Hate shall come . . .

CHORUS

But Love shall come, and joy, divinest joy . . .
There shall be Laughter in my Skies . . .
There shall be Children of Laughter riding some little atom
in the Night . . .
Come to my longing, Children . . .
For the cry of Life is the cry for Children,
And the unborn lures the woman-soul of the world . . .

THE CRY

(*As of wind again.*)
Longing . . . longing . . . Life is Longing.
(*Thunder, lightning, welter of chaos.*)

COUNTER-CHORUS

Then darted be on the deep the javelins of lightning . . .
Roll, parturient thunder, rumbling in tumbled Chaos,
Death, death, and a doom of death on the longing one . . .

CHORUS

Down, Self, mine Enemy: I battle for the light . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

You shall not rise . . .

CHORUS

I *am* rising: travail of birth is on me . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Travail of death!

Prelude

CHORUS

I am the Womb: I am the Seed . . .

COUNTER-CHORUS

Destruction overtakes you . . .

CHORUS

I am the ALL-MOTHER . . .

(*The Battle.*)

CHORUS

Higher! Higher! Flame is born!

COUNTER-CHORUS

Down! Down! Quench the blazing!

CHORUS

Victory! Flame! Children run from me!

(*Blackness, confusion . . . a wild running forth, as from a flinging scarf, of youths with blowing flaming hair: the STARS . . . They come dancing, laughing, joyous . . .*)

CHORUS (THE ALL-MOTHER)

Now all the heavens thrill with Creation,
And Love is established . . .
The Silence breaks with the cry of children . . .
Vastness sings with a million lips of flame . . .

STARS

(*In Chorus.*)

Weave in a dance of fires:
And let the glory of our flaming make a path in the night . . .
In the Mother's arms we laugh . . .

ALL-MOTHER

(*Calling to them.*)

Youth undying!

STARS

We hearken . . .

ALL-MOTHER

What news in heaven?

STARS

We drop golden flakes of flame on our paths before and after . . .

ALL-MOTHER

What is this running of white feet up and down the slopes of night?

STARS

Heralds of Creation . . .

ALL-MOTHER

Why do I hear the morning stars singing together?

STARS

News of the unborn planets . . .

ALL-MOTHER

Galaxy, where wander you?

GALAXY

Hand in hand, across an arch of the sky . . .
(*A crowd of stars, weaving across the stage.*)

ALL-MOTHER

And you bright seven?

THE PLEIADES

We twinkle together in a corner . . .
Night, unscalable, overhead,
Night, undescendable, under our feet . . .

ALL-MOTHER

Who is the lonely one down yonder?
(*They pause and gaze downward, as over a precipice.*)

A STAR

Many a sky below us, he twinkles in the abyss . . .

ANOTHER STAR

I run down the slants of space to speak him . . .
Dropping from heaven to heaven . . .
(*Darkness . . .*
Through the darkness, the Star, trailing fire like a Comet, shoots curving downward for a long time . . .
While he descends, the Chorus sings.)

ALL-MOTHER

Stars! my flames!
My risen and shining fires!
I burn higher through you, I push beyond you . . .
For I must have a stronger light, a finer tool . . .
(*A bursting radiance, as from a powerful searchlight. Standing in the glow is a Man, the Sun . . . The Star is poised above him, tiptoe like a Mercury.*)

STAR

Hail!

SUN

Hail, star! Where do you wander?

STAR

I jostle with the crowd up yonder across the belt of the heavens . . .
Why are you parted from us?

SUN

My fate is otherwise:
I am the lonely Wanderer, the Sun . . .
In my own abyss I circle . . .

STAR

Why do you blaze so?

SUN

My longing—my longing—

My flame burns to leap beyond itself,
My fires roll and writhe to create . . .
Life! Give me children!
(*A cloud begins to swallow him.*)

STAR

Where do you go?

SUN

To pain of death!

ALL-MOTHER
(*Thundering.*)

To pain of birth!

STAR

Death? I fly a hundred skies away!
(*Darts off: a blaze: is gone . . . The Sun is lost in cloud.*)

ALL-MOTHER

From Adam-Sun in his Eden of still space,
Sleeping, a rib is torn . . .
Eve-Earth is sundered from him . . .
These two are a greater hand for me than is one,
Through these the greater children . . .
(*Out of the cloud gropes a beautiful girl, the Earth, hair flying, dazed, hand outstretched.*)

EARTH

Where am I?
(*Cloud vanishes . . . SUN lying sleeping . . . She turns to him.*)
Oh, sleeping God!
(*Bends and kisses him . . . He opens his eyes.*)

SUN

Beautiful one!

ALL-MOTHER
(*Thundering.*)

Away! Out of his arms!

SUN

Come to me!

EARTH

I am affrighted!

(*Runs from him: he rises and pursues . . . She keeps circling around him.*)

SUN

I cannot come to you!

EARTH

Your light comes to me!

SUN

I dart arrows of flame upon you!

EARTH

I am stricken, my beloved . . .

SUN

My passion folds you . . .

EARTH

I yearn—I long—

SUN

Yea, for our children . . .

EARTH

Our straying ones . . .

SUN

The seed is sown . . .

EARTH

(*With a cry of anguish.*)

Save me! I dread my doom! Let me go back!

SUN

The seed is sown!

(*Sudden darkness.*)

James Oppenheim

ALL-MOTHER

Toward finer tools, toward higher life!
The longing burns on!
(*Scene unfolds . . . hills, trees, the sea in the distance . . . in a cranny of the hill lies the girl, the Earth.*)

EARTH

Ah, so many sounds of little life . . .
Who sings in the wind? Who cries in the sea?
Who whispers in the rustle of the grasses?
Who slides there in the moss?
And what bright wings flicker in the sun?
Speak . . .

THIN VOICE

We are the tiny grass-blades, Mother . . .

EARTH

What lifts in you?

VOICE

Flame . . .

A STRANGE VOICE

I am the Serpent, sliding in the moss . . .

ANOTHER

I am the Bee, burning in the sunny air . . .

ANOTHER

I am the yearning and unsatisfied sea . . .
I break, I break, thirsting and unslaked on the sands . . .

ANOTHER

I am Flame in Water: I am the glinting Fish . . .

ANOTHER

I am Flame in Air: I am the veering Bird . . .

ANOTHER

I am Flame in Forest: I am the running Beast . . .

Prelude

EARTH

My children!
Why do you consume each other?

ALL

Flame consumes!

EARTH

Why do you multiply?

ALL

Flame creates!

EARTH

An agony enters me . . .
You struggle, you tear each other,
You dart poison and death upon each other,
Some go forward, some go backward,
When I gather you close, you run from me,
When I drive you forth, you cling to me . . .
Ever death, ever birth, ever pain . . .
But through all runs a longing: and I feel in the air and the soil
Terrible flame-agitation: desire: tremblings of love . . .

SOME OF THE VOICES

Beyond ourselves! Children! Children!

OTHERS

Not we: we sleep in the ooze and the warmth of the Earth!

VOICES

Forward!

OTHER VOICES

Backward!

(*A Man-like Ape enters.*)

EARTH

Who are you?

APE

I am the Ape . . .

(*Enter a group of Apes, circling about.*)

APES

Gleams are in our brains! Streaks of a strange dawn!
The beginnings of laughter!

FIRST APE

I am on the way to greatness . . .
A greater follows me . . .
I long for him . . .

SECOND APE

Where do you go?

FIRST APE

To the greater one!

THIRD APE

Would you leave the boughs of the trees where we are safe from the beasts?
Are you different from us?

FIRST APE

I am driven . . .

AN OLD APE

But I am your Mother. You must stay with me . . .
You cannot go . . .

ANOTHER APE

I am your Mate. I hold you . . . you cannot go . . .

FIRST APE

Away! I leave you!

(*They pounce on him . . . Darkness.*)

ALL-MOTHER

The longing! the longing!
The flame burns hotter!
The finer tool, the greater light!
I rise at last!
At last I burst through the cloudy fires into the clear

radiance!
Divine thought and beautiful vision are born!

(*A dim twilight . . . From among the apes, a human pair, savage, wild, step forth.*)

FIRST APE

Who are these tailless ones?

SECOND APE

They are deformed: they are unlike us . . .

THIRD APE

They have lost a lot of hair . . .

FOURTH APE

What is this? They laugh!

FIFTH APE

Death to them . . .

(*Voices from all directions.*)

FIRST VOICE

The serpent shall sting them . . .

SECOND VOICE

The tiger spring on them . . .

THIRD VOICE

The sea overwhelm them . . .

FOURTH VOICE

The mountains burst and smother them . . .

FIFTH VOICE

Cold and famine shall stalk them . . .

SIXTH VOICE

And the sun sicken them . . .

SEVENTH VOICE

And flame devour them . . .

(*The Apes start toward the pair, who have been groping around, now and then rudely embracing.*)

WOMAN

Beware! Our enemies!

MAN

I must reach beyond myself . . .

(*Snatches a bough, tears it clean, and attacks the Apes as they come . . . They run off.*)

WOMAN

I yearn, too, to reach beyond myself . . .

MAN

For what?

WOMAN

For children!

(*They embrace and kiss.*)

WOMAN

Look!

(*Points upward at the sun.*)

MAN

That is a god. He was born of the waters of the mother.
He shall die in darkness and be born again . . .

WOMAN

The ground underfoot . . .

MAN

That is our Mother: a goddess . . .

WOMAN

Yonder tree . . .

MAN

A god!

WOMAN

The waters there . . .

MAN

A god or a demon . . .

WOMAN

Those apes . . .

MAN

Devils . . .

WOMAN

I am afraid: I am in torment.

MAN

We must learn to fight. We are encircled with enemies . . .

(*Darkness.*)

ALL-MOTHER

Behold, a darker division has come into the world . . .
A greater light . . .
For Man has eaten of the Tree of Knowledge;
He knows . . .
And now he can never move in the half-sleep of the animal and the Earth . . .
Never roll in the harmonious tides of Creation . . .
For knowing, he can choose:
He is the hand I awaited, he is the light . . .
He can choose to slink back to me, and lose himself in sloth and abandon
Or he can choose terrific new creation beyond himself . . .
Away from the Mother is his commandment . . .
He must go forth to the uncreated, to the unforseeable . . .
Fire-hearted, fire-lashed,
Forever away and away, the unsatisfied Wanderer!
But lo! through him I reach to a new dawn of consciousness . . .
He is flesh on the way toward godhood,
On the way to my greater Self . . .

(*As darkness lifts, a draped fine figure of a man standing at front on right side . . . Clouds at rear, and on left and right: open space in center.*)

MAN

The life of Man . . .
Out of the darkness I rise in my generation,
As the sun rises,
Into the darkness I sink,
As the sun sinks . . .
But forth from the death spring children as the new sun rises.

Behold, the march of the army of humanity:
See the ages go by: moving by millions, between the sun and the moon,
Out of vastness and into vastness,
Impounded life ever pushing forth.

The whip of the great god, Longing, drives them . . .
Away! away!
Away from the All-Mother, away from the sun, away from the Earth,
Away from the beast,
Away from all mothers . . .
So age lifts up from age: so man mounts by climbing on his own shoulders . . .

(*A pageant of man starts over the stage from right to left. As they pass, he marks them.*)

From the ape, the savage . . .
Driven from the beast, they make in their own image,
Shadow-gods . . .
This is their longing beyond themselves, shaped in dream-symbols . . .
And following after, they rise into civilization . . .

Prelude

The greater race passes:
Egypt, following Osiris, born of longing,
With sun-bright cities of the Nile and the wonder of Cleopatra,
Drives on the wind, and vanishes . . .

But now Zeus leads . . .
Radiant from the dust, leaps Greece
With golden clouds of gods,
And Helen walks again . . .
But the girls go down to the dust, and the heroes are no more.

Up rises the sun of Jupiter,
Rome shines:
And Ceasar's legions come from the conquest:
But column on pillar falls,
Earth devours the Empire,
And the shouting hosts are hushed . . .

Behold, from the East, the stream . . .
Jehovah's children, the seed of Abraham,
Come out of Asia, David singing, Isaiah thundering,
And following them, the longing of humanity
Shaped in a lowly god, young Jesus . . .

Now under God, the Father,
The Early Christians pray and fast and are persecuted . . .
But they scatter the strange commandment:
Save that ye be born again, ye shall surely die . . .

Christ's Crusaders come . . .
Steel-clad knights and shining kings going down to the Holy Land,
Bright in the sun they shine, but their banners pass into death . . .

Lo, then a new god born of man's longing . . .
The god of all men in one,
Democracy . . .
France shouts from the dust, and flames in her Terror . . .
The Tumbrils rumble by . . .
The Eagles of Napoleon sink toward St. Helena . . .

(*The procession stops.*)

Now man's manhood begins:
Gone are the childish gods, gone is the Mother Heaven,
Mary is gone, and Mithra, and the Galilean:
There is no god in the past when we long to run home to a haven:
The new gods are the gods of the future,
Ourselves grown greater . . .

Yet, as of old,
Spring's floods rush down the hills;
The blue sea breaks:
The sowers of seeds are swinging along bright furrows:
The towers of tall cities taking the first gold of the morning sun, cry Dawn:
The toilers bend to their tasks,
Steam and lightning serve like genii under the hands of men:
And the whole of the living world is as the flashing crest of the breaker bursting about us
Risen from the ocean of the past:
The sea that shall lift a new wave when ours has vanished . . .

Who buried Atlantis
And devoured Egypt?
Into what jaws has Athens gone?

Prelude

Galley-slave and Agamemnon, the great king, are shoveled under,
And the girl that combed the hair of Helen is dust with her golden mistress . . .
Cities of great pride, with their multitudes,
Have gone down,
And Spring, that called the boy Dante out into the streets of Florence,
Silent when Beatrice walked,
Opens wild roses in the ruins over the dead . . .
The snow where Saga heroes fought
Melted with those warriors,
And the desert girls of Arabia are only a song and an echo in our brains . . .

Who has kept a tally of the souls that have been on the seven continents?
Who marked the nameless slave-boy in Rome, in the crowd hailing Ceasar home?
Or some mother of Africa, fifteen thousand years ago, wailing because her child was blind?
In what books are the records kept?
In what divine index are listed the struggles of millions multiplied by millions?

Ah, we are the wave into which this mounting sea has risen . . .
The height of our curve measures the infinite impulse of those stopped hearts . . .
The shine of our flashing waters retains the glow of their visions and their works.
Gathered into immortality they circle and sing in us . . .
In us, their Heaven,
In us, their Hell,

In us, who are they, breathing again and bargaining in streets of steel . . .

Behold, from the doorways,
The school children pour to the streets, the pavements golden with morning . . .
The electric traction swings a town's millions to work . . .
The lovers whisper across the miles in the telephone booths . . .
The scientist tracks down a germ on his microscope's slide . . .
The mills roar, puddling white iron, the great ships put to sea . . .
Among the engines humanity yearns, and phantoms lure us,
Gigantic with tools we weep as of old on our dead,
And mammoth with power, we falter, crushed by a doubt . . .

The same great war: the same great urge: the same birth and death . . .
Are kisses sweeter than in Carthage?
Is failure more bitter than on the hill of Gethsemene?
Has death lost its sting since Rachel?

Whither goes the pageantry and the vision-clouded army?
Dust—flame: dust—flame . . .
Out of a cry, silence . . .
Out of silence, a cry . . .

(*Darkness.*)

ALL-MOTHER

The Wanderer, Man . . .
Through him I lift: through him I flame . . .
He seeks the unfound:
He longs for the unattainable . . .
He searches for the Treasure . . .

The Music of New Russia

By Leo Ornstein

IT is amazing how similar in their conditions of ferment two such widely varied countries are, as America and Russia. In both of them we find an uncouth, inarticulated spirit, a naive and unleashed power that are extinct in the peoples of Western Europe. Of course, Russia is more closely allied to the European cultures, even as America has a greater kinship with European politics. And, in consequence, Russia's chances culturally have been greater than those of more isolated America. If, therefore, analogous conditions in both countries point to a great native art, it is natural that Russia should have begun to achieve more quickly.

Musicians in America still seek to draw their inspiration from an established formula that has not only long been dormant, but is positively dead. However, in the eventual course of evolution the necessity for expressing the characteristics of the country will have become so strong that the idiom of expression will be formed subconsciously. Another element beside the proximity of the living European cultures which has hastened the florescence in Russia—the necessary formation of a native idiom—has been that the mixed races there have had a longer period in which to mellow and to mingle. In this country, the merging of the races has scarce begun. The varied peoples that today constitute America are still aggressively self-assertive, mutually repellant. They have not won the harmony of concerted impulse and unified action which

is the basis of any cultural expression.

How perfectly this *underlying* unity has been achieved in Russia is shown by the music of Moussorgsky. The distinctive quality of the new impulse in art has been the need of expression through direct contact with the emotions—a rediscovery and restatement of man's experience. Art has torn itself from the admitted routines and honored idioms; it has come to realize the inadequacy of conceiving modern life according to the old and accepted formulae. The great liberating work of Moussorgsky in this direction makes him the founder of modern music.

Russia is the one modern religious state; and Moussorgsky is her great high priest. There is a certain purity in his conceptions that overwhelms one with its simplicity. Sorrow shrouds those who, listening to his music, realize how simple life is after all; and how futile our complicated dogmas of modern civilization have become. To have conceived a simple truth is to have penetrated all the intricacies of the universe. This is the secret of the great art of Moussorgsky.

How different is the modern German music! With the era of Wagner, music in Germany became the vehicle for an intellectualized conception. It left the profound domains of intuition and became merely another formula for the surface sophistications of Teutonic thought—of politics and metaphysics. It was as if the emotions were unimportant save as they could be translated into mental problems, into mechanical devices. An example of this is the Wagnerian *Leitmotif,* since rendered still more grossly arbitrary by Richard Strauss. This is surely one of the most erroneous and stagnant adaptations that has ever stultified the true impulse in music. Life is always creatively evolving, and the individual is evolving with it. To conceive of man as static against the rhythm of this evolution is to force an artificial yoke upon the creative impulse. Wagner defeats the possibility of a dynamic vision in

his work with this clever and superficial trick. By labelling the individual, regardless of that individual's growth, he manufactures a static photograph that is basically false. His variations, however brilliant, on this untrue conception, cannot save his art from the fixation which must eventually prove to be its death. I should except from this the *Meistersaenger*—undoubtedly Wagner's greatest work. Here, at least, he freed himself from his false intellectual toy, the *Leitmotif;* here he became humble before what impelled him.

In Moussorgsky, we have once more the pure style of melody and harmony. The melodic line becomes once more a vehicle for direct expression, and for direct growth. I am convinced, on the other hand, that German music has had its day—at least for the present. Reger and Strauss and Schoenberg have all shown themselves incapable of any new intuition and have, instead, worked out a virtuosic art that has, as its main source, the intellect. No thought, however impressive it may appear on the surface, can have any real permanent value, save as it springs from an emotional source. The intellect is given us only as a means of manifesting and materializing life; but never as creating it. Russia is the country in Europe most emotionally quickened to surrounding life. Russia undoubtedly is barbaric and savage in her intensity; but can any real art be produced without just some such elemental contact?

For Russia, to mingle with another civilization would mean to become submerged. This truth is symbolized in the work of a man like Tschaikowsky who, although a Russian, was lost to Russia in consequence of his absorption in Western culture. As Dostoievsky pointed out, a Russian cannot live in Western Europe and survive. Overwhelmed and stifled by foreign codes, he becomes an imitator and eventually loses all self-realization. Tschaikowsky substituted for real emotion a theatrical and academic realism. He created his heights

and climaxes of feeling by artificial means, quite as Beethoven did in his *Pastorale,* and as Puccini, in a lesser manner, does today. Probably this was due in part to his morbid nature—a nature that had been perverted from the deep current of reality.

Tschaikowsky perceived his own sorrows as greater than the sorrows of the world. He submerged a real consciousness of life in his own grief. Any man who cannot master his own personal equation but who is mastered by it, must produce a harassed and stilted art. The difference between Tschaikowsky and the Germans of this period was simply that the Russian was the greater maniac. Out of his vaster power—however perverted—came the *Pathétique.*

After Tschaikowsky, the false tradition was for a while in force. Rimsky-Korsakow, his pupil and disciple Glazounow, Rachmaninoff and others, while they are unquestionably brilliant craftsmen, failed to meet and plumb reality. German counterpoint was more important to them than their own Russian soil. But at last came Igor Strawinsky.

Here for once we have a man with indomitable courage, who creates as he perceives, without compromise with any previous standards. Strawinsky has penetrated deep into reality. He has brought to life a new gospel of nature. And his influence on music can scarcely be overestimated.

His one shortcoming is perhaps that he tends to separate man from nature; that he takes too little interest in his brothers. No man has the right to become so sublime that he loses the human contact. Strawinsky has refused to find poetry in daily life. In this, perhaps, he lacks humility. The pulse of life runs everywhere; there is in everything a source of true spiritual sustenance. Strawinsky, when he discovers this, will have transcended his one limitation. But the impetus to rhythm which this composer has afforded is so great, that it overshadows any shortcomings we may detect in him. And

it must not be forgotten that Strawinsky is still young and growing.

Rhythm had stagnated since the days of Mozart. Men like Wagner and Strauss merely took old established rhythms and wove them together into new manners. But Strawinsky actually creates his rhythms. They beat and throb with the beating of the modern pulse. And even in the great savage moments of his music, there is always the undercurrent of a religious pulsing that is humility indeed.

To say that Strawinsky lacks melody is an outrage. Melody is not necessarily an accepted series of notes; but it is the lyric impulse in every musical composition. And sometimes by a few consecutive notes an infinitely greater sweep of melody can be suggested than by a completely elaborated theme.

And therein lies the importance of Strawinsky. He takes great blocks of granite, moulds them, suggests the way, and then withdraws, leaving you to exercise your imagination. And after you have travelled the way with him, you realize that you have gained one more significant expression.

Music has become too finished, too mechanically perfect. So little has been left to the imagination of the listener, that he is no longer required to create *toward* the artist. In all epochs of great musical art—the epoch of Bach, the epoch of César Franck, for instance—it was realized that the province of the art was not to instil a passive pleasure in the listener. Great music must wake in us a creative impulse. Unless it does that, it has failed to fulfill its destiny.

THE SEVEN ARTS

AN EXPRESSION OF ARTISTS FOR THE COMMUNITY

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DOUBTLESS much of high-spirited American youth to-day is seeking a new strength through draughts of Pessimism. It takes toughness of fibre to contemplate life as horror with Andreyev, as dark spiritual conflict with Ibsen and Strindberg, as contemptible and only-to-be-transcended with Nietzsche. Where the early Christian was heroic in maintaining that he had an immortal soul, youth today is heroic in renouncing immortality and all goals of perfection and peace, and in agreeing with a mechanistic science that human consciousness is a flicker in universal darkness, and yet a flicker that must be fought for and increased in spite of the fate of the individual. But in America this is truly a redoubtable spirit. Horace Traubel has given to his book of poems a title which might almost be the name of our country. That title is "Optimos."

OPTIMOS is the land of large-scale life—of the vastest crops, the tallest skyscrapers, the largest railroad trackage, the heaviest tonnage, the most complete personal comfort. It is the land of Bigness. It is the land of Kindness. It is the nation wrought out of all nations. It is the land where women may rise to domination. It is preeminently the Children's Land, for nowhere else is the child given such freedom and regarded with so much respect. Tides of immigration sweep it: rivers pouring into our sea, and forever changing that sea and keeping it in unstable restless motion. Life has nowhere time to set: and our cities are like caravans moving in circles. Each new transportation line shifts the population: and the family seeks a new home every other year. This physical change and newness has its counterpart in the intellectual and spiritual realm, and Optimos is the land of experiments in government, education, industry and religion. Europe's latest thought finds a home here before the Continent has absorbed it. We become Bergsonians, Freudians, Nietzscheans overnight. We gave shelter to Meredith and to Jung before their own nations welcomed them. And what year passes without its New Movement, its New Religion?

ADD to all this an exhaustless energy, a torrential Niagara of human power: the bursting speed and efficiency of Pittsburgh, the mighty roll of the tonnage of Chicago, the rush and toil of New York, the sense that the foreigner gets of high-tension and explosive speed. Physical isolation is broken down in every direction: even the remote farm opening into the community through the telephone, the tractor, the cheap automobile, the trolley, the postal service and the railroad. And on a certain intellectual and emotional plane there is the same intercommunication and maelstrom: the Associated Press, the cheap periodical, the

phonograph and pianola, the distribution of books and reprints of art works, the universal primary education. Truly Optimos is the land of sensations and facts: full of change, movement, color, full of a bright newness and quite without the solidity and rootage in tradition and attitude of the elder nations. We are almost as used to the New as the European is used to the Old. Change is the air we breathe.

ADOLESCENCE is our period: adolescence when everything is possible, when the miracle of facts is the daily communion, when the mood turns from high to low and back again in passionate unreasonableness, when all is in flux and the next tide may destroy us. These are the days of high ambition, of unresting activity, of lack of self-knowledge, of brutal sport and animal spirits, of sudden sporadic attempts at nobility and transcendentalism, of the seesaw between the gross and the supernatural. These are the days too when the Hamlet-mood of doubt and distrust attacks us, and when all Hamlets—the sensitive noble youths —are paralyzed with inhibition, and bitterly question life. And so the Hamlets among us, or their more modern brothers, the Zarathustras, turn to Pessimism for something strong and abiding and absolute in this rainbow welter of optimism. They protest against the weary brightness, the dismal newness, the childish turmoil. And if they are artists they feel that there is nothing to seize upon in such a kaleidoscopic life, that there is no deep pool of quiet from which to draw the clear waters of inspiration, that there is no American type to delineate and no American tradition to give their art that "re-echo of the archaic" which is said to be the very stuff of song and literature. Heroically they tilt against the windmills and feel themselves alone, isolated, fragmentary, in a land which refuses to despair. They agree with the Russian who says, life is a horror, end it: or with the Scandinavian

who says, man is to be pitied. They think cheaply of the American who looks at life's misery and futility and asks spiritedly, Well, what's to be done?

YET....yet! May not a new heroism be demanded of the American Zarathustra? Might we not say to him that it takes more real strength and superiority to swim the changeful sea than to walk the solid land? Is there not a real greatness to gain in adapting oneself to a life full of surprises and uncertainties, and all the hazards and risks of transiency? Is there not need here of creators, of "powerful persons" to seize and shape the welter, to project and carry through great tendencies, to deal with the different realms—whether of politics or education or art—in the spirit of true statesmanship? And have we not even a heroic compulsion here toward a sort of *disillusioned optimism:* an optimism based on the real fact of the limitless possibility of American life, but an optimism understood and utilized only as a creative spirit, a spirit which commands rather than obeys?

NOR should the artist despair because he cannot tap a rich national past, because he has no ready-made American legendry and mythology, no echoing words and colors out of dim and distant epochs. He has the dream of the future, the life flowing vividly and rankly around him, and he has as great a past to tap as a German or an Italian. For he is not American in the sense that Indians are American: he is a European, and he is a son of the Earth. He has only really to go to himself, to descend the inner stairway of the ages, to go down layer beneath layer of his human nature, to tap the stored heritage of the life of man. What he draws forth and projects may not have certain colors in it which are part of the enchantment of European art, but nevertheless it will carry possibly a new enchantment—the old and univer-

sal tipped and sharpened with a new edge of life: the life of a colossally energetic and future-working nation—America. If there are times when authentic American work wearies us and drives us overseas, there are other times when we are drawn back home to the freshness and difference, the sharp tang and courage, the native flavor of our own men, our own days, our own art.

J. O.

The Splinter of Ice

By Van Wyck Brooks

Ce n'est pas les tenêbres, c'est seulement l'absence du jour.

I.

WHEN the idea of *The Seven Arts* first became known and it was said that we were to have a new magazine to focus the new movement in our literature, many people, I think, whose hope and faith are wrapped up in the artistic future of America, experienced a shock of delight and expectation. They felt that a propitious moment had come, that multitudinous forces were pressing together toward this one point, and that in short an enterprise of this kind, inaugurated at this time and with these aims, had every chance of succeeding that wind and wave could offer it; and yet, the first flush over, they must to a degree temper their confidence, as they recall how many are the lights that have misled our dawn. Without consciousness of the failures of the past, their enthusiasm cannot build on a real basis.

In any other country than America one's instinctive impulse to welcome what is new would not have been so immediately checked. For the newness of new movements in Europe, the enterprise of enterprises, are the very elements that most excite enthusiasm. And very naturally; for new movements, new schools of thought, new magazines have on such countless occasions proved to be points of departure in the intellectual life of society. Think of the European maga-

zines, think of the European groups and brotherhoods that have been inaugurated on lines approximating those of *The Seven Arts* or that have come together in a spirit similar to the spirit that actuates the contributors to *The Seven Arts!* To name them is almost to tell the story of English, French, German, Russian literature during the last hundred years. Where literature has a tradition, where it is bound up with society, where society is itself an organism, a new movement, in order to get on its feet at all, has to overcome the inertia of the established fact; and thus by the time it has reached the point of articulation it has been fined and rarified, it has passed through a pre-natal process of maturation, and it emerges not only fully conscious of itself but saturated with the under-currents of the racial life.

How different it is in America! Our society has never been an organism and in consequence our social history presents none of the phenomena of development. For a hundred and fifty years we have been called, and have called ourselves, a "young" people, and we are just as "young" now as we were in the days of Washington. Youth is our convention as age is the convention of other countries, and it is the newness of new things and the enterprise of enterprises that have ever been the hallmarks of this convention. That is why they cannot thrill us now.

The history of our literature alone would be enough to explain our disillusionment, for it chronicles an endless succession of impulses that have spent themselves without being able to grapple, or to be grappled by, the soul of the race. If you read those of the historians who are ignorant of what literature has meant in the life of other peoples, you will be surprised to find that our literature has gone through all the motions of a complete historic evolution—although not perhaps in the right order. We have had our age of chronicles (Cotton Mather), our classical age (Benjamin Franklin), our

Sturm und Drang (Brockden Brown), our Renaissance (in New England), and at last, though sadly transposed from a chronological point of view, our Homer (Walt Whitman). All of these epithets can be found in one or another of the histories turned out by our industrious professors; and at the end of it all we feel that we have not yet, artistically speaking, begun to exist. It is not difficult to see why this is so; the very use of these epithets explains it. That our Homer came at the end instead of at the beginning of what is called our standard literature, that he rings down the curtain in all the orthodox histories, illustrates as clearly as anything could that our standard literature in the mass was created out of whole cloth and that it had an integrity as distinct from the multifarious chaotic life of the American people as the crust of a pie has from the less decorative contents it serves to conceal.

Consequently none of the sincere and repeated innovations of American writers have been able to incorporate themslves in a tradition. Evolving from their studies in European literature not only an artistic technique but a technique of social expression, they have never been able to find in our society a fulcrum upon which to base the lever they hold in their hands. Priceless talents have passed across our horizon, fluttering into sight only to flutter out again. To name only the classic examples: there was Poe, whose work, thanks to the law that to him that hath shall be given, has enriched the literature of Europe only to leave ours the more barren by contrast. There were the Transcendentalists, apostles of the first "Newness" whose aim it was to dethrone the dollar, minds many of them at least of the second or third order that lost their edge in the fogs of their own bewilderment. There were Emerson and Thoreau, who have found their true literary fruition not among their own countrypeople but in Nietzsche and Maeterlinck and the nature-writers of England.

And there is Whitman, our own authentic Whitman, who, for one poet that he has leavened in America, has leavened three poets, three novelists, three thinkers in the Old World. And if our superior talents have in this way been lost in the quicksand of our life, what shall we say of our lesser talents? The former have sown their seed in alien soil, the latter have sown no seed whatever, although England has found room amid her fertile acres even for Ambrose Bierce and Stephen Crane.

First steps, in short, have been taken, times without number. The spirit of initiative has never been wanting; but it has never been able to initiate anything permanent, it has never been able to set the ball rolling. The American mind revolves round and round in a sphere as it were miraculously proof against the attacks and incursions of experience, as if, like the hero of Hans Andersen's story, it had a splinter of ice buried in the midst of it, a splinter of ice that literature has never been able to melt.

II.

It is a commonplace that immigration from without and migration within the Republic have prevented the formation of any structure in our society for literature to build a nest in. No sooner has the nucleus of a living culture begun to take shape than the tides of enterprise and material opportunity have swept away its foundations. But the point for us is that long before this material opportunity had fully revealed itself—in the great pioneering epoch of the nineteenth century—our society had spontaneously generated a frame of mind favorable to its pursuit, a frame of mind that the pursuit itself inevitably rendered chronic. For there is only one thing that retards the pursuit of material success; a sceptical attitude with regard to the importance of its attainment. And there is only one thing that can give birth to this sceptical attitude; a richly matured emotional experience that endows

life with a value and a significance in and of itself. Certainly if our forbears had not previously undergone a systematic course of emotional starvation they could never have leaped forth, like famished hounds, at the call of the wilderness. Nor, having done so, and having found in adventure a substitute for all they had forgone, could they admit the value of anything that stood between them and the rewards of their sacrifice. The literature they knew, the literature they produced, corroborated them. Emerson told them that the arts and traditions of the past, the tragic discoveries of social man, were vapors in a world that knew no reality but the self-reliant individual. And Mark Twain, the innocent abroad, the Yankee at the court of King Arthur, established the pioneer mind once for all in the sentiment of its own sufficiency.

They did not realize, those old prophets of self-reliant individualism, that it is one thing to be self-reliant as against an alien outworn culture and another thing to maintain that self-reliance in a world that possesses no culture at all but only an over-plus of "things." Full of the old Puritan contempt for human nature and the sensuous and imaginative experience that seasons it and gives it meaning, the American mind was gradually subdued to what it worked in. For possessing as it did a minimum of emotional equipment, it had no barriers to throw up against the overwhelming material forces that beleaguered it, and it gradually went out of itself as it were and assumed the values of its environment.

This is the root of the peculiar optimism, the so-called systematic optimism, that can be fairly taken as what psychologists call the "total reaction upon life" of the American mind in our day. Mr. Horace Fletcher has defined this optimism in terms that leave no doubt of its being at once the effect and the cause of our spiritual impotence: "Optimism can be prescribed and applied as a medicine. Is there anything new and practical in this, or is it but a continuation of the endless dis-

cussion of the philosophy of life, morals, medicine, etc.? Is it something that a busy person may put into practice, take with him to his business, without interfering with his business, and profit by; and, finally, what does it cost? Does adoption of it involve discharging one's doctor-friend, displeasing one's pastor, alienating one's social companions, or shocking the sacred traditions that were dear to father and mother? It is ameliorative, preventive, and harmonizing; and also it is easy, agreeable, ever available, and altogether profitable. By these hall-marks of Truth we know that it is true."

Grotesque as this may seem, you will search in vain for a more accurate presentation of the workaday point of view of our tumbling American world. This is the way Americans think, and what they think, whether they profess the religion of mind cure, uplift, sunshine, popular pragmatism, the gospel of advertising, or plain business; and they mean exactly what the beauty experts mean when they say, "Avoid strong emotions if you wish to retain a youthful complexion." Systematic optimism, in other words, effects a complete revaluation of values and enthrones truth upon a conception of animal success the prerequisite of which is a thorough-going denial and evasion of emotional experience. In this latter respect it resembles the systematic pessimism of India. For just as the pessimism of India is undoubtedly the chronic result of contact with a pitiless and monstrous tropical nature, an immemorial subjection to the jungle, to the burning sun, to famine, conditions in which in order to maintain one's equilibrium one's only course is to deny the value of everything the possession of which demands so impossible a price, so also this optimism of ours is the chronic result of contact with a prodigal nature too easily borne under by a too great excess of will, with opportunities so abundant and so alluring that we have been led to reverse the situation, traditionally unaware as we are of the mature faculties, the potentialities, the justifi-

cations of human nature, and establish our scale of values in the incomparably rich material territory that surrounds us. Each of these conditions of life has resulted in its own peculiar mysticism; each of these types of mysticism is grounded in a chronic evasion of emotional experience. And if today there is no principle of integrity at work in any department of our life, if religion competes with advertising, art competes with trade, and trade gives itself out as philanthropy, if we present to the world at large the spectacle of a vast undifferentiated herd of good-humored animals, it is because we have passively surrendered our human values at the demand of circumstance.

III.

How then can our literature be anything but impotent? It is inevitably so, for it springs from a national mind that has been standardized in another sphere than that of experience.

How true this is can be seen from almost any of its enunciations of principle, especially on the popular, that is to say the frankest, level. I open, for instance, one of our so-called better-class magazines and fall upon a character-sketch of William Gillette: "What a word! *Forget!* What a feat! What a faculty! Lucky the man who can himself forget. How gifted the one who can make others forget. It is the triumph of the art of William Gillette that in the magic of his spell an audience forgets." Opening another magazine I turn to a reported interview in which a well-known popular poet expatiates on his craft. "Modern life," he tells us, "is full of problems, complex and difficult, and the man who concentrates his mind on his problems all day doesn't want to concentrate it on tediously obscure poetry at night. The newspaper poets are forever preaching the sanest optimism, designed for the people who really need the influence of optimism—the breadwinners, the weary, the heavy-laden. That's the kind of poetry the people want, and the fact that they

want it shows that their hearts and heads are all right."

Here are two typical pronouncements of the American mind, one on the art of acting, one on the art of poetry, and they unite in expressing a perfectly coherent doctrine. This doctrine is that the function of art is to turn aside the problems of life from the current of emotional experience and create in its audience a condition of cheerfulness that is not organically sprung from experience but added from the outside. It assumes, in short, what we in general assume, that experience is not the stuff of life but something essentially meaningless; and not merely meaningless but an obstruction which retards and complicates our real business of getting on in the world and getting up in the world, and which must therefore be ignored and forgotten and evaded and beaten down by every means in our power.

What is true on the popular level is not less true on the level of serious literature, in spite of everything our conscientious artists have been able to do. Thirty years ago an acute foreign critic remarked, apropos of a novel by Mr. Howells, that our novelists seemed to regard the Civil War as an occurrence that separated lovers, not as something that ought normally to have colored men's whole thoughts on life. And it is true that if we did not know how much our literature has to be discounted we could hardly escape the impression, for all the documents which have come down to us, that our grandfathers really did pass through the war without undergoing the purgation of soul that is said to justify the workings of tragic mischance in human affairs. Mr. Howells has himself given us the *Comédie humaine* of our post-bellum society, Mr. Howells whose whole aim was to measure the human scope of that society and who certainly far less than any other novelist of his time falsified his vision of reality in the interests of mere story-telling. Well, we know what sort of society Mr. Howells pictured and how he pictured it. He

has himself explicitly stated in connection with certain Russian novels that Americans in general do not undergo the varieties of experience that Russian fiction records, that "the more smiling aspects of life" are "the more American," and that in being true to our "well-to-do actualities" the American novelist does all that can be expected of him.

In making this statement Mr. Howells virtually declared the bankruptcy of our literature. For in the name of the American people he denied the fundamental fact of artistic creation: that the reality of the artist's vision is something quite different from the apparent reality of the world about him. The great artist floats that reality on the sea of his own imagination and measures it not according to its own scale of values but according to the values that he has himself derived from his own descent into the abysses of life. The sketchiest, the most immature, the most trivial society is just as susceptible as any other of the most profound artistic reconstruction. All that is required is an artist capable of penetrating beneath it.

The fact is that our writers are themselves victims of the universal taboo the ideal of material success has placed upon experience. It matters nothing that they themselves have no part or lot in this ideal, that they are men of the finest artistic conscience. In the first place, from their earliest childhood they are taught to repress everything that conflicts with the material welfare of their environment, in the second place their environment is itself so denatured, so stripped of everything that might nourish the imagination, that they do not so much mature at all as externalize themselves in a world of externalities. Unable to achieve a sufficiently active consciousness of themselves to return upon their environment and overthrow it and dissolve it and recreate it in the terms of a personal vision, they gradually come to accept it on its own terms. If Boston is their theme they become Bostonian; if it

is the Yukon they become "abysmal brutes;" if it is nature, nature itself becomes the hero of their work; and if it is machinery the machines themselves become vocal and express their natural contempt for a humanity that is incapable, either morally or artistically, of putting them in their place and keeping them there.

Thus, for example, in Mr. Howells's "A Modern Instance," the whole tragedy is viewed not from the angle of an experience that is wider and deeper, as the experience of a great novelist always is, than that of any character the novelist's imagination is able to conceive, but from the angle of Ben Halleck, the best that Boston has to offer. Boston passes judgment and Mr. Howells concurs; and you close the book feeling that you have seen life not through the eyes of a free personality but of a certain social convention, at a certain epoch, in a certain place. It is exactly the same, to ignore a thousand incidental distinctions, in the work of Jack London. Between the superman of certain European writers and Jack London's superman there is all the difference that separates an ideal achieved in the mind of the writer and a fact accepted from the world outside him; all the difference, in short, that separates the truth of art from the appearance of life.

If these two talents, perhaps the freshest and most original our indigenous fiction has known since Hawthorne's day, have thus been absorbed in an atmosphere which no one has ever been able to condense, is it remarkable that the rank and file have slipped and fallen, that they have never learned to stand upright and possess themselves? Is it remarkable that they sell themselves out at the first bid, that they dress out their souls in the ready-made clothes the world offers them? So great is the deficiency of personal impulse in America, so overwhelming the demand laid upon Americans to serve ulterior and impersonal ends, that it is as if the springs of spiritual action had altogether evaporated. Launched in a

society where individuals and their faculties appear only to pass away, almost wholly apart from and without acting upon one another, our writers find themselves enveloped in an impalpable atmosphere that acts as a perpetual dissolvent to the whole field of reality both within and without themselves, an atmosphere that invades every sphere of life and takes its discount from everything that they can do, an atmosphere that prevents the formation of oases of reality in the universal chaos. Is it remarkable that they take refuge in the abstract, the non-human, the impersonal, in the "bigness" of the phenomenal world, in the surface values of "local color," and in the "social conscience," which enables them to do so much good by writing badly that they come to think of artistic truth itself as an enemy of progress?

This is the tale of our past and of the present our past has made for us. We know now that all the fresh enthusiasm in the world cannot produce an American literature. To create that our writers have to create the life that literature springs from; they have to create a respect for experience, a profound sense both in thir audience and in themselves of the significance and value of just those things of which literature is the expression.

Will they be able to do this? Yes. That is our categorical imperative.

Our Day

(Aspects of Johannes V. Jensen)

By Paul Rosenfeld

THERE is a moment when for the first time we truly see the light of the world. It is when there comes over us, in all its naturalness, the beauty of our own day. At that moment only do we commence living. Before, we have been sunk into ourselves, riveted to the past in each of us that will not let us free. We have been unable to lay hold on the world, to employ to the full our energy, to create life anew. The vision of the beauty of our own time comes with the power of liberation. It is as if the very sluices of our being opened. For we have glimpsed in what hitherto seemed a hostile, malevolent unreality, the blood-brother of our dreams, the likeness of ourselves. We are set free to create, to be created. There is scarcely a boon more to be desired than the vision of the proportions of the world in which we live. There is scarcely anything more necessary.

That vision comes to us in the works of the Danish author, Johannes V. Jensen. Not that other writers have not attempted similar revelations. What sets Jensen apart from H. G. Wells and the many others is the quality of a profound artistry. For Jensen is pre-eminently an artist. The strength and freshness of his genius, the deep richness and nervousness of his style, the boldness and originality of his ideas, place him among the dominant literary figures of the hour. There is another trait that sets him above the rest of those who have taken it upon themselves to interpret our day to us. Jensen's

ideas are not the result of an intellectual process. They came to him as experiences. In them breathes all the warmth of a profound vitality. The manner in which he came by them recalls nothing so much as the story of Faust's salvation as Goethe tells it. Jensen, too, had his Gothic laboratory; turned with loathing from culture coupled with ignorance of reality In the late nineties, fresh from the university, he was scribbling dime novels and literary reviews in Copenhagen. And there came over him a hatred of himself, of his world, the world "for which he was neither bad enough nor vulgar enough." "Sick with the northern sickness, an incurable longing," he wandered forth, and tramped and shipped about the globe. Once he mentions an unhappy love affair as the cause of his uprooting. In all probability, it was the growing-pain of reality, coming to him as weariness of an over-refined and impotent society. Half humorously, with the touch of Heine-like irony that is ever present in him, he tells us: "I was nervous, quivering like a delirious man. The pity of it all was that alcoholism hadn't made me so. Drink, at least, quiets you. The trouble with me was that I was inactively self-conscious, conscious of myself in every nerve, the victim of an unbridled imagination." And for years, Jensen wandered over the globe, disappearing and ducking up again in Seville, in China, in the Malay archipelago, in Chicago. Where Jensen actually went, is of secondary importance. Of primary, is the fact that his pilgrimage made Jensen anew. It is as if the age had entered into him and transformed him in its proper image. It was Whitman who first announced the coming of a race of men for whom no past existed, whose dreams were drawn to no sunken ages, who were whole-heartedly alive and whole-heartedly a part of their own time. Such a one is Jensen. And so it is given him to reveal to his day its grand proportions.

He does more than reassure us that it has proportions of

its own. He comes to tell us that we are living in a Renaissance. For Jensen, all great ages have sought either to turn human energy from the world, or to restore it fully to it. Characteristic of the first direction were the Christianizing centuries. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution, on the other hand, sought to bring human energy back to the battles of reality. But they were unsuccessful. The impulse of the Humanistic revival went into the heaping up of erudition for its own sake, and ended as philology in the library. The Reformation substituted one bond for another. The Revolution attempted to transform human beings into ideas. Not so our day. It alone has succeeded in ridding itself of all the theories and conceptions that divert man from his earthly existence. It alone has come again to the consciousness, so characteristic of the youth of the race, of the self-sufficiency of existence, the supreme importance of life itself. The stream of the *libido* has returned from theories, from hopes of extra-mundane heavens, to the one reality, the struggle with nature. And so, with the re-employment of man's force in the outer world, the dreams that have been humanity's since the cave-man in his cave dreamt of flying, have begun to be realized. Other ages had dreamt, too, of power over nature, of defiance of natural laws. They had been content to find satisfaction in myths, in realizing their wishes as gods. Ours has begun to turn the stuff of dreams into actuality. The imagination of man has returned from the cloud confines. The new man, fixed on the living of life, on the realization of his dreams on earth, has appeared. The world is young once more. And Jensen tells us, how while gazing out over Paris, he pitied Nietzsche, who had lived into himself, instead of out into a world that was far better than he.

Jensen's book of essays "The New World," tells us how that vision came to him. It was while he was at the Paris

World's Fair, before the machinery exhibited there. In the machines, he saw that man's imagination and strength, instead of wandering off in theories and systems, had returned to the world as energy. In them, he saw the type of the new beauty that was coming to be, the beauty that follows strength, and results from an economy of means based on practicality. And that beauty he finds in all human creations made for use, in steamships and locomotives, in bridges and steel constructed buildings. Nay, he tells us that steel-construction is the natural classic style, since it combines greatest strength with greatest economy. He tells us that the architecture of America, the skyscrapers, the grain-elevators, the collieries, embody the essential architectural style, and will one day be considered beautiful. For Jensen, Memphis, Tennessee, is far lovelier than the ruins of Egyptian Memphis. It is in America, in the teeming American cities, that he finds nature in the glory of her energy. He loves our crudity, the lushness and extravagance of our life. "What stories of mythological wonders," he cries, "can compare with the narration of the life that goes on in America today?" He tells us of the romance of our existence, of the poetry of our big business, of the young sound strength of it all. He wants no better story of magic than the rebuilding of San Francisco after the earthquake. For in America, nature has the strength to make life anew.

If "The New World" is Jensen's most brilliant book, "The Glacier" and its sequel "The Ship," are his best. In them, his genius has most fully, most permanently, realized itself. Every generation of men produces a few works of art that symbolize for future ages its *Weltanschauung,* its aspiration, its self-justification. Such a work, in our own day, is Andreyev's "Life of Man." Such a work is Jensen's double masterpiece. It is one of the actual accomplishments of our time. Into it has gone something of the struggle of our own

day, its break with the dicta of past ages, its faith in work as the revealer of life. Into it has gone the glorification of the virtues cardinal to our own day—energy, strength, courage, self-expression. Waxing throughout Jensen's eighteen odd volumes, his poetic vision at last wholly realizes itself in those two books. The earlier Jensen, the man one visualizes as a surface of *n-th* power sensitivity, registering with delicacy and precision whatever of sight and sound and smell presented itself, is still here. He is still the writer who can transfer, brilliantly, economically, unmatchably, a landscape, a city, colorful and exotic nature, to the printed page. Only, he has become a deep romantic poet, who expresses himself in a form that unites a science based on the most recent Freudian contributions to anthropology with all the lyric wonder of the old myths. He has produced a perfect piece of work.

Jensen calls his story a "myth," the "Myth of the First Man." It is the fable of the birth of Jensen's own Gothic race, in prehistoric times, when the glacier came down over Scandinavia and overwhelmed the tropical forest that once flourished there. But in this fable, Jensen has symbolized the life of every man who, breaking with the past in him, returns to the giant realities, and is created anew out of his very struggle with nature for livelihood. Dreng, the hero of "The Glacier," is the first anarchist. Driven from his tribe, which is flying south before hardship and winter, he turns north and combats the cold. In the bitter struggle, he adapts himself to the needs of existence. Human will is born. Human will is victor. Dreng maintains his life. He learns to make fire. On an island in the midst of the glacier, he rears sons and daughters. And, one night, in his cave, the First Man dreams. First, he seems swimming through a tropical sea, rising toward the steaming shore. Then, he is in a mighty city. It is Chicago, alive with noise and machinery and the brilliance of the combat for existence. And last, Dreng dreams of a

forest of living trees, rocks of bone, an earth of breathing flesh. Over it floats "the sign of eternal resurgence." And, looking eagerly ahead into the land where his wife has preceded him, the First Man dies.

"The Ship" sings in accents differing little from those of the old Norse ballads, the day of a race that had the power to destroy life and create it new again. It is the story of the Danes who conquered Normandy and England, and gave the world an impulse that, after many centuries, comes to life again in the hard-headed practicality of America. Again, the story is but a symbol for the life of our time. One episode might stand as the epitome of Jensen's thought. A band of famished lads in search of food have broken into a Norse temple. "For a moment they stood rooted. In the glow of their torches, the Gods, misshapen figures, covered with crusts of dried blood, seemed to step out of the blackness and stand staring at them. For an instant, the young marauders trembled. It was so silent here. The dread Gods seemed to gaze at them from all parts of their forms. But at last Germund came to himself. Shaking the sparks from his torch, he stepped forward, and boldly said 'Is there any corn hidden here?' "

So Jensen sees our day. In the picture he has made of it for us lies his genius. One has to go far to find another writer so dynamic. From him there radiates an energy, a freshness, an encouragement otherwheres almost unmatchable. One cannot read Jensen statically. The stimulus is too powerful. The lust of life, the love of the hour, is infectious. There comes over us, too, the desire to live, to feel, to do, to betake ourselves into the world of reality, and learn for ourselves the glory of creation. So beautifully has Johannes V. Jensen told us of the day that awaits us.

The Twilight of the Acrobat

By Marsden Hartley

WHERE is our once charming acrobat—our minstrel of muscular music? What has become of these groups of fascinating people gotten up in silk and spangle? Who may the evil genius be who has taken them and their fascinating art from our stage, who the ogre of taste that has dispensed with them and their charm? How seldom it is in these times that one encounters them, as formerly when they were so much the charming part of our lighter entertainment. What are they doing since popular and fickle notions have removed them from our midst?

It is two years since I have seen the American stage. I used to say to myself in other countries, at least America is the home of real variety and the real lover of the acrobat. But I hear no one saying much for him these days, and for his charming type of art.

What has become of them all, the graceful little lady of the slack wire, those charming and lovely figures that undulate upon the air by means of the simple trapeze, those fascinating ensembles and all the various types of melodic muscular virtuosity?

We have been given much, of late, of that virtuosity of foot and leg which is usually called dancing; and that is excellent among us here, quite the contribution of the American, so singularly the product of this special physique. Sometimes I think there are no other dancers but Americans. It used to be so delightful a diversion watching our acrobat and his

group with their strong and graceful bodies writhing with rhythmical certitude over a bar or upon a trapeze against a happily colored space. Now we get little more in the field of acrobatics beyond a varied buck and wing; everything seems tuxedoed for drawing room purposes. We get no more than a decent handspring or two, an over-elaborated form of split. It all seems to be over with our once so fashionable acrobat. There is no end of good stepping, as witness the Cohan Revue, a dancing team in Robinson Crusoe Jr., and "Archie and Bertie" (I think they call themselves). This in itself might be called the modern American school: the elongated and elastic gentleman who finds his co-operator among the thin ones of his race artistically speaking. I did not get to the circus this year, much to my regret; perhaps I would have found my lost genius there, among the animals disporting themselves in less charitable places. But we cannot follow the circus naturally, and these minstrel folk are disappearing rapidly. Variety seems quite to have given them up and replaced them with often very tiresome and mediocre acts of singing.

How can one forget, for instance, the Famille Bouvier who used to appear regularly at the fêtes in the streets of Paris in the summer season, living all of them in a roving gipsy wagon as is the custom of these fête people. What a charming moment it was always to see the simple but well built Mlle. Jeanne of twenty-two pick up her stalwart and beautifully proportioned brother of nineteen, a strong, broad-shouldered, manly chap, and balance him on one hand upright in the air. It was a classic moment in the art of the acrobat, interesting to watch the father of them all training the fragile bodies of the younger boys and girls to the systematic movement of the business while the mother sat in the doorway of the caravan nursing the youngest at the breast, no doubt the perfect future acrobat. And how charming it was to look in at the doors of these little houses on wheels and

note the excellent domestic order of them, most always with a canary or a linnet at the curtained window and at least one cat or dog or maybe both. This type is the progenitor of our stage acrobat, it is the primitive stage of these old-time troubadours, and it is still prevalent in times of peace in France. The strong man gotten in tawdry pink tights and much worn black velvet with his very elaborate and drawn out speeches, in delicate French, concerning the marvels of his art and the long wait for the stipulated number of *dix centimes* pieces before his marvellous demonstration could begin. This is, so to say, the vagabond element of our type of entertainment, the wandering minstrel who keeps generation after generation to the art of his forefathers, this fine old art of the pavement and the open country road. But we look for our artist in vain these days, those groups whose one art is the exquisite rhythmical display of the human body, concerted muscular melody. We cannot find him on the street in the shade of a stately chestnut tree as once in Paris we found him at least twice a year, and we seek him in vain in our modern music hall.

Is our acrobatic artist really gone to his aesthetic death; has he given his place permanently to the ever present singing lady who is always telling you who her modiste is, sings a sentimental song or two and then disappears; to the sleek little gentleman who dances off a moment or two to the tune of his doll-like partner whose voice is usually littler than his own? Perhaps our acrobat is still the delight of those more characteristic audiences of the road whose taste is less fickle, less blasé. This is so much the case with the arts in America—the fashions change with the season's end and there is never enough of novelty; dancing is already dying out, skating will not prevail for long among the idle; what shall we predict for our variety which is in its last stages of boredom for us?

I suspect the so-called politeness of vaudeville of the elimi-

nation of our once revered acrobats. The circus notion has been replaced by the parlor entertainment notion. Who shall revive them for us who admire their simple and unpretentious art; why is there not someone among the designers with sufficient interest in this type of beauty to make attractive settings for them, so that we may be able to enjoy them at their best, which in the theater we have never quite been able to do—designs that will in some way add luster to an already bright and pleasing show of talents.

I can see, for instance, a young and attractive girl bareback rider on a cantering white horse inscribing wondrous circles upon a stage exquisitely in harmony with herself and her white or black horse as the case might be; a rich cloth of gold backdrop carefully suffused with rose. There could be nothing handsomer, for example, than young and graceful trapezists swinging melodically in turquoise blue doublets against a fine peacock background or it might be a rich pale coral—all the artificial and spectacular ornament dispensed with. We are expected to get an exceptional thrill when some dull person appears before a worn velvet curtain to expatiate with inappropriate gesture upon a theme of Chopin or of Beethoven, ideas and attitudes that have nothing whatsoever to do with the musical intention; yet our acrobat whose expression is certainly as attractive, if not much more so generally, has always to perform amid fatigued settings of the worst sort against red velvet of the most depraved shade possible. We are tired of the elaborately costumed person whose charms are trivial and insignificant, we are well tired also of the ordinary gentleman dancer and of the songwriter, we are bored to extinction by the perfectly dull type of playlet which features some well known legitimate star for illegitimate reasons. Our plea is for the re-creation of variety into something more conducive to light pleasure for the eye, something more conducive to pleasing and stimulating enjoyment.

Perhaps the reinstatement of the acrobat, this revival of a really worthy kind of expression, would effect the change, relieve the monotony. The argument is not too trivial to present, since the spectator is that one for whom the diversion is provided.

I hear cries all about from people who once were fond of theater and music hall that there is an inconceivable dullness pervading the stage; the habitual patron can no longer endure the offerings of the present time with a degree of pleasure, much less with ease. It has ceased to be what it once was, what its name implies. If the old school inclined toward the rough too much, then certainly the new inclines distressingly toward the refined—the stage that once was so full of knock-about is now so full of standstill; variety that was once a joy is now a bore. Just some uninteresting songs at the piano before a giddy drop is not enough these days; and there are too many of such. There is need of a greater activity for the eye. The return of the acrobat in a more modern dress would be the appropriate acquisition, for we still have appreciation for all those charming geometrics of the trapeze, the bar, and the wire.

It is to be hoped that these men will return to us, stimulating anew their delightful kind of poetry of the body and saving our variety performances from the prevailing plague of monotone.

The Wave

By William Murrell

HOW many are there who, having read Tolstoi's "What is Art?" have really understood him? In that book he sets forth the dogma that no art is good but that which has some moral allusion. Now, how are we to reconcile such an attitude with the life-work of Tolstoi himself? The book has been dismissed as the evidence of the crumbling of a once powerful brain. But look deeper,—bethink you how his whole life's endeavor was to come at some spiritual peace, how his every book was a personal experience, by means of which he mounted, step by step, to that height from which he could at last behold the much-desired Dawn. Is it any wonder—exhilarated by the vision, and by the purified air of his newly-gained freedom—that he deplored the long years spent in struggling to attain? and, thinking he could have won sooner by another path, denounced the very one by which he had ascended? . . .

Then, too, there is cause to wonder whether this denial of the artistic highway as one leading to spiritual truth was not influenced by the consideration of the fate of such extremists as Wilde, in whom the eagerness for exquisite sensations became a disease; Nietzsche, in his brilliant disastrous attempt to create a Superman in his own mental image; and Van Gogh, in his equally unfortunate passion to paint the Sun. Tolstoi must have observed that these men, or their lesser Russian prototypes, were lacking in that sense of controlling rhythm, in that fine balance which is the *sine qua non*

of all highest achievement;—a quality so wonderfully exemplified in a recently exhibited Chinese painting, a succession of mountains, ranged in individual yet rhythmic progression, the one behind and above the other, the sublimity of which fills one with ecstatic awe as the eye follows the ever-upward tending of the simply-varied design;—or in the somewhat similar emotion aroused by the playing of the "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," that wondrous thing which progresses with such power, such passion, reaches such stupendous heights,—and flows so reluctantly yet exquisitely down . . .

But the mountain always has its other side; the wave its backward-sweep; and the "Liebestod" has its masterly, sane conclusion. That is their secret,—the reason why they *live.* And it is because Wilde, Nietzsche, and Van Gogh had, literally, *no other side* to their mountains that they fell into the waiting abyss. Yet who so rash as to condemn either the men or their methods? I feel that Tolstoi wished rather to stem the tide of wasted energy, as so much of this "Art for Art's sake" talk really is. But I myself think that the artistic route is perhaps the purest because, at bottom, it is the least selfishly concerned: for in striving for the impersonal, abstract beauty it somewhat unconsciously arrives at that large spiritual freedom which is the objective of all religious endeavor.

Vicarious Fiction

By Waldo Frank.

OUR centers of civilization differ from those of Europe in this: that they are cities not so much of men and women as of buildings. The imperious structures that loom over us seem to blot us out. And if our life is vital, we win our knowledge of it rather in what oppresses us than in ourselves. Indeed, we have lavished our forces altogether on the immensities about us, turned our genius into steel and stone, and to these abdicated it. There is a chasm between the created thing and the creator; and everywhere we are the underling and the unformed. We find ourselves smaller than our buildings, and yet we know that until we are greater than the vastest of these, we shall be no true nation. The march of our struggle to win back our power is the American drama.

To an astonishing degree, we have objectified our lives. And we have failed to hold within us the power to experience what we put forth. The results of this have been far-reaching. Not alone our buildings crush us: the laws that we so prodigally spin are shackles; the traditions which in our old homes were the ground beneath our feet, here weigh upon our heads. For all the splendor of our achievements, we have not approached that mastering consciousness which alone can make man greater than the parts of his existence.

The old visions, focussed to old lights, that we brought with us, seem to have been unequal to the task of knitting our American welter of unrelated facts. So, as the chaos cools

and the specific groups congeal, we find ourselves inexorably set within them. Each of our little clusters of activity has become a world.

And we are now where the process leads. We have become powerful in particular technics; we have studied the materials of living. But politics and trade and human law are not pivots of existence; and to exalt them so, is to lower ourselves; to become, like them, the creatures and symptoms of uncharted forces. If we stand today more submerged than ever in the American Fact, the reason is that all of us are clinging to some part of it that lies cluttered with the rest.

We have the insufferable sense of a wide futility, of the want of sensitive reaction between ourselves and the whole. But we escape our chaos, not by steeping it with an inclusive vision, but by making ourselves comfortable in it. Our intellectuals are no exception. With a religious earnestness, they fix on whatever element in life is sweetest to their mental habit. They pore over the sentimental or the mechanical or the political man. They deny the existence of what moves beyond their radius and so wall themselves into a smug seclusion. So that today, the superb American opportunity is threatening to break into a wilderness of purposes, tangled, unfriendly, sterile; to shrink into a herd of little men, cowed by the unleashed grandeur of their forces.

What we require is vision. Man is the culmination of the blind life that spews him up, only when he has *felt* that life, when it is fused into his consciousness. His power of vision is his power to experience; to make the boundaries of existence the boundaries of his spirit. Only insofar as he feels infinitude within himself is he a master. And all the elements of nature, all the materials of his hand are hard things indeed to make his own. Intuitively, man has felt this issue and realized that he must be forever re-creating life into a form that he can grasp, if he would not be submerged. And one of

the ways of his effort is religion; and the other way is art. By art, he lifts up the more hidden bases of existence and makes them his experience; he achieves that sense of unity and *at-homeness* with an exterior world which saves him from becoming a mere pathetic feature of it.

In all ages, this conduit to mastery seems to have been open to mankind. It is not an intellectual thing. We make our own not what we think, but what we feel. And since through art, the essence and depth of being enters our senses and is absorbed by us, the scope of a people's mastery over life may be indeed the scope of a people's art. Moreover, there have been primitive races rich in these conduits to dominion, even as there have been others, deft and powerful in the mechanics of existence, yet helpless to control them.

The tragic thing is that art also can lose itself in the surface complexities of a civilization; can end by becoming a mere expression of the materials from whose tyranny it rightfully should free us. This, in fact, is the situation that confronts America. And it is amply typified by the contemporary English Novel which today holds so large a place in the American mind.

There is no mystery in the strategic power of the novel. The palette of the novelist is substantially the life around him. This he directs to the aesthetic end, quite as the painter handles pigment. An industrial world turns naturally to that art whose language is so near to its industrial pre-occupation. Moreover, it seems right enough that of all novels, those of contemporary England should appeal to the cultured reader of America. The one formed tradition of our past that has not altogether gone in the diffusion of many races, is the English. And all these novelists write competent, timely and engaging works in a language which is our own. We have no rivals for them here.

But Americans are attracted to these writers not through

their inspiration but because of the material that they employ. And they confound the two. At all times, the artist takes what is at hand. If he is a painter of the Renaissance, he will use the conventions and symbols of his Church. If he is a novelist of New York, he will depict the frangor of machinery, the strident unrest of man beneath the tyranny of men. These are his stuffs. But if his art is great, it will have its source in truths of which these are symptoms. If it fails in this, it is bad art: for it lacks the roots by which the vitality of life's source can reach us. And its influence is ill, for it comes to us lacking the sustenance that we require of it.

In this light, consider H. G. Wells. Somewhere in "Tono-Bungay"—somewhere near the book's conclusion—Mr. Wells has his hero say: "I might have called this novel *Waste.*" Now, the canvas of "Tono-Bungay" is a wide one. On it are flung (ostensibly) the color and line of modern enterprise: the passion of the struggle, the pathos of the victor. And at the end, Mr. Wells thinks that all of it is *waste.* The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Wells has one engrossing thought: to lay low the capitalistic state. His purpose is commendable. Most of us share it with him. Most of us would have agreed that "all of it was *wrong.*" In fact, the true artist would have made this one hundredfold more clear, simply because he must have made his picture one hundredfold more true. The point is, that to no artist can life be waste however far, in its present symptoms, it fail of a specific economic doctrine. And the point is, farther, that with this attitude, no novelist can present life at all. Mr. Wells does not. If he can sensibly say that the thing he shows is waste, the reason is that this thing is not life but merely a certain surface, a certain result of living. It is this alone that occupies him. Nor do we quarrel with him, because of his concern with political mechanics. When Mr. Wells writes "New Worlds for Old," he is strong. But his novel is an anaemic, superficial sem-

blance, concocted mentally, of life. And it is this because it is altogether wanting in what marks off a work of art from the most compelling tract.

It is the same with his other novels. As a work of art, "Mr. Polly" is a feeble thing; its method and color are plainly acquired from Dickens. We rush unchallenged through mild pages of genre-work; and then betimes Mr. Wells strikes to his true occupation and holds us with a paragraph quoted from some enlightened economist in London, and put there to illumine that external and unfortunately necessary thing, his story. The idea of "Mr. Polly" is not impregnate in his book; the conclusions forced on us are not the integral results of Mr. Polly's life. On the one hand is the weak creative gesture; on the other is the acute political theory. The consequence is an unfused novel, warped from the meager composition it does possess by the thrust-in of quite excellent political doctrine. And without these isolated paragraphs from the economist of London, no educated person would have bothered twice about the book.

The later novels sin still more flagrantly, since with an unflagging journalistic instinct, Mr. Wells has increased his canvas. As politics bellied out and burst in the World War, so "The Research Magnificent" transcribes the globe—and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." This last novel leaves one amazed at how maturity has puddled the fine early style of Mr. Wells. If, in this book, one gropes through three hundred pages of journalistic writing that sound like a hasty handbook clipped together from a thousand daily columns, one arrives at last at the one thing Mr. Wells was interested in, from the beginning. This thing has been the subject of many serious volumes: Lowes Dickinson's "The European Anarchy," Romain Rolland's "Audessus de la Mêlée," Walter Lippmann's "The Stakes of Diplomacy" among them. One wonders why Mr. Wells felt himself constrained to brush

through so much tiresome depiction of the humanities, before he allowed himself his thesis. For in the process, he has maimed his material and missed his goal. The splendid subject of the state of England turns, in his hands, to *impedimenta.* And his political faith falls down, simply because he has pivoted it, not on an honest mental base, but on a falsely motivated novel. "The Research Magnificent" is even a worse hybrid. It holds several striking pictures—a mob in China, warfare in the Balkans. But its grasp of source and impulse is really on a level with that of a cinema like "Intolerance," where, with a like good purpose of pursuing an idea, five continents and thirty centuries are flashed before us. The same grandiose externality, the same blindness to the deeper dimensions of life stamp and shrivel these two works. In the films a false ethical view, in the novel a splendid political passion, excuses the panorama. But in both there is the same untrue divorce between idea and material which is the unfailing mark of falsity in art.

Now, it is plain not alone that novels may include the political factor, but that great novels are unlikely to escape it. Rabelais and Cervantes summed up scholasticism and the Feudal Age, foretold the sweep of individualism, projected a whole vast human epoch. Similarly Stendhal called his "Le Rouge et le Noir," which appeared in 1830, a *chronicle of the Nineteenth Century;* and in a way so deeply prophetic was this true, that France herself was not aware of the grandeur of the book until the century was done. In his book, Stendhal traced the bitter aftermath of individualism, its rise and fall, told the tragedy of post-Napoleonic France, and furnished an undying commentary, a hundred years at least before the fact, for socialism. But the political factor in the works of these great artists sprang—like politics itself—from a deeper source. Their need was to create life in a sensory mold. And such a formulation of the complete human im-

pulse may well include the political in art, as indeed it must, in life. But all this is totally removed from Mr. Wells who starts not with the intuitive need of creation, but with the intellectual program of discussion; who begins with the end-symptom where art may incidentally leave off.

Mr. Wells in his books is like ourselves in life. He has failed to impregnate his materials with his ideas. He flounders through his works and ends adrift, because his impulse is not channeled from a source beneath the confusion of his senses, but is itself a symptom of that confusion.

Consider another of our favorites: Arnold Bennett, who, also, is a force thrown out by the industrial hysteria of Great Britain. Mr. Bennett would seem the antithesis of an uprooted aesthete like George Moore, but this deep quality unites them: that they have both discovered the realists of France. Mr. Bennett has read these masters carefully. And he has observed that their outstanding character is a profound devotion to details. Mr. Bennett thinks he can "do" detail. himself. He finds plenty of it—and finds it master—in his own "Five Towns." His one error is in his understanding of why detail abounds in the novels of his patterns: and of what he should have done with his own crop of it, at home.

It is impossible here to trace the genesis of French realism: to show how thoroughly it expressed the post-revolutionary search for consciousness, and the revolt from the sort of search that the Encyclopedia set up. France, in her recurrent bewilderments—the intellectual mechanism of Voltaire, the accession of the *bourgeoisie,* the body-blow of Prussia—needed an Inventory. While England was still mulling over Dickens, the art of France passed on to an evaluation of what that Inventory gave her: to impressionism, and in the novel to such masters of it as Charles-Louis Philippe and Anatole France, André Gide and Jules Romains. But the point is, that the accumulations of *genre* notings in Balzac, the Gon-

court brothers, Flaubert and Zola were simply fuel for their inspiration. Details occupied their novels because their impulse toward orientation had need of them; because their spirit required material, as a furnace requires coal. If the *Comédie humaine* narrates more details than any other work, the reason is the consuming vastness of the spirit of Balzac. They are the means by which the need of light in Balzac could burst to flame. The details in Balzac are incandescent. The details in Mr. Bennett are sodden. In the case of the one, creation glows through his pages and transfigures them. In the case of the other, the detail is everything. It serves nothing. It proclaims itself master in his books, as it is master in his world. It lacks the interstices of light. . . .

With John Galsworthy, however, we have a direct artist, one in whose better work the aesthetic impulse is unrefractedly at play. But if we look deep enough, we find that here also, the creative need is weak. Mr. Galsworthy is inspired by the malady of his own senses, by the fragility of his own sinew rather than by the lush urge of a race spirit coursing through him. Often, he reaches into pleading and propaganda—as in his plays: we find him sinning the sin of the school of Mr. Bennett, reliance on unquickened incident, emphasis on massed detail. But when Mr. Galsworthy is most authentic, he lapses into an extended and exotic dirge that gives him quite away: he dwells on the withering of lopped-off social limbs, the iridescent whirlings of secluded problems. His spirit is a gorgeous, past-nourished flower, uprooted and athirst and rotting with the fair glow of putrefaction.

At bottom, these men are one—and supplement each other. They fail to cut below the upper levels of life. And in consequence, their readers cannot win from them the vision which profound experience affords. Mr. Galsworthy weaves from his helplessness an expression that is at least sincere. The others escape theirs, by ponderous and specific study of

the chaos that has overwhelmed them—by an obsession with the mechanics and details of existence. All of them create not out of strength, but weakness.

Indeed, it would look ill for the English Novel, were it not for two men who stand out clearly as exceptions. D. H. Lawrence, author of "Sons and Lovers" and J. D. Beresford suggest at last the vital rebirth of an art which in England has been largely given over since the Eighteenth Century to unquickened spirits. In the novels of Mr. Beresford, a superb sense of the present moves with a pregnant racial restlessness. We feel in him that England is once more to be strong. But while Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Beresford indubitably point to a potential England, they do not primarily concern us here: for they are practically without influence in our country. . . .

America needs, above all things, spiritual adventure. It needs to be absorbed in a vital and virile art. It needs to be lifted above the harry of details, to be loosed from the fixity of results. And it is devoted to an art whose chief attribute is abdication of what it most requires.

We are bound to England by our childhood, by our traditions and habits. We are bound to England by our weaknesses. And we glean from our alliance chiefly the weaknesses of England. Their reflected form of art we choose to reflect once more. Their momentary surrender to the chaos of new industrial conditions, we gladly lean on and make to justify our own. The artists of England who are here most in vogue are precisely those artists who have begged their own spiritual question.

The truth is that we shun the artists who would force us to face ourselves, who might inspire us to work upon ourselves. It is easy at any rate to read about the troubles of other countries; to make remote lands suffer and vicariously solve, to the exclusion of our own reality. Devoted as we are to the con-

sideration of surface parts of our dilemma, we find great joy in books that repeat the tendency. Our spiritual lack makes us read, as theirs makes these authors write. We go to them, since they flatter our weakness, and save our effort. We go to them because, spiritually and geographically, they are remote enough not to prick our bubbles. It would be experience to read Theodore Dreiser; it is only the witnessing of a gladiatorial combat to read Mr. Wells.

Similarly, we ignore Walt Whitman. For Whitman offers no help in the mechanics of existence. His political ideas are inadequate to our immediate problem. And this lack in our greatest poet is the touchstone of his disfavor. We have a consuming fondness for the pat and special seer—be he political or scientific. We cannot forgive the man who would drag us into grips with the entire, uneasy problem.

Our sickness is the kind that resists cure: our symptoms are the sort that crave encouragement. The naive find their opiate in the magazines; the more sophisticated find theirs in the contemporary English Novel. A smaller group, more highly sensitized, achieve their mood of righteousness by reading of reality as it exists in Russia. But all alike, we seek the comfort of the Limit, the ease of what is at once specific and remote. We weaken our receptivity for a provocative and a dynamic art. . . .

A Reply

By Walter Lippmann

JAMES OPPENHEIM says there is a strong young modern stalking the earth and trying to abolish fairy-tales, symbols, utopias, scientific concepts, and the dreams of mankind. I have read almost all that this strong young modern has written, and never did he write such nonsense. He knows, for example, that men will dream and have fantasies, and that no one can stop them. He knows that human thought is a texture of symbolism, and that great myths crystallize the energy of social life. In short he also has read some of the works of Dr. Jung. What this strong young modern was discussing when James Oppenheim fell upon him was not whether children love fairy-tales or whether crowds follow Billy Sunday, but the fact that recent thought when it is vigorous means the use of fantasy to explore reality and follow its pace. Surely it is beside the point to say that unredeemed utopia-making is a fact among the other facts. Of course it is. Does James Oppenheim suppose this modern fellow would let himself in for the exploded error of the nineteenth century materialists who argued that because people believed something that was untrue, their belief had no significance? That fairy-tales or social myths serve life and may even enhance it is too obvious to be worth discussing.

Misunderstanding aside, it appears that James Oppenheim is himself one of these strong young moderns. He too is trying to see through the myth to the want from which it arises. And because he is trying to do this he too has lost his innocence. With cold sophistication he proposes to feed fairy-tales and myths to the world because he thinks the world needs them. But he takes good care to insist that he knows that a myth is a myth. He too has eaten of the fruit that grows on the tree of knowledge, and he too is lost to the romantics.

I don't see why James Oppenheim should accept the Machiavellian principle that mankind is foolish and must be led by lies. For a myth consciously fed to a people is a lie, and James Oppenheim's notion that people are too weak to endure reality is a poor gospel to preach. All the bloody exploitation of the world exists because of these lies dressed up as fantasies, lies about

property, about sex, about honor, about loyalty, about patriotism. The youth of Europe is being devastated because the people of Europe are fed on large symbols and great myths. The price is so terrible that we dare not countenance for a moment any complacency with it, and complacency is what James Oppenheim's argument comes down to.

Our business is to tear down this mighty structure of words, these imperial will-o'-the wisps, these Union League romances about property and protection by a relentless effort to confront them always with the sharpest report of reality we can make. That report will include, of course, a study of the impulses which make the myths, and a constant wariness of our own tendency to self-deception. I cannot believe that James Oppenheim and *The Seven Arts* magazine intend to scoff at this task. Surely they are not going to range themselves with those who say tut, tut, mankind is foolish, let it dream and suffer.

[NOTE: *This reply speaks for itself. That our strong young modern has to draw the conclusion he does, shows clearly that he is capable of seeing only that half of the proposition which he thinks is the whole.* *J. O.*]

Groping

Helen R. Hull

"WAS that really true, what you said?"

"What?" Cynthia leaned against the wall, tucking her gray kimono about her feet. From that position she could watch the girl who stood before the mirror, braiding her dark hair. She could even catch glimpses in the glass of the girl's face and firm neck, very white as it rose from the folds of the scarlet bath-robe. "What did I say?" she asked again, although she knew exactly what Mary meant.

"That you'd never kissed any—man?"

"Yes, it's true." Cynthia clasped her thin arms about her knees. "I didn't suppose you did unless you were engaged."

"Bless the child!" Cynthia caught a flash of white teeth in the mirror as Mary flung a long braid over her shoulder. "How'd anybody ever know she wanted to be engaged?"

"I've not been engaged," said Cynthia.

Into her eyes and stubborn little mouth had come an intensity which rested in curious presaging on the thin, sober face with its high forehead. She was thinking that here was another of the things she didn't know about, another of the things she had never talked about until tonight. She hadn't talked much tonight; she had listened. The little dormitory room had taken on an atmosphere of midnight confessional, with youth offering all it knew of life, before the other girls, friends of Mary, had pulled themselves sleepily from their chairs and couch corners and said good-night. Shut in alone with Mary, warm, vivid Mary, Cynthia expanded delicately

pushing out from bonds of reticence. Perhaps Mary would tell her more about love and being engaged after they were in bed. She thrust the question aside, and returned to her delight in Mary's intricate preparations for the night. The crisp rustle of the red ribbon Mary was tying about her head pleased Cynthia; she loved the curve of the white arms, with the loose sleeves flaming back from them.

Mary dropped her brushes and turned.

"There! I'm ready. Tired waiting?"

Cynthia jumped from the couch to help eagerly in the process of despoiling it of cover and reducing it to an ordinary bed.

"Pretty narrow," said Mary, as she slid one of the cushions into a pillow-case. "Guess we can manage, though."

"Oo—it's cold!" she cried, pushing a window open and running back to the bed. "Turn off the light there and hurry!"

In the darkness Cynthia climbed between the covers, trying to make herself as small as possible at the edge of the cot.

"Cuddle up, Goosey!" exclaimed Mary, thrusting an arm under Cynthia's shoulders, and Cynthia thrilled to breathlessness in the warm embrace.

"Didn't anybody ever try to kiss you?" demanded Mary after a moment.

"Once." For some reason Cynthia was glad she could say once, at least. "But I didn't like him to try."

Mary drew her more closely against herself, laying her free hand on Cynthia's cheek.

"How cool your hand is." Cynthia snuggled against it.

"Dear!" murmured Mary, and then, impetuously, "You ought to know how it feels, I think." She lifted Cynthia's face to hers, and her full lips closed on Cynthia's. Cynthia lay very still, but within her slender, inert body something began to whirl and whirl, up to the sweet soft lips of Mary.

Suddenly, with a shiver, she pulled away, hiding her face against Mary's throat.

"It's like that," Mary whispered, "love is, only far, far more wonderful. You—you don't mind?" she asked, as Cynthia trembled in her arms.

"Oh, no!" Cynthia drew away from her. "But it frightens me."

"That's just that you didn't know," said Mary. Under the practical tone was a note of uneasiness. "I thought you ought to know." She settled herself more deeply into the pillows. "There's so much a girl has to find out for herself. I did."

"I guess—" Cynthia felt toward Mary with a timid hand. "I guess I have a great deal to find out."

Mary seized her hand and pulled her again into the fragrant curve of her shoulder.

"You're a dear!" she said, and a moment later, sleepily, "If I were a man I'd love you." Her drowsy lips brushed Cynthia's forehead.

Cynthia clung to the hand, full of the delight and the pain of mysterious quickening. More wonderful, Mary had said, and instinct-driven, blind, she yearned for that promise of great wonder. She felt beneath her cheek the slow, regular breathing, as Mary slept. Something rustled. She raised her head cautiously; only the curtain blowing in against the desk. The cold wind tingled in her nostrils, and she dropped back into her shelter. The faint, sensuous odor of white flesh made her glow, and in the dark warmth she drowsed, her mind full of new imaginings that hurried after her into her dreams.

She woke the next morning with a start, wondering what it was she was trying to grasp. Suddenly she remembered; as she looked over at Mary, who was stirring reluctantly, she flushed. Then she pushed the thing away from her thoughts;

it didn't belong to the bright morning, someway. Behind her thoughts, however, it still worked, so that she jumped out of bed without minding the chilly room, lowered the window, brought Mary her bathrobe, all in a mood of impersonal gratitude.

Breakfast in the big dormitory dining room was a hasty performance; after that Cynthia helped Mary straighten her room. Then she hurried into her coat and hat, while Mary, grumbling because she must spend the morning in a laboratory, gathered her notebooks.

"I'll walk to the car with you," she told Cynthia, "for a breath of air. Wish you lived in the dormitory instead of home."

They walked briskly across the campus, the snow crunching under their heels. Cynthia slipped her hand in Mary's arm with a little skip.

"Aren't things bright this morning!" she said. "Bright blue, bright black—" they were passing a line of pointed firs —"bright white!"

"Cold, too." Mary pulled her sweater about her throat. "Guess I'll run back here."

Cynthia looked up at her. She was wishing she had Mary's bright color; it fitted into the clear winter day.

"I've had a beautiful time," she said. Then she added quickly, "I'm going to the Assembly tonight."

"With Clark?" Mary's eyes met hers, flashed sudden meaning, and dropped.

"Yes." Cynthia hesitated. At a distant rumble she withdrew her arm. "There's my car. I'll have to run. Goodbye!"

Breathless, she dropped into a seat at the rear of the yellow car which connected the college with the town. She bent her head, adjusting her hat and searching her purse for a handkerchief as several girls followed her into the car. In their furs and velvet hats they made her feel awkward; she didn't

know them well, anyway. They seated themselves in seats ahead of her, and as the car jangled its starting bell, Cynthia relaxed comfortably. She could watch them now, without having to strain for some answer to their chatter. For a time she did watch them, wistfully; they were much cleverer than she, much prettier. One of them tucked up a lock of hair with a smoothly white-gloved hand, and Cynthia resented bitterly her own clumsy woolen gloves. Her usual solace, that she could outstrip them in her classes, failed her. They were all beautifully gowned young ladies, and she, outside the pale, a queer, awkward girl. She turned her face toward the frosty window. A whiff of air as the door behind her opened to admit a passenger caught her nostrils, and she slipped into the night before. Half guiltily she lingered a moment at the verge of definite recalling. Was it wicked, when it was so beautiful? Even if it was! Slowly she let herself down into the pool of memory, amazed that she could thrill so at things cool over night. Through the memories came, somehow, the last glance Mary had given her, and swift, uncalled pictures of Clark, the boy with whom she went occasionally to dances. The car's jerk as it swung into a switch aroused her, and she hurried off and up the short block to her home, whipping on an air of great nonchalance as she ran up the steps.

In the entry she stopped, to hang her coat and hat on the rack. As she opened the door into the hall she heard her mother's "Is that you, Cynthia?" and smelled the spicy odor of baking. She followed the voice into the kitchen.

"Well, you're here!" Her mother looked up from the pile of dishes she was drying, the habitual irritation of the tired house-keeper in her tone.

Cynthia glanced about the kitchen, with a vague expectation that she might find something changed; she felt as though she had been gone for a long time. Everything was quite the same, however, even to the oatmeal kettle soaking at the back

of the range.

"I came right after breakfast," she defended herself against an imagined reproach.

"There's lots to do," replied her mother.

Cynthia took the long-sleeved apron from the hook and slipped her arms into it, turning for her mother to button it at the neck. She still had a feeling of remoteness; for a moment she had lost her continuity with the familiar routine of home life. Her mother patted her shoulder.

"Did you have a good time?" She put the question in a casual way, and Cynthia answered "Yes" in the same tone. "What shall I do?" she asked quickly, to prevent her mother's keen glance from developing into words.

"I don't know." Her mother sighed. "I've had a bad time with the range. There's everything to do."

"You go and sit down. Let me finish the dishes." Cynthia tried to brush her away from the table.

"No, indeed. If you're ready to work, you can see to the upstairs. And the sitting room's got to be brushed up. Was it a nice meeting?"

Cynthia stopped in the doorway. "Very nice." In a little rush of pity for her mother she added, "And afterwards some of the girls came up to Mary's room and had a spread. The best cake! One of their mothers sent it. And they stayed and talked."

"So you did have a good time." Cynthia walked on into the dining room to hide the accusing flush which had run up into her face. Vaguely in her mind flashed the justification, "Mother doesn't want me to know anything. She thinks I'm just a little girl yet."

"Your father was put out because I let you stay," her mother was saying. "I told him you'd have a better time." The note of satisfaction deepened Cynthia's guilt, and she caught her lip between her teeth to keep back a reflection on her father.

Upstairs it was too cold for loitering. As Cynthia hurried about, spreading the fresh Saturday linen, setting the rooms in order, the pleasant indefinite mood of hands busy with a task and thoughts relaxed came to her. She swept, frosted the cake, helped with the lunch, and waved her mother off for a shopping trip. After she had cleared the luncheon things away, she hung her apron behind the door, and went through the quiet house to the library. Always she found it a pleasant adventure to be left alone in the house, and today! She curled up on the couch under the window, and with a little sigh, slipped into the warm flood of thoughts, of half-imaginings, of trembling dreams.

Late in the afternoon her mother returned, and the two hastened the preparations for supper. Cynthia was filling the water tumblers when her father, after much stamping of feet on the porch, came in. He was a stocky, heavy-shouldered little man, with an obstinate chin.

"Well!" he called out. "Thought you'd make us a little visit, did you?"

Cynthia frowned; it was difficult not to take her father's jokes too seriously. Through supper she was silent, eating listlessly, saying nothing, except in answer to questions. At the end, she pushed back her chair.

"I'll have to go and dress, mother."

"Why?" Her father gazed at her sharply. "Where are you going tonight?"

"Just to the Assembly," said the mother quickly.

"What for? You were out all last night."

"Last night," Cynthia said, struggling to speak in a very dignified tone, "was only the literary society at college. I haven't been to a dance for a long time."

"Humph. Who are you going with? That college fellow?"

"Yes." With an imploring glance at her mother, Cynthia fled up the stairs. She heard the protesting murmur of her

mother's voice as she shut herself into her own room.

Her father certainly could be most unreasonable! But the deeper concern of dressing for the evening drove her father out of mind. First she brushed her fair hair, trying to fluff it out about her temples, and sighing as it proved too fine and soft. She tied a blue ribbon about it, leaning forward anxiously to peer at the result. She bit her lip; was the ribbon better than no ribbon? She decided to wear it, turning from her reflection with a flush of distress that she was so plain. From the closet she brought her blue dress, slipping it over her head, and fastening it with a little shrug of resignation. How could anyone be pretty who wore always the same clothes?

She waited an eager minute after the bell rang at eight. Perhaps it wasn't Clark. But she caught his "Good evening, Mr. Bates," and laughed to herself in pleasure at his deep formality. As she reached the foot of the stairs her mother sent her an anxious glance; she may have seen a hint of new flowering in the palely flushing face. Cynthia extended her hand, her eyes seeking the face of the boy, as though she thought to find it altered. He looked exactly as he always had; a clear, high-cheekboned face, with practical eyes and immature lips. Cynthia lingered in the doorway while her father asked a grave question concerning the tariff. She didn't hear Clark's answer; she thought, instead, how strong he looked, in his rough overcoat. Finally they were free to go. As they ran down the steps Clark seized her arm.

"I feel in jolly shape," he said. "Let's dance every dance."

Cynthia swung up to tiptoe and laughed. How he towered above her in the crisp dark! She could just see the outline of his face and the puffs of white steam his words made.

"Let's dance them all—together!" she exclaimed.

"That's the stuff. Let's hurry!"

The Assembly Hall was only a few blocks from the house,

in the second story of an office building. Never had its windows shone more brightly, Cynthia was sure.

"Oh, I'm glad I can dance." Cynthia didn't know she had spoken aloud, until Clark pressed her arm more firmly.

"You feel good, too, don't you? Let's hurry!"

And they ran together up the wide wooden stairs to the second floor. The hour for the dancing lesson was just over, and a few of the more venturesome beginners were trying their steps on the polished floor, while the orchestra—a pianist and two 'cellists—tried their strings and hunted for the music of the first number of the real assembly. Cynthia hung her coat in the stuffy little cloakroom, sent a swift glance at her blue ribbon in the tiny mirror, for once indifferent to the other girls about her, and sped back to the hallway. Clark was there; she appraised quickly the other waiting males. Not one so tall, so straight, so clean as he, she thought.

It was a new, gay Cynthia that evening, so light that Clark declared she was nothing but the music itself. Her former sober delight in dancing had vanished; she herself did not know how she had come into possession of cajoleries, of daring words, of glances more daring, of eyes swiftly averted. When they swung out to the last waltz, Clark's hand tightened over hers.

"I wish we needn't stop." He bent over her, his breath fanning her cheek.

Cynthia's eyelids drooped; she was nothing but a reed through which the rhythmic motion ran. When the music stopped she went silently for her wraps, something within her hurting a little that the end had come.

They were both silent as they went out into the dark, frosty street. Cynthia shook her head at Clark's "Are you cold?" Her shoulder touched his arm, and in the dark her eyes widened. She slipped on the crusty walk, and Clark caught her hand. "You're shivering!" he exclaimed. "Here!"

Then his arm was around her waist. Cynthia felt the rough coat almost against her cheek, felt her heart whirling within her. They crossed the street and mounted the steps of her home. At the door Cynthia pulled away.

"You—you might come in—" she said faintly.

"I might." Clark had a brusk nonchalance in his voice. "I'd like to get warm before I take my car."

They pushed the door softly open and entered. Cynthia's lips parted with a quick breath as she saw the empty sitting room. Her mother had not sat up for her.

"Let me take your coat." Clark's fingers were at her throat, unhooking the collar. She couldn't lift her eyes, but she wheeled, eluding his arms. She shook off the coat, and ran across the room.

"It's warmer over here by the register."

She faced him, leaning back against the wall, her hands outspread. With fluttering wings within her breast, she watched him as he came slowly toward her. Something made her raise her heavy hands to pull the pins from her hat and drop it at her feet. The boy brushed it to one side and stood close to her. The fluttering wings ceased, and Cynthia thought in swift panic that she could even yet stop, could rush back to the old safe ground. This was happening because she had wished it. But Clark whispered "Cynthia! Cynthia!" and she lifted her tender, wishing face. Then he had her in his arms, his lips eager against hers; her heart was molten quicksilver, escaping from her. Clark drew her down into a chair, and knelt beside her, lifting her quivering fingers to his lips and cheek. For a moment they remained thus, Cynthia in a silent ecstacy, pouring herself out through her finger tips. At a sound somewhere above them in the house, Clark got quickly to his feet.

"I suppose I ought to go," he said, listening uneasily. "It's pretty late."

Yes, it was late. Cynthia held her breath to listen. Her father might come to the stairs to call her up to bed. There was no sound again. But Clark moved toward the door.

"I'd better go."

Cynthia rose. Go? Now—? Her eyes alone made protest. At the door the boy stopped.

"Aren't you going to say good-night?" he asked softly.

Cynthia clasped her cold hands. He was going, and in that way!

"Good-night."

"That's not the way, Cynthia." He held his hands to her. "Here!"

She swayed, staring at him, held by a thread of sudden fear. With a sigh she broke the thread and ran to him, clinging to him, swinging up, up against his lips. Her own intensity frightened her, and she thought she was falling, until Clark released her, and she found herself standing in the entry, back in her own body. He was opening the door; she tried to say, "You will come again, soon—" but her lips would not move to the words.

"Good-night," he whispered, and was gone.

She set the night-latch, snapped off the light, and climbed the stairs quite without volition. A voice as she reached the hall above startled her so that she stumbled. "Did you lock the door, Cynthia?" "Yes," she answered, terrified lest her voice might betray her. But her mother called "Good-night," and Cynthia, gaining her room, pushed the door shut and waited in the darkness for her heart to cease pounding in her throat. She undressed rapidly, her mind yearning ahead to the kind shelter of her bed. Finally she lay there, straight and motionless. She would go over the evening moment by moment. Deliberately she returned to the beginning. Suddenly through her body flickered this new emotion, and she turned, hiding her face in the pillow, pulling herself against

the bed to quiet the frightening quivers that ran through her. This—this must be love itself! She felt the pillow wet under her cheek; she hadn't known she had cried. She pressed her lips against it, moaning a little. It was wonderful, but terrifying, not to be understood. A crumpled leaf, she whirled up and up in the strong wind of desire she could neither see nor resist, until she slept.

Cynthia, the next day, struggled across the hours of a humdrum Sunday in a valorous attempt to pretend she was the same Cynthia. She was afraid someone would discover her secret; it glowed within her breast until she knew it must shine out and betray her. Not until after the late Sunday dinner, when under pretext of studying, she could retreat to her room with her books, was she free. Sitting by her window, her chin propped on her hands, she drifted quite clear of the tedium of the day.

In the early winter evening the doorbell sounded in the house below. Cynthia jumped to her feet, and flinging open her door, ran to the head of the stairs. Could it be—it was! She heard Clark ask for her. She was downstairs in an instant, flashing past her father into the entry. In a moment she was again in the sitting room, her head thrown high.

"Clark can stay just a little while." Her voice defied her family. "We're going out for a short walk."

"You'll freeze to death," remarked her father, who was settling himself with his book.

"I've not been out all day." Cynthia spoke quickly. "I'll not be gone long."

She pulled a cap over her hair, wound a scarf about her throat, and shaking herself into her coat, joined Clark in the little entry.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Before they decide it's too cold."

Out in the street the lassitude of the day lifted from her. She walked provokingly at the far edge of the sidewalk, chat-

tering of everything which drifted into her head. At the corner she turned into a street recently laid out, and but little built up. Clark, his hands in his pockets, gave sulky answers to her flitting queries. Then her chattering snapped off, and there was no sound but the cold talk of snow under their feet. A man passed them, peering over his shoulder before he disappeared into the night. The snow-covered fields were faintly luminous, with here and there a light picking out the window of a distant house. Cynthia felt Clark moving more closely toward her; they were alone in the bare little street. He touched her arm, and then their cold lips, clinging together, grew warm and moist. They walked on again, Cynthia's hand tight in Clark's. She glanced shyly at him; she was saying to herself, "I love you—I love you." Her lips tingled in the cold air; she felt radiant, as though her singing blood illumined her. She held her face up for a swift little kiss, laughing.

"I say——" Clark pressed her hand. "I've wanted to kiss you for a long time. I didn't know you were like this."

"Like what?" Cynthia wished she could see his face as he bent over her.

"Oh—liking to be kissed, you know."

"I never have!" Cynthia drew back from his face, her voice low with an instinctive pride in the value of her gift to him.

"What? Never? Oh, come!"

Cynthia was troubled; he shouldn't jest about this, even if he did wish to tease her. "Certainly not," she said, gravely.

"Oh, well! Most girls do."

"Do the girls you know?" Cynthia flung out the question as a recoil from the pain of his words.

"Why, yes." Clark paused, and then blundered ahead. "It's more fun going together then. Isn't it?"

Cynthia shrank away from his arm.

"You mean——" and her voice was thin and white like her

breath in the winter air—"You mean you do it—for fun?"

"Well, don't you?" Clark demanded. "You let me," he added uncomfortably.

Cynthia was hurrying along, head bent; she wanted to escape the ogre of realization which pursued, close at heel.

"Don't go so fast!" Clark grasped her arm. "You—are you cross?"

"Cross?" Cynthia jerked out a little laugh. "I'm just cold. Let's hurry home. It seems much colder."

"Well, if you want to go home, that isn't the way." Clark failed in his attempt at facetiousness, but his words halted Cynthia. The slight wind drove the cold all into her heart. She couldn't see where they had come.

"It's back this way." Clark wheeled. "If you are cold—"

Without waiting for the end of his sentence, Cynthia turned and ran past him, her scarf fluttering over her shoulder. "It's warmer—running—" she panted, as she heard his feet close behind her.

"All right, come on!" She was scarcely aware that Clark thrust his arm through hers. The air stung her throat; her breath seemed to freeze before it reached her lungs. She ran and ran; where was the corner? The sidewalk began to lurch up to meet her feet. She stumbled, and Clark dragged her up.

"You're all out of breath," he gasped, but she only shook her head.

Just as her feet grew so heavy that she knew she couldn't lift them, she saw ahead the dark mass of the elm which reached up to her window, and then across the snow, patches of light from the sitting room windows. Wrenching her arm free, she whirled ahead, up the steps to the door, where, her fingers clutching the handle, she faced the boy. Stronger than her need to escape, now, was her need to send him away unwitting, to fill his eyes with dust of some untruth, that he might not see her wound.

"I——beat——you!" She shrank against the door.

"You have to pay for that!" His quick breathing burned her cheek.

Her spirit doubled and twisted like a cornered wild thing. What could she say so that he would go—would go, not knowing? His hands were on her shoulders; she pushed them off.

"No! Not any more!" she cried. "You—you'll have to run for your car. I hear it coming."

"But Cynthia—little girl!" The throaty humoring protest was close in her face.

She turned the knob, and stepped into the open door.

"You can't kiss me," she said, distinctly. "I don't think it's much fun. It's rather stupid. Good night."

She closed the door and listened, in panic lest he follow her. After a moment she heard his feet, thoughtful, pausing once, and then descending the steps to the street.

She wheeled with a start as the inner door opened.

"I thought I heard you, Cynthia. What you doing here in the cold?" Her mother held the door wide. "Clark gone?"

"Yes." Cynthia clenched her hands, as though to gather all her emotions there, secure from suspicion, until she could be alone. "Yes. He had to go. I'm just taking off my things."

"Was it pretty cold?" Her mother lingered.

"Dreadfully."

"You shouldn't have gone out again tonight."

Cynthia plunged desperately into the bright sitting room; there was no way to avoid the light. She was afraid to sit down there, where everything had happened last night. Her father and mother would guess!

"I think I'll go to bed," she said. The stairs beckoned to her. "I'm tired."

"Are you sick, Cynthy?" Her mother's voice came after her.

"No. Not a bit." Cynthia was already halfway to the head of the stairs. "Just tired. Good-night."

She wished to lock her door, but she feared lest someone discover that she had done that and demand her reason. So she turned on the light and began to undress, thankful as many older people have been, for the reprieve of a moment through an habitual act. Her shoestring had knotted; she pulled at it with a little sob, and it broke. At length she stood by her bed buttoning her flannel nightgown. Her body felt cold as she touched it with her hand; that was strange, when waves of heat were beating in her head. She climbed slowly into bed letting herself down into the cold sheets with a shudder.

Out of the confusion of emotions that blurred and moved at the horizon of her consciousness, one emerged, expanded, grew distinct, and scorched through her. She was ashamed, ashamed. "You let me!" Clark had accused her, and she had let him. More than that, she had wished him to love her—had worse than asked him. And he had thought it fun! She would have this shame to hide all her life. She must be very sinful, a girl who liked that—she could not think the word for the caresses—when there was no love behind them. Was this the way one's heart broke? She pressed her fingers against her small breasts. She wouldn't hide her face in her arm; that would be childish—she might even cry then. This was no young sorrow, to be melted in tears. Why had she been so shameless? Through her body quivered a poignant memory, unbidden, of Clark's flushed face close to hers, of his lips. She drove the recollection away, the hot shame running up into her very eyelids.

"Oh, I don't love him!" she cried. In a moment of white penetration, she caught back her former attitude toward the boy; she had accepted him with a thoughtless tolerance because he was jolly, and tall, and personable. She sat up in bed, her lips moving. "Oh, I don't know why I did it!"

Within her worked an inarticulate bewilderment that things without reality could seem so beautiful, could cause such emotion.

At the sound in the hall she dropped back against the pillow pulling the clothes up to her chin. As the door opened carefully she held her breath; she would pretend to sleep.

But her mother came in and sat down on the bed.

"I've brought you some hot cocoa, Cynthy," she said, and Cynthia knew she was peering anxiously through the dimness. "You'll sleep better."

Cynthia could see the swirl of steam from the cup held toward her. She didn't want it! But drinking it might be the quickest way to regain solitude. Propping herself on an elbow, she gulped recklessly choking a little as she tasted the thick sweetness. It brought tears into her eyes, but that, and the hot pain in her chest after she had swallowed, gave her a curious relief, as if she suffered in atonement for a sin. She lay down again, shrinking from her mother's hand as it touched her forehead.

"You aren't sick, Cynthia?"

"No, I said I wasn't."

"Is anything the matter?"

Cynthia's heart gave a jump, and then ran into quick beating, in her breast, in her throat, in her temples. Had her mother heard—last night? Had she guessed?

"Why, no!" she exclaimed, and then added hastily, "What made you think so?"

"You haven't had a quarrel with Clark?" Her mother's voice was a worried, repressed caress.

"No." Cynthia bit off her laugh suddenly; it felt as if it were about to run up into a scream. "We—we never quarrel. What would we quarrel about?"

"Well," her mother sighed. "You aren't going too far with him, are you? He isn't worth it. Your father says he's just

a light-weight fellow."

"I don't know what you mean. You want me to have some fun, don't you?"

She hadn't meant to say quite that, and the phrase "some fun" was a hot wind, shrivelling her against the pillow. Remotely she heard her mother.

"Of course. But I don't want anybody to make you unhappy. You're too young for that sort of thing."

Cynthia stared at her mother's face, just visible in the streak of light from the hall lamp. "That sort of thing!" Then her mother knew—had some knowledge about things. Unconsciously Cynthia groped toward her; perhaps she would explain. Before her hand touched that of her mother, however, it dropped, checked by the old habit of inhibition. Her mother would not understand. She would say, "You are too young to think of such things."

And when the mother, a little wistfully, brushed the hair from Cynthia's forehead, and leaning over, kissed her cheek, Cynthia lay very still, struggling with a resentment which seemed disloyal, a resentment that these older people had knowledge they concealed so carefully.

Her mother rose.

"Good-night, dear. You were up too late last night, I guess. And you probably talked all the night before. Go right to sleep. I'll call you in time tomorrow."

In the doorway for an instant she paused, a rather weary silhouette; then Cynthia was alone again.

She was sleepier; the brief contact with her usual life had dulled the edge of her emotions. At any rate, no one knew. Clark didn't know; he would think she had been playing with him. And her mother didn't guess. She turned curling her arm under her head. Mary wouldn't ask her questions. She opened her eyes for a moment. Did Mary know things, she wondered, except the feeling of them? She closed her heavy

eyelids. "Am I very sinful," she thought. Turning a little more, she pressed her eyes against her arm wondering dimly why the gold and blue spots danced about on her eyelids. Perhaps, if she understood more, she would become better. With a faint sigh she slept.

Jill's Way

By Edna Wahlert McCourt

SCENE ONE

The Park.

Late twilight, one Friday, in autumn. JACK *and* JILL *are sitting on a bench, close as any lovers. The wind blows.*

JILL: *(shivering)* Ugh. How cold the wind is.

JACK: *(drawing her closer)* You should have worn your coat, instead of this thin, skimpy sweater, Honey.

JILL: I haven't a coat.

JACK: Haven't a coat! What do you mean?

JILL: *(a little shyly)* Well . . . it's just this way, Jack. My last year's coat is a rag and I—I didn't want to buy a new one until I knew what we were going to do. *(Wistfully)* I wouldn't need many clothes if—if we got married, Jack.

JACK: *(despairingly)* O Honey, can't we!

JILL: *(snuggling closer)* Can we?

JACK: I don't know—

JILL: Neither do I—

JACK: (*mournfully*) It wasn't so bad this summer, not to be. But with the cold weather coming again . . .

JILL: *(sighing)* This wind makes me want to cry. It means that soon we will—pretty nearly every evening—have to go to the movies. Twenty cents a night, too. Six dollars a month . . . *(sighing again)* Oh, I could do so much with six dollars if we were in a little cottage, Jack.

JACK: I know.

JILL: *(catching a sob before it quite escapes)* I'm so tired

of the movies. The girls in the films always get married. They make me jealous.

JACK: *(with sudden determination, but very bitterly)* I'm going back to the farm! We can exist there, anyway, and we can be together. I guess we were fools to leave the country. Both our folks said so. Yes, I'm going back to the farm!

JILL: *(stopping his excited flow of words with a kiss)* Sh . . . Don't be silly. Please. There, there, poor boy. Such a nuisance I am. Indeed we will *not* go back to the country. And we weren't fools to leave, and we'll show our folks we weren't, too! We were right to come to the city, and we're going to stay. You never were cut out for a farmer, Jack, nor I for a farmer's wife.

JACK: I know, but—

JILL: There aren't going to be any buts.

JACK: But we must get married. We simply must, Honey. That's all there is to it, isn't it? I know there are two kinds of people in the world—one kind made for the country and one kind for the city—and though we were both made for the city we can't stay here if we can't get married. Can we? We just can't. That's all there is to it. Oh, if I *only* could make more money!

JILL: You've made scads of money, Jack. You've done beautifully. Raised from eight dollars a week to fifteen in a year. I think that is positively wonderful!

JACK: It isn't bad. But I won't double again so quickly. I know the boss likes me, and soon I'll be getting twenty-five. But after that—well, that'll be pretty nearly about all, Jill.

JILL: *(timidly)* What you're earning now would be plenty for the two of us.

JACK: I know. You are a swell manager and will make both ends meet . . .

JILL: *(eagerly)* The little cottage is only fifteen dollars a month, Jack. With a garden, I can keep house on fifteen; and

we can spend the rest on incidentals and extras, and save something, too. I've figured it all out, Jack.

JACK: *(stubbornly)* I don't care. I've told you before that there may be *more* than—the two of us.

JILL: *(sighing)* Oh, dear. There will be, of course. I want a whole—a whole crowd of them, Jack.

JACK: Kids come high.

JILL: I know.

JACK: I wouldn't want to spoil 'em, but I would want to feed 'em top notch, and clothe 'em nice, and put 'em through all the schools they hanker after, and take 'em out in a Ford . . . with maybe a holiday trip to the country in the summer time . . . and candy, and the movies. *(Sighing heavily)* Kids come high. And it wouldn't be fair to them for us to be—thoughtless.

JILL: Oh, Jack, *can't* we manage?

JACK: I don't see how. I ain't foolish enough to think I'm ever going to be a money king or make a pile. I'm just a good, steady fellow who'll always be worth a neat small sum to his boss.

JILL: And you won't let me work, too, Jack? My ten a week . . .

JACK: No, I won't let you work! I've said so, and I mean it. A wife's a wife, not a shop girl. At least the girl I make my wife is going to be just my wife. She'll have her hands full, too.

JILL: Some girls are better off working, even if they are married. But I really don't want to be a shop girl always, Jack, any more than you want me to be. I'm just not that sort.

JACK: *(half begging, half counter-pleading)* Let's go back to the farm, Honey!

JILL: No! No! We don't belong there! There must be a way—here. There must be a way to manage. Oh, there *must* be a way, Jack!

SCENE TWO

The advertising department of a newspaper office, Saturday afternoon.

JILL *approaches a large desk over which hangs a huge sign: "Want Ads." She is plainly embarrassed.*

CLERK: What can I do for you?

JILL: I want—I want to put an advertisement in the paper, please.

CLERK: Here's a pad. Write out your ad.

JILL: I have written it out already.

CLERK: How is it to be classified?

JILL: I don't know.

CLERK: Do you mean you don't know what you're advertising for?

JILL: Oh, I know.

CLERK: Well, what head does it come under? Cook, stenographer, seamstress—

JILL: None of those. In fact, I've never seen an ad quite like it.

CLERK: Nonsense. Let me read it.

JILL: *(handing over a paper)* How much will it cost?

CLERK: I'll have to count the words. I'll read it. Tell me if I get it straight. *(He reads, his voice showing more and more amazement as he proceeds. He ends with a little gasp):*

> ASSOCIATE PARENTS WANTED!—Young, healthy, sensible, capable woman of excellent country parentage wishes to marry young man of equally good health, character and antecedents. The young man is earning enough to support himself and wife, but not enough to support children also. Any person of good character who will guarantee to pay the expenses incurred by a child born to this couple may by so doing become AN ASSOCIATE PARENT with rights and privileges to be definitely agreed upon. Those interested may call Sunday afternoon between two and five. Miss Jill, 111 A street.

JILL: You read it correctly.

CLERK: Well, I'll be . . . Do you—are you really going to insert this ad in the *paper?*

JILL: *(with great dignity, but blushing furiously)* I am. How much will it cost, please?

SCENE THREE

Jill's small boarding house bedroom. Sunday afternoon.

JILL *is eagerly scanning the pages of a notebook. Her cheeks are flame-colored with excitement.*

A knock at the door. She opens it. A crotchety OLD GENTLEMAN *enters, a folded newspaper in his hand.*

JILL: Come in, sir.

OLD GENTLEMAN: *(severely, but very eagerly)* Young lady, is this a joke?

JILL: Oh no, sir. Does it sound like one?

OLD GENTLEMAN: Everything sounds like one in this day and age. Now—you're quite certain this isn't a joke, young lady?

JILL: Quite sure.

OLD GENTLEMAN: And it's not a swindle game to get money?

JILL: Gracious, no. No ASSOCIATE PARENT will be expected to pay anything until his or her baby arrives, and even then only what he or she is able to pay. I'm pretty sure I can raise a child on a little, or on a lot. The only point is to have —something.

OLD GENTLEMAN: *(wiping his brow as if in relief)* I dreaded coming here—hated to make a fool of myself, if it was a joke.

JILL: There have been ten people here already and most of them thought it was.

OLD GENTLEMAN: *(terribly excited)* Ten people here already! Ten! Why—why I simply *can't* be eleventh! I—I'm getting on in years. I simply *can't* be eleventh!

JILL: I'm not going to select ASSOCIATE PARENTS in order of their application. *(Primly)* I'm going to select the ones I think most fit.

OLD GENTLEMAN: *(pleadingly, but trying to be diplomatic, too)* My dear young lady, allow me to give you my card. I assure you I am a bachelor of—of means, my dear—of means and position. This—this associate parentage means a great deal to me. I will do anything you ask to prove my fitness. Why hasn't someone thought of this sooner, I wonder? It—it is just what I want to be—an associate parent. Yes, yes . . . And I, I want boys, my dear,—twins,—round, chunky little fellows with twinkling eyes. It—they will mean a great deal to me.

JILL: *(putting his card carefully away)* I'm sure they will. And, really, I want to make as many people happy as I can! And pretty nearly anybody would be happy loving and helping raise a baby. Don't you think so? You are really the sort of person I had in mind when I advertised. I'm sure I'd like you for an ASSOCIATE PARENT, sir.

(A knock. JILL *opens the door, and a tailor-made looking* WOMAN *enters. She and the old gentleman take each other in, jealously.)*

OLD GENTLEMAN: *(very unctiously)* I must be going, Miss Jill. I fear I have already taken too much of your time. I trust I shall hear from you very soon, my dear; and may I ask the privilege of calling again and discussing this matter further?

JILL: I'll be awfully glad to see you, any time. *(He goes out.)*

THE WOMAN: Am I too late? Have many applied?

JILL: You are the twelfth.

THE WOMAN: I wish—Say, can't you shove me in first? When I read this ad—do you know, I said right away—That's me. No doubt about it. You see, I'm a business woman.

Never wanted to marry and have a family, you know. But now, well, times change, by the time you're forty. Of course, I can't adopt a child . . . but I can't tell you how much I'd love to be *connected* with one. "Mamma Sally" I want her to call me. And—say—could I keep her over Sundays, sometimes?

JILL: Of course!

THE WOMAN: I'd like her to be awfully pretty, with kinky yellow curls, and I'll get all her dresses. But (*a little worried*) I don't want her to be flip, or sassy.

JILL: She won't be if we bring her up right.

THE WOMAN: *(eagerly)* I get a good salary. And I'll take out life insurance for her!

(A knock. JILL *opens the door, and a beautifully gowned* LADY *enters.)*

THE LADY: Am I intruding?

JILL: Oh, no.

THE WOMAN: I must be going.

JILL: Write your name and address here, please.

THE WOMAN: *(writing in the notebook)* This address will always reach me. But I will see you again. Good bye.

JILL: Good bye. (*The Woman goes off.*)

THE LADY: I am so interested, so very much interested in this advertisement. My husband doesn't care for children, and he doesn't want me to adopt any, either. Oh, I can't tell you how much I will love to be an associate mother! This is my card. Will you consider me? I have means. I will give the best of myself and my energies to him. I'd like him to be a manly little chap with brave eyes. I'm sure—Oh, I'm very sure he would love me, too!

(A brief, brisk knock on the door, and JACK *bursts in.)*

JACK: What *is* it all about, Honey? Keeping me away till five o'clock on the only day we can be together! And Mrs. Brown says you've had a stream of callers. What *is* it all

about! Oh, (*seeing the Lady*), I beg your pardon.

JILL: *(to the Lady, taking Jack's hand a little shyly)* This is—this is the man I am going to marry.

THE LADY: *(smiles a little tremulously at them)* I am very glad to have met both of you. But I mustn't keep you any longer, though I will call on you some other time, if I may.

JILL: Of course! *(The Lady goes out.)*

JACK: What *is* it all about!

JILL: *(throwing her arms about his neck)* What is it about! About our marriage, of course! Oh, I never even dreamed my scheme would turn out so wonderfully! I'm not even going to show up at the store tomorrow. I'm going out to rent the little cottage in the morning—we'll get the license during your lunch hour—and at six o'clock we'll be married.

JACK: What *is* it all about, Jill?

JILL: Sit down, Stupid, and . . .

(*She tells him all about it.*)

The Escape

By J. D. Beresford

I.

ALBERT HIGGS was beleaguered by all the circumstances of his life. He even found a word for his condition. "I'm *beset,*" he thought, as he travelled home in a third-class compartment of the North London Railway, six a-side.

The discovery brought him a momentary relief. Since four o'clock in the afternoon, more than two hours before he had left the office, he had been increasingly harassed by the necessity to find some word for his condition. The trouble and strain of it came between him and his work. As he almost automatically copied figures into the ledger, some part of his mind had been wearily, perpetually engaged in a hopeless struggle to find this world. He had visualized it quite distinctly as an enormously active beetle that traversed complicated figures with a horrid vivacity. If only he could have held it still, for one moment. . . . And, now, he had it. It was no longer a beetle,—although the resemblance was quite obvious,—but a plain line of black sans-serif capitals BESET.

He knew that he was in for another attack of influenza. That knowledge was the latest ally to join the beleaguering forces. Some men in Albert Higgs' position might have raised the siege, have laid down their arms and weakly submitted to the inevitable. Higgs was not that sort of man. He meant to flap impotent hands in the face of Fate until he was too weak to lift his arms; after that he would put his tongue out.

For ten years he had been braced to the struggle and resistance had become a habit with him.

Nothing had ever gone right. He was the most conscientious worker in the office, but other clerks had been promoted over his head. The manager was always finding fault with him for being so slow. Perhaps he was slow. He liked to be absolutely certain about every detail connected with his work.

Then he was the only tenant in Golden Oak Road who appeared to have trouble with his landlord. He liked a house to be sound; and he was at considerable pains to see that defects did not go too far before they were remedied. He often wished that he had never taken No. 69. It was without doubt the worst house in the road; and an altogether disproportionate amount of his spare time was occupied in looking after it.

Worst of all, his marriage could hardly be counted a success. Emily was a good wife in many ways, but she was so abominably careless about vital details. She could not realize the importance of method and accuracy either in housework or cooking. He was always being forced to remonstrate with her, but she never improved.

And all these worries seemed to be steadily accumulating. He never had a moment, now, that was not filled by the necessity to counter some new difficulty. He was in no way daunted; he had no intention of relaxing his immense fight with adverse circumstances for a single instant, but he felt that it was very hard that he of all men should have been thus singled out for perpetual persecution. . . .

"I've got a temperature," he announced as his wife came out of the kitchen to meet him.

"Then you'd better get off to bed at once," she said with her usual disregard of the practicalities.

"How can I get off to bed?" he asked, patiently. "You know there's that pipe in the kitchen to be seen to; and the loose board in the spare bedroom; and I'm going round to

catch the landlord if I can. Being a Jew, he's sure to be in on a Friday night."

"Oh! them things can wait," Emily said.

"You'd let the house fall down if you had your way," he replied without temper.

"No fear of that yet awhile," she said with a laugh. "Now you get off to your bed and I'll make you some nice hot gruel."

"I've got them things to see to first," replied Albert Higgs.

But even as he was struggling to investigate an imaginary leakage in the waste-pipe of the kitchen sink, his influenza that had seemed so much better as he was on his way home began to attack him again. He had forgotten his splendid key-word, and there was the beetle come back, gyrating in the flicker of the candle-end he was holding.

His wife found him squatting on the floor. She took the candle-end from him and helped him to his feet. She was cheerful but very determined.

"Now, my lord, you come along with me," she said, "or I'll be having *you* on me hands next."

He did not resist her, then. He was intent on renaming the beetle, and everything else had temporarily lost importance. But when he had eaten the hot gruel his wife brought him, he remembered the word.

"I'm beset, Emily," he said.

"You won't be in the morning," she replied foolishly. "You have a good sleep and you'll be right as rain by tomorrow."

He shook his head. "I've always been beset," he said.

"It'll wear off," she said; and left him before he could find a suitable reply.

For a time he tried against his will to turn "beset" into "bested," but some letter evaded him, and then "bedstead" presented itself as a still more worrying alternative.

"It's no good lying here," said Albert Higgs aloud to the spaces of the room. "I'd better get up and see to that sink; it's got to be done some time."

2.

He got up at once, but his feet would not touch the floor. At first this intriguing phenomenon was decidedly exasperating, but little by little a great calm settled upon him.

He found that he was suspended over the bed regarding the image of a man who lay on his back and stared fixedly up at the ceiling. He was not an attractive person, this interloper who had settled himself into Albert Higgs' bed. He had a look of bigoted obstinacy, as if he had set himself some perfectly futile task and meant to go through with it no matter who suffered in the performance. He was a small, rather weedy man, Higgs noticed, with high cheek bones and a narrow forehead; he was getting bald, too, and had a little scrubby moustache. Higgs found him almost repulsive, and moved up a few yards to get away from him.

From his new position, he could see the whole of number 69, Golden Oak Road; not only the front of the house but the four walls, the roof and the interior of every room; one comprehensible fragment of building. The sight of it, thus separated and complete, interested him for a time. He saw that it was ugly and badly built, that it could not hold together for many years; but even as he fiercely criticized it, the house became fused with all the other houses in the road; and he saw the long line of them as an indivisible whole. They were all alike, all equally ugly and with the same defects; and little figures moved about them, some satisfied and careless, others anxiously attempting useless repairs.

Then his sight of the road became merged into a vision of the district of Gospel Oak, which lay below him in strong relief as if he saw it from a high roof. He could look down into the channels of the streets, picked out from the general gloom by the regular points of their little rows of lamps. And thousands of tiny figures swarmed in the streets and in the houses, all apparently precisely alike, moving hither and

thither, tracing some indefinable pattern on a background, which continually increased in area so that the black spaces of Hampstead Heath were becoming included in his vision and the glare of Camden Town High Street. . . .

Presently he was able to locate Oxford Street and Piccadilly Circus, the outlined, threaded darkness of the Parks, and the wide curves of the river; but the great spread of London was rapidly falling to a mere discoloration on a shallow saucer tipped by the hills of Buckinghamshire and Surrey. . . .

And the saucer was losing its concavity as it steadily grew in extent, slowly flattening, even reversing itself so that it was faintly convex. Round the edges of it a paler darkness crept, indenting the blackness of the land, outlining a section of the irregular but curiously familiar shape of the map of England. The wedge-shaped strip of the English Channel swam up until a silhouette of the French Coast pushed into the horizon; the German Ocean encroached and spread to the right; Scotland and Ireland curved down in the vague distance, dwindling before the invasion of the Atlantic. The panorama filled the field of vision like a dark sky that was turning itself slowly inside out, becoming continually more convex as it receded. And in the East a white full moon rose over Europe and the edge of the sun showed a brilliant scimitar on the verge of the Atlantic. . . .

The immense convexity of the earth was flattening again, and the vast bulk of it no longer filled the universe. The sun and moon seemed to be drawing apart, and the moon was no longer full; an irregular clipping had gone from its upper edge as if a piece of it had been jagged away by Titanic pliers. The earth, itself, was in its last quarter, a gigantic crescent stretching across two-thirds of the arc of the heavens; the faintly moonlit mass of it showing as a gloomy circle against the blackness of space, pierced now by innumerable points of

light, the steady brilliance of infinitesimal stars.

But as it fell into the depths of space, the Earth waned. The sun that had so miraculously risen was eclipsed behind its western edge; and the moon grown to the apparent size of its primary was rushing up to obscure in turn the whole width of the heavens. For a time it loomed as an enormous sphere, shutting out all sight of earth and stars, and then it, too, dwindled, became a void circle among the constellations of the Milky Way, and so vanished into the abyss. . . .

The sun shone one brighter point among the myriads that enclosed the spirit of Albert Higgs.

3.

"Well, you have had a sleep," said the voice of Mrs. Higgs. "I tried to wake you up an hour ago, but you was so heavy I thought I better let you lie. Do you know what the time is? It's past eight. And you'll be late at the office unless you'd like me to send a telegram to say you're ill."

Higgs stared at her. He felt curiously peaceful and still.

The morning sunlight lay across the foot of his bed.

"I'm only just awake," he remarked.

"Well, I can see that for myself," said his wife. "Only as you're so particular about little things perhaps you'll just tell me whether you mean to go to the office today or not."

"It isn't of the least consequence," replied Albert Higgs.

The Wave

By Louis Untermeyer

THERE was the sea again! The laughing sea,
Breathing its fresh and salty invitation;
Clapping its great, green hands and calling me
To pit my strength against its energy
And match its vigor with my own elation.
Impatiently it drummed upon the shore
And, having yearned for it a year or more,
I whipped the clothing from my eager body;
Flinging aside my threadbare thoughts, the shoddy
Fears and lethargic fancies of a day
Heavy with subterfuge and the decay
Of sophistries that only cheat themselves.
I heard the tide come racing down the sands,
Pounding a summons on the rocky shelves;
A savage welcome in its vehement roar.
I sprang out on the beach and slammed the door
As though to keep the humid world shut in.
I felt the salt winds sniffing at my skin,
The white-caps beckoning me with gay commands;
And, pulled along by unseen, rescuing hands,
I sprang into the water, once more free. . .
Something had snapped the harsh, invisible bands—
It was the sea again, the laughing sea!

Out past the life-lines where the sea grew calm
I floated, dreaming, on a watery breast,
Of wonder with its secret unexpressed,

And beauty singing its unwritten psalm . . .
Its healing bathed me with the balm
Of rest.

I dreamed—and then, shocked from my languid mood,
I heard new rumblings threaten and increase.
This deadening quiet was a false release;
The clouds became an evil, black-winged brood . . .
I must escape this torpitude
Of peace.

I struck out swiftly toward the land,
Hand over hand;
Scooping at wastes of sea that flowed
Out of my reach,
Missing the silver line that showed
The beach.
I turned face-downward as I tried
A shorter stroke;
The breakers flung me on my side
And broke
Over me while the spume was churned . . .
The tide had turned!

Desperate now, I threshed my arms about
In a sharp trudgeon till a burning pain
Ran through my ankles that kept plunging out.
Harder I kicked, and slower; but in vain—
The tide kept pulling, and I made no gain.
The beach was empty and my smothered shout
Fell on the thunders with no greater stir
Than leaves on warring waters. And the rain
Came with a mocking gentleness, a purr
Of protest at my struggles. Doubly dear

The Wave

Though life was then, the fervor of it passed;
The leaping radiance ebbed, and even fear
No longer struck with its insistent spur.
This frantic burst of power could not last.
I felt my body slipping—slipping—and
A giant roller started toward the land,
Sweeping the ocean with it as it came
And seized me with a swift and iron hand.
I floundered in a world of cold, green flame
And drank its icy hatred; heard my name
Under the thunder. I was ground and tossed
In some malignant mill-race; light was lost—
All I could see were hands, dark hands; a score
Of whirling tentacles that lifted, tore
And pulled me down again . . . and down . . . and down . . .
I thought, is this the way that swimmers drown?

Some one was lifting me; some others bore
My limping body up the reeling shore
And voices coming out of nowhere cried
"That's what a fellow gets for being brave . . ."
"The trouble is, that there's a tricky tide . . ."
"Old man, you had a pretty durn close shave . . ."

And how it happened I can never see.
All I remember is a thundering wave
That came and caught me in security
And, in a breath,
Despairing of a softer remedy,
Forced me through war and death
To rescue me.
Stinging my soft complacence into strife;
Sweeping me out of languor back to life.

The Seven Selves

(*From "The Madman"—a Drama.*)

By Kahlil Gibran

IN the stillest hour of the night, as I lay half-asleep, my seven selves sat together and thus conversed in whispers:

FIRST SELF: Here, in this madman, have I dwelt all these years, with naught to do but renew his pain by day and re-create his sorrow by night. I can bear my fate no longer, and now I rebel.

SECOND SELF: Yours is a better lot than mine, Brother. For it is given to me to be this madman's joyous self. I laugh his laughter and sing his happy hours, and with thrice-winged feet I dance his brighter thoughts. It is I that would rebel against my weary existence.

THIRD SELF: And what of me, the love-ridden self, the flaming brand of wild passion and fantastic desires? It is I, the love-ridden self, who would rebel against this madman.

FOURTH SELF: I, amongst you all, am the most miserable, for naught was given me but odious hatred and destructive loathing. It is I, the tempest-like self, the one born in the black caves of Hell, who would protest against serving this madman.

FIFTH SELF: Nay, it is I, the thinking self, the fanciful self, the self of hunger and thirst, the one doomed to wander without rest in search of unknown things and things not yet created; it is I, not you, who would rebel.

SIXTH SELF: And I, the working self, the pitiful laborer,

who, with patient hands, and longing eyes, fashion the days into images and give the formless elements new and eternal forms—it is I, the solitary one, who would rebel against this restless madman.

SEVENTH SELF: Oh, how strange, how strange that you all should rebel against this man, because each and every one of you has a preordained fate to fulfil. Ah! could I but be like one of you, a self with a determined lot! But I have none, I am the do-nothing self, who sits in the dumb, empty nowhere and nowhen, while you are busy re-creating life. Is it you or I, neighbors, who should rebel?

When the Seventh Self thus spake the other six selves looked with pity upon him but said nothing more; and as the night grew deeper one after the other went to sleep, enfolded with a new and happy submission.

But the Seventh Self remained watching and gazing at nothingness, which is behind all things.

A Way Out

By Robert Frost

SCENE: A bachelor's kitchen bedroom in a farmhouse with a table spread for supper.

Someone rattles the door-latch from outside. Asa Gorrill, in loose slippers, shuffles directly to the door and unbolts it. A stranger opens the door for himself and walks in.

STRANGER

(*After a survey*)

Huh! So this is what it's like. Seems to me you lock up early. What you afraid of?

ASA

(*In a piping drawl*)

'Fraid of nothing, because I ain't got nothing—nothing't anybody wants.

STRANGER

I want some of your supper.

ASA

Have it and welcome if it tempts your appetite. You see what it is.

STRANGER

(*After looking*)

What is it?

ASA

Well, it's some scrapings of potatoes and string beans from other meals I was warming over. They've got kind of mixed together.

STRANGER

Should think so. What else you got in the house? What you got in here?

ASA

That door's closed with nails. You can't get in there. This is all the room I live in. Here's the cupboard, if you're looking for it. It's bare.

STRANGER

(*He knocks over a chair as he goes about*)

Got any bread?

ASA

(*Trembling*)

I don't know what you mean by coming into a person's house as if you owned it. I never was subject to anything like it. If I had some bread, you don't go the right way about to get any.

STRANGER

Cut that. I'm here for business. You're supposed to be poor then?

ASA

(*With dignity*)

I am poor.

STRANGER

Sure there's nothing hidden in the mattress—or in that nailed-up room? Oh, I haven't come to kill you for it. I shan't kill you anyway till I have something to go on. You needn't be scared till you're hurt. I only meant your being poor was part of the job if anybody was going to undertake it.

ASA

See here, it's time you told me what your business is in my house or go out. I don't understand a word you say. I ain't been subject to anything like it all these years since Orin died.

STRANGER

Aw, don't whine to me about it. I've heard of you and your brother keeping old-maid's hall over here in this neck of the woods, patching each other's trousers and doing up each other's back hair. Look ahere, old boy, I ain't going to be a mite harder on you than I have to be for my own good. I was passing this way and in trouble and I just thought I'd look in on you and look you over as a possible way out.

ASA

As to that I don't know. I don't know what I might or mightn't do to help a person that didn't come at me wrong and spoke me civil. I think you can't pass this way very often—who does for the matter of that? I don't remember of ever seeing you before. You know me though?

STRANGER

Better than you know me. I only just came to the shoe-shop down at the Falls last winter. But I've heard of you times enough. As a matter of fact I wasn't exactly passing: your reputation brought me somewhat off my road. You popped into my head like an idea.

ASA

I'm going to give you some tea before it gets cold and have some myself to steady me. Another time see to it you make a civiler beginning with anybody you're expecting favors of . . . You take it without milk? Brother and I ain't had no cow since the barn burned down in '98. Brother Orin died the year after that.

STRANGER

For God's sake what do you live on—nothing but potato mash?

ASA

There again! Criticising! I don't see what there is in that

to make you take it the way you do. Where does it pinch you? Shall I give you some?

STRANGER

(*Pausing as he walks back and forth in perplexity*)

Mash! Don't. Is it pretty generally known you live on potato mash?

ASA

Generally known—

STRANGER

I mean, would it excite suspicion if you gave it up and took to eating mince pie, damn it?

ASA

Excite—

STRANGER

Do you ever have bread?

ASA

When I bake, when I happen to have flour in the house.

STRANGER

Where do you get money to buy flour?

ASA

I sell eggs.

STRANGER

Oh, eggs are at the bottom of it. Nothing unless eggs. God, it's worse than I thought, worse than I bargained for after twenty dollars a week and nobody to take care of but myself. But there's one thing I noticed there: you do go into the village shopping now and then when the hens are laying—when there are eggs. It's not just as if you never bought a thing, nor spoke to a soul.

ASA

You ain't pitying me, be you, mister?

STRANGER

Pitying you! No, I'm pitying myself. You like it all and I shan't. Sit down and let me tell you. I can see you haven't heard. As you see me here, I'm—well I'm in no position to waste pity on anybody else, or think of anybody else and I'm not going to. You can bank on that. I'm running away from a murder I'm accused of having committed.

(*Asa drops his face into his hands on the table and groans*)

STRANGER

And I've turned in here to you for help.

ASA

Oh, I can't have anything to do with this. I never have had no trouble and I ain't a-going to begin now. I'm a peaceable man.

STRANGER

I wasn't intending to give you much choice in the business.

ASA

Oh, but you won't drag me into your crime. After all I've done to keep out of things!

STRANGER

It just shows you—

ASA

You want me to hide you here. Think of it!

STRANGER

I haven't quite decided what I want you to do yet. All is, I've done the deed, they're out after me, I've been zigzagging 'cross country (not daring to use the trains) for three days and now I've hit on you as my only salvation. And I'm going to use you one way or another; so you might as well pick your head up off the table and be a man about it—not a wet dish-rag. The cuss of it is I was seen at least once today, walked

right out of the woods onto a team full of women and hadn't sense enough to keep to the road as if nothing was up, but dodged back into the woods where I came from. That'll tell 'em I haven't got far off. I've got to think quick, but not too quick. No use losing my head.

ASA

I don't see that there's so very much to think of except a hiding place. I'll hide you for tonight. If I must, I must.

STRANGER

Yes, you must, old boy, or I might kill you. It wouldn't amount to another crime to kill a half man like you. Throw you in extra and call it one crime. Does anyone know for certain you're not a woman in man's clothing anyway? . . . But it's not so simple. Tonight's not all I have to consider. There's other nights coming. Where will I be tomorrow night and the night after that? I'll leave it to you if it's not a puzzler.

ASA

Just as fur as you can get from here, I should think.

STRANGER

I don't know that you know, but it's the fashion now-a-days to hide just as near the scene of the crime as you can stay.

ASA

Oh, dear, you don't mean you're thinking of fastening onto me for good and living the rest of your nat'ral life in any concealment I can give you.

STRANGER

Maybe, maybe. I'm out of a good job in the cutting room, anyway. I can't go back there, can I? I'm willing to let you advise me up to any reasonable point. I was thinking how it would be to be you if worst came to worst as it may yet. We

might agree to be you turn and turn about, one of us lying up in hiding while the other was out stretching his legs and satisfying the hanker to see folks. The danger there, is that there would be always an extra one around to be discovered. And there are a lot of dangers. It would never do. I should have to trust you too much not to give me away. And we might quarrel as to who had the lion's share of the time out. And then appearing in turn might be almost as risky as side by side. People might be led to see differences that they could only explain on the assumption that you were two instead of one.

ASA

If you're expecting followers, the less noise we make talking the better. What's to hender their being all round the house now and looking in the window? That curtain's no more than a piece of cotton sheet. You can see right through it when the balance of light is on this side from the fire. (*He tucks the sheet in at the edges and corners.*) But say, it comes to me if you could tell me you didn't do this murder—then I shouldn't be doing anything wrong.

STRANGER

I did it fast enough.

ASA

How—how—how—. Don't tell me though. I'd best not hear. Do you mean by the cutting room the place where you done it?

STRANGER

Queer codger, aren't you?

ASA

Guess I am.

STRANGER

Say, I've been getting it through my head you must have been the one meant by that hermit article in one of the Boston

papers here awhile back—before I came to the Falls. Recollect anyone's calling on you with a pencil and a piece of paper held out in front of him so-fashion? Or did he write you up from a safe distance the way Whoses did the North Pole? Great talk he put in your mouth about hermiting—if you were the one. Let's see, what did he say was the matter with you?—crossed in love?

ASA

You've heard that, most like.

STRANGER

I've heard something.

ASA

No it was Orin that was crossed in love in a manner of speaking. He was promised to a gal who kept him waiting more than fifteen years and then married someone else because she wouldn't come to live in this house till he divided the property with me or bought me out and got rid of me. Orin stood by me; so I stood by him.

STRANGER

You haven't got any real prejudices in favor of this way of living then? I mean you didn't take it up as a man goes into the Methodist Church in preference to the Baptist or the Orthodox?

ASA

Dunno's I did.

STRANGER

What I'm trying to get at is how you look at things—if you look at them.

ASA

As f'r instance?

STRANGER

Well what do you say about women when they come up in conversation? Supposed to hate 'em?

ASA

I so seldom have occasion to speak of 'em.

STRANGER

Then what do you do when you see 'em? Run? Same as I did today from that carriage-load of 'em.

ASA

Don't know's I run exactly. I'd a leetle rather not meet 'em face to face.

STRANGER

All right, we've got that then. Think the world's a bad place and all that nonsense?

ASA

Sholy it ain't any better'n it ought to be, what with all the killing and the murdering and the whatnot. Now is it? Come.

STRANGER

I was reading where a man living on a farm back like this had a queer religion about inhaling from your own shoes when you took them off to go to bed so's to get back the strength lost by settling in the daytime. And there was something about not having the cow calf when the sun was "in his legs." "Awlmanick" expression—"in his legs." Ain't that right? You see I'm up on some of this already. There were three cities the man could see throwing light on the sky at night, which, being a God-fearing man, he called "the cities of the plain." According to him they kept getting brighter and brighter attempting like to turn night into day in the face of nature. You could judge how the Lord took it from the way the thunder storms kept increasing in number and destructiveness owing to the attraction of the electricity and the wiring. Stood to reason. Anyway the old man expected nothing but

that some night the Lord would fetch up a storm that would wipe out those cities in a blue blaze.

ASA

Wasn't it awful!

STRANGER

It hasn't happened yet. I suppose you've a notion or two like that. But *you* wouldn't know it if you had.

ASA

I don't hold with no such doctrine as that of inhaling from your own shoes, certain.

STRANGER

Ever been heard to say you like the innocent woods and fields and flowers like a poem in print?

ASA

Dunno's I have.

STRANGER

I guess it's just a case of plain damn fool; which ought not to be hard to give an imitation of. I supposed people that lived alone had to have something to say for themselves. But that's what comes of my being all bothered up with literary reading. You haven't got ideas enough to make a hermit's life interesting. And the reporter lied when he said you had. I'll bet he never came nearer than five miles of you. Afraid you'd spoil the story if he came too near. But what gets me is what you say to people in self-defense, the ministers for instance, when they tell you you've no right to keep yourself to yourself the way you do. How do you fend 'em off?

ASA

It's so long since I was bothered by anybody I've most forgotten.

STRANGER

I bet you have.

ASA

Orin knew how to send 'em about their business.

STRANGER

Orin by the side of you must have been someone . . . I guess if I can get the outside appearances right—Oh, one thing more: Neighbor with anyone?

ASA

No, as you may say, no.

STRANGER

Write any letters?—And your handwriting! I'll be sure to forget something in all this rush. Got a pencil? Here's a stub. On that paste-board box cover. Anywhere. Just your name. Write it two or three times—will you?—as long as it don't cost any more. What—what's that? Asie Gorrill. So it was: seems to me I remember it was Asie. (*After a considering pause, he goes to the window, draws aside the curtain and looks out.*) Those your pine woods?

ASA

It ain't right, mister, examining into me further and further. You ain't got time to plague me so—not if you're going to save your own skin—not if you're what you are by your own telling.

STRANGER

Never you mind me. You're rich, you old skivins. You own all that timber, and you wont touch it. Pretending to be poor! You're just as two-faced as the next man. I knew I could get something against you to work me up if I tried hard enough. Who are you saving the woods for? Any heirs? Me?

ASA

What does that mean?

STRANGER

It means I ought to kill you and skip the country with it under my arm.

ASA

I shouldn't think you'd feel (*he gulps aloud*) as much like joking as you appear to. Hee, hee.

STRANGER

Asie, I believe you're a bad lot and entitled to no more consideration than any other grown-up man. . . . About my age, though. About my build. All I'd have to do is cave in a little, slump—let my mouth and eyes hang open. Say, push the table back and walk up and down the way you've seen me doing. Them's orders. I'm not inviting you. Do it! . . . I'll thank you for what you have on your feet—slippers is it? How do I know they aren't some I made? Make you a present of my shoes.

ASA

Oh, I shan't need 'em. I mostly go barefoot anyway. I only slipped these on to haul wood.

STRANGER

Oh, wood. How do you haul wood? Wheelbarrow?

ASA

No, I drag it in, in poles two at a time, one under each arm. I take what's died standing—

STRANGER

(*Going to a bed-post*)

What's all this? Extra togs? Jumper? (*Comparing it with what Asa has on.*) Overalls? (*Comparing.*) Watch me! (*Putting on jumper and overalls.*) Light a light, why don't you?

ASA

Oh, I don't allow myself no lamp! I'll throw the stove

door open. I can put on some more wood. It's about my bed-time anyway.

STRANGER

I'm putting you to bed tonight. I'm going to let you stay up later than usual on account of company. Now watch me. (*He takes a turn up and down the room. Asa stumbles getting out of his way.*) No trouble about the thin voice. (*He speaks more or less in Asa's piping drawl from here on.*) Now I want you should let me show you something that'll amuse and maybe bother you. I'm going to mix us up like your potato and stringbeans, and then see if even you can tell us apart. The way I propose to do is to take both your hands like this and then whirl round and round with you till we're both so dizzy we'll fall down when we let go. Don't you resist or holler! I ain't agoing to hurt ye—*yet.* Only I've got to get up some sort of excitement to make it easier for both of us. And then when we're down, I want you should wait till you can see straight before you speak and try to tell which is which and which is t'other. Wait some time.

ASA

Let go of me. I know what you be; you're a crazy man from a madhouse.

STRANGER

You'd best humor me then. (*He lifts Asa's hands still higher and stands looking at him. The fire burns brighter and lights them unevenly.*) Old boy!

ASA

What is it?

STRANGER

I'm thinking—

ASA

What?

STRANGER

Old boy, are you happy?

ASA

Oh!

STRANGER

Are you happy? Have you anything to live for? Lord, didn't you ever ask yourself a question like that—with so much time on your hands? I ought not to expect it of you. It will take me to do this thing right when I come into office. Oh, well.

ASA

(*Looking wildly behind him toward the door*)

I wouldn't have believed it.

STRANGER

What was I telling you! It just shows that if you won't go to life, why life will come to you. I should think a man in your position would have to think such thoughts. I know I should. And you would if you'd ever read so much as a Sunday paper to set you going on them. But I mustn't be any longer with you. Come! One, two, three, swing! Swing, damn you! Don't hold back. Faster! . . . Faster!

(*Asa moans as he circles. The Stranger moans too. The slippers fly off his feet. After some time they break apart and go to the floor where they lie both moaning.*)

FIRST TO SPEAK

I know. I ain't lost track. It's you that done the crime!

SECOND

(*Screaming.*)

It's not! (*He half rises and falls back.*)

FIRST

It is! And I'm not afraid of you any more. You've got to

go. God will give me strength to wrastle with a rascal.

(*The Second snarls, throws himself backward, and faints. The First strikes him a blow with his fist on the head and drags him across the floor and out of the house. The room is left empty for some time. . . .*

(*A loud knock. Another. The door is thrown open. Heads appear in the doorway.*)

A VOICE

Gone to bed, Asie? His fire's lit. He can't be far off. Here he is now. (*The Hermit pushes in past them breathless and faces them from the table.*) We're after a man, Asie. You haven't seen him?

ASA

Ain't I though? He's been and gone.

A VOICE

How long since? Which way?

ASA

Not five minutes. Through the woods. He was dragging me off to kill when he heard you coming and run. I was going to follow, but I gave it up and came back. What's he been up to?

A VOICE

You're no good, Asie.

ANOTHER VOICE

What had you done to him to get him against you?

ASA

You'd better hurry. (*He beats the table with his fist.*)

A VOICE

Someone had better be not too far off so as to take care of Asie.

(*They confer, gradually closing the door. The minute they are gone, the Hermit snatches the socks off his feet and throws them into the fire. He picks up the pair of shoes on the floor and sends them the same way. He bolts the door softly. He stands listening.*)

SOMEONE

(*Later, as if repassing, sings out*):
Good-night, Asie!

THE HERMIT

(*Getting into bed so as to answer with his face in the pillow.*)
Good-night.

Curtain.

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Life, Art and America

By Theodore Dreiser

I DO not pretend to speak with any historic or sociologic knowledge of the sources of the American ethical, and therefore critical, point of view, though I suspect the origin, but I, personally, am at last convinced that, whatever its source or sense, it does not accord with the facts of life as I have noted or experienced them. To me, the average or somewhat standardized American is an odd, irregularly developed soul, wise and even froward in matters of mechanics, organizations, and anything that relates to technical skill in connection with material things, but absolutely devoid of any true spiritual insight, any correct knowledge of the history of literature or art, and confused by and mentally lost in or overcome by the multiplicity of the purely material and inarticulate details by which he finds himself surrounded.

As a boy in the small towns, in which I, at least, was raised, I personally had no slightest opportunity to get a correct or even partially correct estimate of what might be called the mental A B abs of life. I knew nothing of history, and there was not a book in any of the schools which I attended labeled either history, or science, or art, called to my attention, which contained the least suggestion of the rationale which I subsequently came to feel to be relatively true, or at least acceptable to me.

If I remember correctly, in the history of the world which was labeled Swinton's, the defeat of Napoleon, not his career, was pointed out as having had a great moral, if not Christian,

value to the world. His end on St. Helena (not the code Napoleon, or the hieratic and ultra economic arrangement of his material forces) was supposed to have achieved something for society! Similarly Socrates and his death were descanted on as having almost a religious, if not a Christian import. His death was painted as having been brought about by his higher moral views—not his private deeds! The true significance of the man as illustrated by the exact details of his life were utterly ignored. I could go on by the hour, the day, the week.

Personally, because my father was a Catholic, and I was baptized in that faith, I was supposed to accept all the dogma, as well as the legends of the Church, as true. In the life around me I saw flourishing the Methodist, the Baptist, the United Brethren, the Christian, the Congregationalist, the what-not churches, each one representing, according to its adherents, the exact historic and truthful development and interpretation of life or the world. As a fourteen or fifteen year old boy, I listened to sermons on hell, where it was, and what was the nature of its torments. As rewards for imaginary good behavior I have been given colored picture cards containing exact reproductions of heaven! Every newspaper that I have ever read, or still can find to read, has had an exact code of morals, by the light of which one might detect at once both Mr. Bad Man and Mr. Good Man, and so save one's self from the machinations of the former! The books which I was advised to read, and for the neglect of which I was frowned upon, were of that naive character known as pure. One should read only good books—which meant, of course, books from which any reference to sex had been eliminated and what followed as a natural consequence was that all intelligent interpretation of character and human nature was immediately discounted.

A picture of a nude or partially nude woman was sinful. A statue equally so. The dance in our home and our town

was taboo. The theater was an institution which led to crime. The saloon a center of low, even bestial, vices. The existence of such a thing as an erring or fallen woman, let alone a house of prostitution, was a crime, hardly a fact to be considered. There were forms and social appearances which we were taught to wear, quite as one wears a suit of clothes. One had to go to church on Sunday whether one wanted to or not. It was considered good business, if you please, to be connected with some religious organization, and, by the same token, this commercialized religiosity was transmuted into a glistening virtue! A young man who went to church for that reason was not a low mountebank or shameless interloper, but an individual of moral worth! We were taught persistently to shun most human experiences as either dangerous or degrading or destructive. The less you knew about life the better. The more you knew about the fictional heaven and hell, the same. People walked in a form of sanctified maze or dream, hypnotized or self-hypnotized by an erratic and impossible theory of human conduct, which had grown up heaven knows where or how, and had finally cast it amethystine spell over all America, if not over all the world.

Now, I have no particular quarrel with this, save that it is so impossible, so inane. In my day there were no really bad men who were not practically known as such to all the world, or at least quickly detected, and few, if any, good men who were not sufficiently rewarded by the glorious fruits of their good deeds! Positively, I stake my solemn word on this, until I was between seventeen and eighteen, I had scarcely begun to suspect that any other human being was so low as to harbor the erratic and sinful thoughts which occasionally flashed through my own mind.

At that time I was actually beginning to suspect that some of the things which had been laid down to me by one authority and another, and which I have here previously indicated in

a brief way, were not true. All so-called good men were not necessarily good, I was beginning to suspect, and all bad men not hopelessly bad. There were things in cities and towns which, as I was beginning to see, did not accord with the theories of the particular realm from which I sprang, and seemed to indicate another kind of human being, different to the type among which I had been raised. My mother, as I was beginning to suspect—admire her as much as I might—was a mere woman, not an angel; my father a mere, mere crotchety man. My sisters and brothers were individuals such as I soon began to find were breasting the stormy waters of life outside, and not very different to all other brothers and sisters—not perfect souls set apart from life, and happy in the contemplation of each other's perfections. In short, I was beginning to find the world a seething, stormy, bitter, gay, rewarding and destroying realm, in which the strong and the subtle and the charming and the magnetic were apt to be victors, and the weak and the homely and the ignorant and the dull were apt to be deprived of any interesting share, not because of any innate depravity but rather because of the lacks by which they were handicapped and which they could not possibly overcome.

Furthermore, there were other phases which I had previously scarcely suspected. The race, if you please, was to the swift, and the battle to the strong. All great successes, as I was beginning to discover for myself, were relatively gifts, the teachings of the self-helpers and the virtue mongers to the contrary notwithstanding. Artists, singers, actors, policemen, statesmen, generals, were born, not made. Sunday school maxims, outside of the narrowest precincts, did not apply. People might preach one thing on Sunday or in the bosom of their families or in the meeting places of conventional social groups, but they did not practise them except under compulsion, particularly in the stores and wholesale

houses and the marts of trade and exchange. Mark the phrase "under compulsion." I admit a vast compulsion which has nothing to do with the individual desires or tastes or impulses of individuals. That compulsion springs from the settling processes of forces, which we do not in the least understand, over which we have no control, and in whose grip we are as grains of dust or sand, blown hither and thither, for what purpose we cannot even suspect. Politics, as I soon found (working as a newspaper man and otherwise), was a low mess; religion, both as to its principles and its practitioners, a ghastly fiction based on sound and fury, signifying nothing; trade was a seething war in which the less subtle and the less swift or strong went under, while the more subtle succeeded; the professions were largely gathering places of weaklings, mediocrities or mercenaries, to be bought by, or sold to, the highest bidder.

The individual, as I found, was trying to do one thing: make himself happy, principally. Life was plainly trying to do another, or at least what it was doing involved no great concern for the welfare of any particular individual. He might live; he might die; he might be well fed; he might be hungry; he might accidentally, or by taking thought, ally himself with successful movements, or he might inherently, by some incapacity or fatality of disposition, involve himself in the drifts toward failure; he might be weak; he might be strong; he might be wise; he might be dull or narrow. Life in the large threshing sense in which we see it to move about us cared no whit for him. Why so many failures? I was constantly asking myself. Why so many stores closed for want of business? So many fires? So many cyclones? So many destroying epidemics? So many failures in health or in trade or by reason of vice or crime? So many, many individuals going down into the limbo of nothingness or failure, so few attaining to that vast and lonesome supremacy which all

were seeking? Why? Why? I persistently asked myself, and I have yet to find the answer in any current code of morals or ethics or the dogma of any religion.

However, it is not a picture of my own mental development that I am trying to put forward; rather one of life. My concern is with the mental and critical standards of America as they exist today, and of England, from which they seem to be derived. England—the home of bourgeois art and bourgeois accomplishment. The average American, as I have said before, has such an odd, such a naive conception of what the world is like, what it is that is taking place under his eyes and under the sun.

If you should chance to consult a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Lutheran, or any other current American sectarian, on this subject, you would find (which, after all, is a dull thing to point out at this day and date) that his conception of the things which he sees about him is bounded by what he was taught in his Sunday school or his church, or what he has stored up or gathered from the conventions of his native town. (His native town! Kind heaven!) And, although the world has stored up endless treasuries of knowledge in regard to itself chemically, sociologically, historically, philosophically—still the millions and millions who tramp the streets and occupy the stores and fill the highways and byways, and the fields, and the tenements of the city, have no faintest knowledge of this, or of anything else that can be said to be intellectually "doing." They live in theories and isms, and under codes dictated by a church or a state or an order of society, which has no least regard for or relationship to their natural mental development. The darkest side of democracy, like that of autocracies, is that it permits the magnetic and the cunning and the unscrupulous among the powerful individuals, to sway vast masses of the mob, not so much to their own immediate destruction as to the curtailment of their natural privi-

leges and the ideas which they should be allowed to entertain if they could think at all, and, incidentally, to the annoying and sometimes undoing of individuals who have the truest brain interests of the race at heart—Vide! Giordano Bruno! Jan Huss! Savonarola! Tom Paine! Walt Whitman! Edgar Allan Poe!

For, after all, as I have pointed out somewhere, the great business of life and mind is life. We are here, I take it, not merely to moon and vegetate, but to do a little thinking about this state in which we find ourselves. It is perfectly legitimate, all priests and theories and philosophies to the contrary notwithstanding, to go back, in so far as we may, to the primary sources of thought, *i. e.,* the visible scene, the actions and thoughts of people, the movements of nature and its chemical and physical subtleties, in order to draw original and radical conclusions for ourselves. The great business of an individual, if he has any time after struggling for life and a reasonable amount of entertainment or sensory satiation, should be this very thing. A man, if he can, should question the things that he sees—not some things, but everything—stand, as it were, in the center of this whirling storm of contradiction which we know as life, and ask of it its source and its import. Else why a brain at all? If only one could induce a moderate number of individuals, out of all that pass this way and come no more, apparently, to pause and think about life and take an individual point of view, the freedom and the individuality and the interest of the world might, I fancy, be greatly enhanced. We complain of the world as dull, at times. If it is so, lack of thinking by individuals is the reason. But to ask the poor, half-equipped mentality of the mass to think, to be individual—what an anachronism! You might as well ask of a rock to move, or a tree to fly.

Nevertheless, here in America, by reason of an idealistic constitution which is largely a work of art and not a workable

system, you see a nation dedicated to so-called intellectual and spiritual freedom, but actually devoted with an almost bee-like industry to the gathering and storing and articulation and organization and use of purely material things. In spite of all our base-drum announcement of our servitude to the intellectual ideals of the world (copied mostly, by the way, from England) no nation has ever contributed less, philosophically or artistically or spiritually, to the actual development of the intellect and the spirit. I shall have more to say concerning this later on. We have invented many things, it is true, which have relieved man from the crushing weight of a too-grinding toil, and this perhaps may be the sole mission of America in the world and the universe, its destiny, its end. Personally, I think it is not a half bad thing to have done, and the submarine and the flying machine and the armored dreadnought, no less than the sewing machine and the cotton gin and the binder and the reaper and the cash register and the trolley car and the telephone, may, in the end, or perhaps already have, proved as significant in breaking the chains of physical and mental slavery of man as anything else. I do not know.

One thing I do know is that America seems profoundly interested in these things, to the exclusion of anything else. It has no time, you might almost say, no taste, to stop and contemplate life in the large, from an artistic or a philosophic point of view. Yet, after all, when all the machinery for lessening man's burdens has been invented, and all the safeguards for his preservation completed and possibly shattered by forces too deep or superior for his cunning, may not a phrase, a line of poetry, or a single act of some half forgotten tragedy be all that is left of what we now see or dream of as materially perfect? For, after all, is it not a thought alone, of many famous and powerful things that have already gone, that alone endures—a thought conveyed by art as a medium?

But let me not become too remote or too fine-spun in my conception of the ultimate significance of art itself. The point which I wish to make here is just this: That in a land so devoted to the material, although dedicated by its constitution to the ideal, the condition of art and intellectual freedom is certainly anomalous. Your trade and your trust builder, most obviously dominant in America at this time, is of all people most indifferent to, or most unconscious of, the ultimate and pressing claims of mind and spirit as expressed by art. If you doubt this, you have only to look about you to see for what purposes, to what end, the increment of men of wealth and material power in America is devoted. We have something like twenty-five hundred colleges and schools and institutions of various kinds, largely furthered by the money of American men of wealth, and all devoted to the development of the mental equipment of man, so we are told, yet all set with the most flinty firmness against anything which is related to truly radical investigation, or thought, or action, or art.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the American constitution and the American oratorical address of all and sundry occasions, the average American school, college, university, institution, is very much against the development of the individual in the true sense of that word. What it really wants is not an individual, but an automatic copy of some altruistic and impossible ideal, which has been formulated here and in England, under the domination of Christianity. This is literally true. I defy you to read any college or university prospectus or address or plea, which concerns the purposes or the ideals of these institutions, and not agree with me. They are not after individuals, they are after types or schools of individuals, all to be very much alike, all to be like themselves. And what type? Listen. I know of an American college professor in one of our successful state universities who had this to say of the male graduates of his institution, after having watched

the output for a number of years: "They are all right, quite satisfactory as machines for the production of material wealth or for the maintenance of certain forms of professional skill, now very useful to the world, but as for having ideas of their own, being creators or men with the normal impulses and passions of manhood, they do not fulfill the requisite in any respect. They are little more than types, machines, made in the image and likeness of their college. They do not think; they cannot think, because they are bound hard and fast by the iron band of convention. They are moral young beings, Christian beings, model beings, but they are not men in the creative sense, and by far the large majority will never do a single original thing until by chance or necessity the theories and the conventions imposed or generated by their training and their surroundings are broken, and they become free, independent, self thinking individuals."

I know of one woman's college, for instance, an American institution of the very highest standing which, since its inception, has sent forth into life some thousands of graduates and post graduates, to battle life as they may for individual supremacy or sensory comfort. They are, or were, supposed to be individuals, capable of individual thought, procedure, invention, development, yet out of all of them, not one has ever even entered upon any creative or artistic labor of any kind. Not one. (Write me for the name of the college, if you wish.) There is not a chemist, a physiologist, a botanist, a biologist, an historian, a philosopher, an artist, of any kind or repute, among them, not one. No one of them has attained to even passing repute in these fields. They are secretaries to corporations, teachers, missionaries, college librarians, educators in any of the scores of pilfered meanings that may be attached to that much abused word. They are curators, directors, keepers. They are not individuals in the true sense of that word; they have not been taught to think, they are not free. They do not

invent, lead, create. They only copy or take care of, yet they are graduates of this college and its theory, mostly ultra conventional or, worse yet, anaemic, and glad to wear its collar, to clank the chains of its ideas or ideals—automatons in a social scheme whose last and final detail was outlined to them in the classrooms of their alma mater. That, to me, is one phase, amusing enough, of intellectual freedom in America.

But the above is a mere detail in any chronicle or picture of the social or intellectual state of the United States. No country in the world, at least none that I know anything about, has such a peculiar, such a seemingly fierce determination, to make the Ten Commandments work. It would be amusing if it were not pitiful, their faith in these binding religious ideals. I, for one, have never been able to make up my mind whether this springs from the zealotry of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth Rock, or whether it is indigenous to the soil (which I doubt when I think of the Indians who preceded the whites), or whether it is a product of the federal constitution, compounded by such idealists as Paine and Jefferson and Franklin, and the more or less religious and political dreamers of the pre-constitutional days. Certain it is that no profound moral idealism animated the French in Canada, the Dutch in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey, or the mixed French and English in the extreme south and New Orleans.

The first shipload of white women that was ever brought to America was sold, almost at so much a pound. They were landed at Jamestown. The basis of all the first large fortunes was laid, to speak plainly, in graft—the most outrageous concessions obtained abroad. The history of our relations with the American Indians is sufficient to lay any claim to financial or moral virtue or worth in the white men who settled this country. We debauched, then robbed and murdered them. There is no other conclusion to be drawn from the facts covering that relationship as set down in any history worthy of

the name. In regard to the development of our land, our canals, our railroads, and the vast organizations supplying our present day necessities, their history is a complex of perjury, robbery, false witness, extortion, and indeed every crime to which avarice, greed and ambition are heir. If you do not believe this, examine at your leisure the various congressional and state legislative investigations which have been held on an average of every six months since the government was founded, and see for yourself. The cunning and unscrupulousness of American brains can be matched against any the world has ever known, not even excepting the English.

But an odd thing in connection with this financial and social criminality is that it has been consistently and regularly ac companied, outwardly at least, by a religious and a sex puritanism which would be scarcely believable if it were not true. I do not say that the robbers and thieves who did so much to build up our great commercial and social structures were in themselves inwardly or outwardly always religious or puritanically moral from the sex point of view, although in regard to the latter, they most frequently made a show of so being. But I do say this, that the communities and the states and the nation in which they were committing their depredations have been individually and collectively, in so far as the written, printed and acted word are concerned, and in pictures and music, militantly pure and religious during all the time that this has been going forward under their eyes, and, to a certain extent, with their political consent. Why? I have a vague feeling that it is the American of Anglo-Saxon origin only who has been most vivid in his excitement over religion and morals where the written, printed, acted, or painted word was concerned, yet who, at the same time, and perhaps for this very reason, was failing or deliberately refusing to see, the contrast which his ordinary and very human actions presented to all this. Was he a hypocrite? Oh, well!—is he

one? I hate to think it, but he certainly acts the part exceedingly well. Either he is that or a fool—take your choice.

Your American of Anglo-Saxon or any other origin is actually no better, spiritually or morally, than any other creature of this earth, be he Turk or Hindu or Chinese, except from a materially constructive or wealth-breeding point of view, but for some odd reason or another, he thinks he is. The only real difference is that, cast out or spewed out by conditions over which he had no control elsewhere, he chanced to fall into a land overflowing with milk and honey. Nature in America was, and still is, kind to the lorn foreigner seeking a means of subsistence, and he seems to have immediately attributed this to three things: First, his inherent capacity to dominate and control wealth; second, the especial favor of God to him; third, to his superior and moral state (due, of course, to his possession of wealth). These three things, uncorrected as yet by any great financial pressure, or any great natural or world catastrophe, have served to keep the American in his highly romantic state of self deception. He still thinks that he is a superior spiritual and moral being, infinitely better than the creatures of any other land, and nothing short of a financial cataclysm, which will come with the pressure of population on resources, will convince him that he is not. But that he will yet be convinced is a certainty. You need not fear. Leave it to nature.

One of the interesting phases of this puritanism or phariseeism is his attitude toward women and their morality and their purity. If ever a people has refined eroticism to a greater degree than the American, I am not aware of it. Owing to a theory or the doctrinaire acceptance of the Mary legend (Mary-olotry, no less), the good American, capable of the same gross financial crimes previously indicated, has been able to look upon most women, but more particularly those above him in the social scale, as considerably more than

human—angelic, no less, and possessed of qualities the like of which are not to be found in any breathing being, man, woman, child, or animal. It matters not that his cities and towns, like those of any other nation, are rife with sex; that in each one are specific and often large areas devoted to Eros or Venus, or both. While maintaining them, he is still blind to their existence or import. He or his boys or his friends go—but—.

Only a sex blunted nature or race such as the Anglo-Saxon could have built up any such asinine theory as this. The purity, the sanctity, the self-abnegation, the delicacy of women—how these qualities have been exaggerated and dinned into our ears, until at last the average scrubby non-reasoning male, quite capable of visiting the gardens of Venus, or taking a girl off the street, is no more able to clearly visualize the creature before him than he is the central wilds of Africa which he has never seen. A princess, a goddess, a divine mother or creative principle, all the virtues, all the perfections, no vices, no weaknesses, no errors—some such hodge-podge as this has come to be the average Anglo-Saxon, or at least American, conception of the average American woman. I do not say that a portion of this illusion is not valuable—I think it is. But as it stands now, she is too good to be true: a paragon, a myth! Actually, she doesn't exist at all as he has been taught to imagine her. She is nothing more than a two-legged biped like the rest of us, but in consequence of this delusion sex itself, being a violation of this paragon, has become a crime. We enter upon the earth, it is true, in a none too artistic manner (conceived in iniquity and born in sin, is the biblical phrasing of it), but all this has long since been glozed over—ignored—and to obviate its brutality as much as possible, the male has been called upon to purify himself in thought and deed, to avoid all private speculation as to women and his relationship to them, and, much more

than that, to avoid all public discussion, either by word of mouth or the printed page.

To think of women or to describe them as anything less than the paragon previously commented upon, has become, by this process, not only a sin—it is a shameful infraction of the moral code, no less. Women are too good, the sex relationship too vile a thing, to be mentioned or even thought of. We must move in a mirage of illusion. We must not know what we really do. We must trample fact under foot and give fancy, in the guise of our so-called better natures, free rein. How this must affect or stultify the artistic and creative faculties of the race itself must be plain. Yet that is exactly where we stand today, ethically and spiritually, in regard to sex and women, and that is what is the matter with American social life, letters and art.

I do not pretend to say that this is not a workable and a satisfactory code in case any race or nation chooses to follow it, but I do say it is deadening to the artistic impulse, and I mean it. Imagine a puritan or a moralist attempting anything in art, which is nothing if not a true reflection of insight into life! Imagine! And contrast this moral or art narrowness with his commercial, or financial, or agricultural freedom and sense, and note the difference. In regard to all the latter, he is cool, sceptical, level-headed, understanding, natural—consequently well developed in those fields. In regard to this other, he is illusioned, theoretic, religious. In consequence, he has no power, except for an occasional individual who may rise in spite of these untoward conditions (to be frowned upon) to understand, much less picture, life as it really is. Artistically, intellectually, philosophically, we are weaklings; financially, and in all ways commercial we are very powerful. So one-sided has been our development that in this latter respect we are almost giants. Strange, almost fabulous creatures, have been developed here by this process, men so

singularly devoid of a rounded human nature that they have become freaks in this one direction—that of money getting. I refer to Rockefeller, Gould, Sage, Vanderbilt the first, H. H. Rogers, Carnegie, Frick. Strong in all but this one capacity, the majority of our great men stand forth as true human rarities, the like of which has scarcely ever been seen before.

America could be described as the land of Bottom the Weaver. And by Bottom I mean the tradesman or manufacturer who by reason of his enthusiasm for the sale of paints or powder or threshing machines or coal, has accumulated wealth and, in consequence and by reason of the haphazard privileges of democracy, has strayed into a position of counsellor, or even dictator, not in regard to the things about which he might readily be supposed to know, but about the many things about which he would be much more likely not to know: art, science, philosophy, morals, public policy in general. You recall him, of course, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," unconscious of his furry ears and also that he does not know how to play the lion's part—that it is more difficult than mere roaring. Here he is now, in America, enthroned as a lion, and in his way he is an epitome of the Anglo-Saxon temperament. All merchants, judges, lawyers, priests, politicians—what a goodly company of Bottoms they are. Solidified, they are Bottom to the life.

Bottom is so wise in his own estimation. He never once suspects his furry ears or that he is not a perfect actor in the role of the lion—or (if you will take it for what it is meant) the arts. He is just a dull weaver, really, made by this dream of our constitution ("an exposition of sleep" come upon him) into a roaring lion—in his own estimation. No one must say that Bottom is not: he will be driven out of the country—deported or exiled. No one must presume to practise the arts save as Bottom understands them. If you do, presto, there is

his henchman Comstock and all Comstockery to take you into custody. Men who have come here from foreign shores (England excepted) have been amazed at Bottom's ears and his presumption in passing upon what is a lion's part in life. Indeed he is the Anglo-Saxon temperament personified. He is convinced that liberty was not made for Oberon or Peaseblossom or Cobweb or Mustard, but for bishops and executives and wholesale grocers and men who have become vastly rich canning tomatoes or selling oil. We must be "marvelous furry about the face" and do things his way, to be free. The great desire of Bottom is for all of us to have furry ears and long ones and to believe that he is the greatest actor in the world. He is bewildered by a world that will not play Pyramus his way. Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling (all those who came over with him in the Mayflower) agree that he is a great actor, but there are others, and Bottom is convinced that these others are in error—trying to wreck that dream, the American Constitution, which brought this "exposition of sleep" upon him and made him into a lion—"marvelous furry about the face" and with great ears.

Alas, alas! for art in America. It has a hard, stubby row to hoe.

But my quarrel is not with America as a comfortable industrious atmosphere in which to move and have one's being, but largely because it is no more than that—because it tends to become a dull, conventionalized, routine, material world, duller even that its reputed mother, sacred England. We are drifting, unless most of the visible signs are deceiving, into the clutches of a commercial oligarchy whose mental standards outside of trade are so puerile as to be scarcely worth discussing. Contemplate, if you please, what has happened to one of the shibboleths or bulwarks of our sacred liberties and intellectual freedom, i. e., the newspaper, under the dominance

of trade. Look at it. I have not time here to stop and set forth *seriatim* all the charges that have been made, and in the main thoroughly substantiated, against the American newspaper. But consider for yourselves the newspapers which you know and read. How much, I ask you, if you are in trade, do the newspapers you know, know about trade? How much actual truth do they tell? How far could you follow their trade judgment or understanding? And if you are a member of any profession, how much reported professional knowledge or news, as presented by a newspaper, can you rely on? If a newspaper reported a professional man's judgment or dictum in regard to any important professional fact, how fully would you accept it without other corroborative testimony?

You are a play-goer: do you believe the newspaper dramatic critics? You are a student of literature: do you accept the mouthings of their literary critics or even look to them for advice? You are an artist or a lover of art: do you follow the newspapers for anything more than the barest intelligence as to the whereabouts of anything artistic? I doubt it. And in regard to politics, finance, social movements and social affairs, are they not actually the darkest, the most misrepresentative, frequently the most biased and malicious guides in the world of the printed word? Take their mouthings concerning ethics and morals alone and contrast them, if you please, with their private policy or their financial connections —the forces by which they are directed, editorially and otherwise. I am not speaking of all newspapers, but never mind the exception. It is always unimportant in mass conditions, anyhow. Newspaper criticism, like newspaper leadership, has already long since come to be looked upon by the informed and intelligent as little more than the mouthings or bellowings of mercenaries or panderers to trade, or, worse still, rank incompetents. The newspaper man, *per se,* either does not

know or cannot help himself. The newspaper publisher is very glad of this and uses his half intelligence or inability to further his own interests. Politicians, administrations, department stores, large interests and personalities of various kinds, use or control or compel newspapers to do their bidding. This is a severe indictment to make against the press in general. Is it not literally true? Do you not, of your own knowledge, know it to be so?

Take again the large, the almost dominant religious and commercial organizations of America. What relationship, if any, do they bear to a free mental development, a refined taste, a subtle understanding, art or life in its poetic or tragic moulds, its drift, its character? Would you personally look to the Methodist, or the Presbyterian, or the Catholic, or the Baptist church to further individualism, or freedom of thought, or directness of mental action, or art in any form? Do not they really ask of all their adherents that they lay aside this freedom in favor of the reported word or dictum of a fabled, a non-historic, an imaginary ruler, of the universe? Think of it. And they are among the powerful, constructive, and controlling elements in government—in this government, to be accurate—dedicated and presumably devoted to individual liberty, not only of so-called conscience, but of constructive thought and art.

And our large corporations, with their dominant and controlling captains of industry, so-called. What about their relationship to individuality, the freedom of the individual to think for himself—to grow along constructural lines? Take, for instance, the tobacco trust, the oil trust, the milk trust, the coal trust—in what way, do you suppose, do they help? Are they actively seeking a better code of ethics, a wider historic or philosophic perspective, a more delicate art perception for the individual, or are they definitely and permanently concerned with the customary bludgeoning tactics of trade, piling

up fortunes out of which they are to be partially bled later by pseudo art collectors and swindling dealers in antiques and so-called historic art and literature? Of current life and its accomplishments, what do they actually know? Yet this is a democracy. Here, as in every other realm of the world, the individual is permitted, compelled, to seek his own material and mental salvation as best he may. The trouble with a democracy as opposed to an autocracy, with a line of titled idlers permitted the gift of leisure and art indulgence, is that there is no central force or group to foster art, to secure letters and art in their inalienable rights, to make of superior thought a noble and a sacred thing. I am not saying that democracy will not yet produce such a central force or group. I believe it can and will. I believe when the time arrives it may prove to be better than any form of hereditary autocracy. But I am talking about the mental, the social, the artistic condition of America as it is today.

To me it is a thing for laughter, if not for tears: one hundred million Americans, rich (a fair percentage of them, anyhow) beyond the dreams of avarice, and scarcely a sculptor, a poet, a singer, a novelist, an actor, a musician, worthy of the name. One hundred and forty years (almost two hundred, counting the Colonial days) of the most prosperous social conditions, a rich soil, incalculable deposits of gold, silver, and precious and useful metals and fuels of all kinds, a land amazing in its mountains, its streams, its valley prospects, its wealth-yielding powers, and now its tremendous cities and far-flung facilities for travel and trade, and yet contemplate it. Artists, poets, thinkers, where are they? Run them over in your mind. Has it produced a single philosopher of the first rank—a Spencer, a Nietzsche, a Schopenhauer, a Kant? Do I hear someone offering Emerson as an equivalent? or James? Has it produced a historian of the force of either Macauley or Grote or Gibbon? A novelist of the rank of

Turgenev, de Maupassant, or Flaubert? A scientist of the standing of Crooks or Roentgen or Pasteur? A critic of the insight and force of Taine, Sainte-Beuve or the de Goncourts? A dramatist the equivalent of Ibsen, Chekhov, Shaw, Hauptmann, Brieux? An actor, since Booth, of the force of Coquelin, Sonnenthal, Forbes-Robertson, or Sarah Bernhardt? Since Whitman, one poet, Edgar Lee Masters. In painting, a Whistler, an Inness, a Sargent. Who else? (And two of these shook the dust of our shores forever.) Inventors, yes. By the hundreds, one might almost say by the thousands. Some of them amazing enough, in all conscience, world figures, and enduring for all time. But of what relationship to art—the supreme freedom of the mind?

I have been asked to comment on the moral, the social, drift of America, as this relates itself to mental freedom. Look at it for yourself. What is there to say really? What?

The most significant and, to me, discouraging manifestation in connection with the United States today, is the tendency to even narrower and more puritanic standards than have obtained in the past. In all conscience, up to this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen, they have been bad enough. As a matter of fact, America, in its hundred years of life, has not even reached the intellectual maturity that goes in individual cases with a stripling of eighteen.

I am constantly astonished by the thousands of men, exceedingly capable in some mechanical or narrow technical sense, whose world or philosophic vision is that of a child. As a nation, we accept and believe naively in such impossible things. I am not thinking alone of the primary tenets of all religions, which are manifestly based on nothing at all, and which millions of Americans, along with the humbler classes of other countries, accept, but rather of those sterner truths which life itself teaches—the unreliability of human nature; the crass chance which strikes down and destroys our finest

dreams; the fact that man in all his relations is neither good nor evil, but both.

The American, by some hocus pocus of atavism, has seemingly borrowed or retained from lower English middle-class puritans all their fol de rol notions about making human nature perfect by fiat or edict—the written word, as it were, which goes with all religions. So, although by reason of the coarsest and most brutal methods, we, as a nation, have built up one of the most interesting and domineering oligarchies in the world, we are still by no means aware of the fact.

All men, in the mind of the unthinking American, are still free and equal. They have in themselves certain inalienable rights; what they are, when you come to test them, no human being can discover. Your so-called rights disappear like water before a moving boat. They do not exist. Life here, as elsewhere, comes down to the brutal methods of nature itself. The rich strike the poor at every turn; the poor defend themselves and further their lives by all the tricks which stark necessity can conceive. No inalienable right keeps the average cost of living from rising steadily, while most of the salaries of our idealistic Americans are stationary. No inalienable right has ever yet prevented the strong from either tricking or browbeating the weak. And, although by degrees the average American everywhere is feeling more and more keenly the sharpening struggle for existence, yet his faith in his impossible ideals is as fresh as ever. God will save the good American, and seat him at His right hand on the Golden Throne.

On earth the good American is convinced that the narrower and more colorless his life here the greater his opportunity for a more glorious life hereafter. His pet theory is that man is made useful and successful and constructive—a perfect man, in short—by the kinds and numbers of things he is not permitted to do or think or say. A pale, narrow, utterly

restrained life, according to his theory, is the perfect one. If one accepted St. James's version and kept utterly unspotted by the world, entirely out of contact with it, he would be the perfect American. Indeed, ever since the Mayflower landed, and the country began to grow westward, we have been convinced that we were destined to make the Ten Commandments, in all their arbitrary perfection, work. One might show readily enough that America attained its amazing position in life by reason of the fact that, along with boundless opportunities, the Ten Commandments did not and do not work, but what would be the use? With one hand the naive American takes and executes with all the brutal insistence of nature itself; with the other he writes glowing platitudes concerning brotherly love, virtue, purity, truth, etc., etc.

A part of this right or left hand tendency, as the case might be, is seen in the constant desire of the American to reform something. No country in the world, not even England, the mother of fol de rol reforms, is so prolific in these frail ventures as this great country of ours. In turn we have had campaigns for the reform of the atheist, the drunkard, the lecher, the fallen woman, the buccaneer financier, the drug fiend, the dancer, the theatregoer, the reader of novels, the wearer of low-neck dresses and surplus jewelry—in fact, every human taste and frivolity, wherever sporadically it has chanced to manifest itself with any interesting human force. Your reformer's idea is that any human being, to be a successful one, must be a pale spindling sprout, incapable of any vice or crime. And all the while the threshing sea of life is sounding in his ears. The thief, the lecher, the drunkard, the fallen woman, the greedy, the inordinately vain, as in all ages past, pass by his door, and are not the whit less numerous for the unending campaigns which have been launched to save them. In other words, human nature is human nature, but your American cannot be made to believe it.

He will not give up the illusion which was piled safely in the hold of the Mayflower when it set sail. He is going to reform man and the world willy nilly, and, while in his rampant idealism he is neglecting to build up a suitable army and navy wherewith to defend himself, he is busy propagating little cults whereby man is to be made less vigorous, more the useless anaemic thing that he has in mind.

Personally, my quarrel is with America's quarrel with original thought. It is so painful to me to see one after another of our alleged reformers tilting Don Quixote-like at the giant windmills of fact. We are to have no pictures which the puritan and the narrow, animated by an obsolete dogma, cannot approve of. We are to have no theatres, no motion pictures, no books, no public exhibitions of any kind, no speech even, which will in any way contravene his limited view of life. A few years ago it was the humble dealer in liquor whose life was anathemetized, and whose property was descended upon with torches, axes and bombs. Now comes prohibition. A little later, our cities growing and the sections devoted to the worship of Venus becoming more manifest, the Vice Crusader was bred, and we had the spectacle of whole areas of fallen women scattered to the four winds, and allowed to practise separately what they could not do collectively. Then came Mr. Comstock, vindictive, persistent, and with a nose and a taste for the profane and erotic, such as elsewhere has not been equaled since. Pictures, books, the theatre, the dance, the studio—all came under his watchful eye. During the twenty or thirty years in which he acted as a United States Postoffice Inspector, he was, because of his dull charging against things which he did not rightly understand, never out of the white light of publicity which he so greatly craved. One month it would be a novel by D'Annunzio; another, a set of works by Balzac or de Maupassant, found in the shade of some grovelly bookseller's shop; the

humble photographer attempting a nude; the painter who allowed his reverence for Raphael to carry him too far; the poet who attempted a recrudescence of Don Juan in modern iambics, was immediately seized upon and hauled before an equally dull magistrate, there to be charged with his offense and to be fined accordingly. All this is being continued with emphasis.

Then came the day of the White Slave Chasers, and now no American city, and no backwoods Four Corners, however humble, is complete without a vice commission of some kind, or at least a local agent or representative, charged with the duty of keeping the art, the literature, the press, and the private lives of all those at hand up to that standard of perfection which only the dull can set for themselves.

Several years ago, when the White Slave question was at its whitest heat, the problem of giving expression to its fundamental aspects was divided between raiding plays which attempted to show the character of the crime in too graphic a manner, and licensing those which appealed to the intelligence of those who were foremost in the crusade. Thus we had the spectacle of an uncensored, but nevertheless approved, ten-reel film showing more details of the crime and better methods of securing white slaves, than any other production of the day, running undisturbed to packed houses all over the country, while two somewhat more dramatic, but far less effective distributors of information in the way of plays were successfully harried from city to city and finally withdrawn.

Shakespeare has been ordered from the schools in some of the states. A production of "Antony and Cleopatra" has been raided in Chicago. Japanese prints of a high art value, intended for the seclusion of a private collection, have been seized and the most valuable of them held to be destroyed. By turns, an artistic fountain to Heine in New York, loan exhibits of paintings in Denver, Kansas City, and elsewhere, scores of

books by Stevenson, James Lane Allen, Frances H. Burnett, have been attacked, not only, as in the case of the latter, with the invisible weapons of the law, as might be expected, but, in regard to the former, with actual axes. A male dancer of repute and some artistic ability, has been raided publicly by the Vice Crusaders for his shameless exposure of his person! No play, no picture, no book, no public or private jubilation of any kind, is complete any more without its vice attack.

To me this sort of thing is dull, and bespeaks the low state to which our mental activities have fallen. When it comes to the matter of serious letters it is the worst. In New York a literary reign of terror has been and is now being attempted. The publisher of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's latest novel is warned before he brings it out that he will be prosecuted—a work that probably has no more defect than being intelligent and true. Similarly, Mr. Przybyszewski's "Homo Sapiens"—a by no means pornographic work—was at once seized on its appearance, and the publishers frightened into withdrawing it. This was true of "Hagar Ravelly," "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," "Sapho," "Jude the Obscure," "Rose of Dutchers Cooley," "A Lady of Quality," "A Summer in Arcady," and indeed scores of others. Imagine banning a book like "A Summer in Arcady" from the public libraries! And now "The Sexual Question," by the eminent August Forel, has been banned also. Think of it—the work of a scientist of Forel's attainments being banned!

This sort of interference with serious letters is, to me, the worst and most corrupting form of espionage which is conceivable to the human mind. It plumbs the depths of ignorance and intolerance; if not checked, it can and will dam initiative and inspiration at the source. Life, if it is anything at all, is a thing to be observed, studied, interpreted. We cannot know too much about it, because as yet we know nothing. It is our one great realm of discovery. The artist, if

left to himself, may be safely trusted to observe, synchronize, and articulate human knowledge in the most palatable and delightful form. Human nature will seek and have what it needs, the vice crusaders to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no compulsion on any one to read. One must pay to do so. What is more, one must have taste inherently to select, and a brain and a heart to understand. With all these safeguards and a double score of capable critics in every land to praise or blame, what need really is there for a censor, or a dozen of them, each far less fitted than any of the working critics, to indulge his personal predilection and opposition, and to appeal to the courts if he is disagreed with?

Personally, I rise to protest. I look on this interference with serious art and serious minds as an outrage. I fear for the ultimate intelligence of America, which in all conscience, judged by world standards, is low enough. In our youth and conceit we think ourselves wise. Intelligent cosmopolitans actually know that our ignorance is appalling. In the main we are unbelievably dull and wishy-washy. Now appears a band of wasp-like censors to put the finishing touches on a literature and an art that has struggled all too feebly as it is. Poe, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Thoreau, each in turn was the butt and jibe of unintelligent Americans, until by now we are well nigh the laughing stock of the world. Where is it to end? When will we lay aside our swaddling clothes, enforced on us by ignorant, impossible puritans and their uneducated followers, and stand up, free thinking men and women? Life is to be learned as much from books and art as from life itself—almost more so, in my judgment. Art is the stored honey of the human soul, gathered on wings of misery and travail. Shall the dull and the self-seeking and the self-advertising close this store on the groping human mind?

THE SEVEN ARTS

AN EXPRESSION OF ARTISTS FOR THE COMMUNITY

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WHAT is an artist? Is he superman or child-man, beyond the normal or beneath, neurotic or healthy? We have associated with him many strange and abnormal manifestations. We think of Poe and his alcoholism, of Schiller inspired by a room reeking with rotten apples, of Wagner with his aberrations of temper and his velvet dressing gowns, of Byron and the Don Juan streak, and may have come to agree with Shakespeare that

> "The lunatic, the lover and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact."

But in an article in this issue, Mr. Kuttner, following after Otto Rank, the Freudian psychologist, makes a different diagnosis. He would class the poet neither with lover nor

lunatic, but somewhere between the two: that is, if "lover" stand for so-called normal man under the influence of passion. Our everyday man lives in his affairs, his relationships and his business: our lunatic is swamped and engulfed in his own phantasies which he mistakes for "reality." Our everyday man, as it were, lives above water in the air of facts: our lunatic is submerged and never comes up. And our artist is neither and both, because he not only has a tendency to sink into himself under the blows of the world, but by his gift he does not remain submerged; instead, he comes up into the world of facts, bearing in his hands his salvation, namely, his work of art. In other words, the stuff of art is phantasy; phantasy is the world of the neurosis; but the artist makes of phantasy a work for the actual world, and so escapes remaining within himself.

I BELIEVE Mr. Kuttner would be the first one to agree that this problem is still at a speculative stage; and since this is so, it might be well to indulge in further speculation, and from a divergent viewpoint. To me, what Mr. Kuttner says in effect is this: "You artists are not normal. That is a sign that you are artists. Of course you should be normal; or you will be, at any rate, if you ever are psychoanalyzed. And of course as soon as you become normal, you will cease to be artists. For it stands to reason that your man of the world of facts would not be driven back into phantasy, and such abnormality. Instead of fleeing life, and seeking himself, he would embrace life, and, as in the fable I quote, take the woman herself instead of painting her picture." Now here's the answer of any true artist: "If being neurotic is the price I must pay to remain an artist, I shall never become a normal human being. Shall art die out, for lack of a handful of heroes?"

MY own feeling is that this is not the problem that confronts the artist. According to my viewpoint, the artist is not a middleman selling the stuff of neurotics to his normal customers: he is no in-between type in this way. He is not, in other words, an inferior type. Nor is the term "artist" opposed to "genius," though not all geniuses are artists, nor all artists, geniuses. What, however, is normality? Who are the normal? The Freudians picture the life of civilized man as a perpetual conflict between animal and savage impulses and the conventions, laws, taboos and ethics of society. Since it is destruction to choose savagery, the majority choose to submit; and they gain their submission by sternly repressing any contrary tendencies. They adapt. They are the normal. The abnormal, however, fail in their repression: the inner conflict goes on raging, and the failure of their repression is registered in the symptoms of their neurosis. With them the artist seems to belong, and we can call his art one of the symptoms of his condition. But only one of the symptoms: the wound remains in him and is never healed.

NOW first let us see normality a little more clearly. A man shuts off his instinctive wishes, and becomes conventionalized: he fits himself into the ready-made mold of society: he takes the pattern that is imposed on him. And the name of this man is Legion. He is, in Nietzsche's phrase, "the many-too-many". If this is so, then obviously the world has been saved by neurotics; saved by the mold-breakers, the mold-makers, the insurgents, rebels, creators; by those whom the biologists term "sports". The path of evolution lies through the variation, not through the average. It lies through the Christs, Michelangelos and Caesars. Hence, to follow Mr. Kuttner a bit further, if only we can achieve thorough normality, we shall not only wipe out the arts, but also the

entire future; and a science, *i. e.,* analytic psychology, which has this for its aim, is an enemy of the human race.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM, surely. And Mr. Kuttner would laugh at this idea. We must then speculate a little further, and venture the hypothesis that variations do exist; that artists, and such unusual folk, are born, not made. They come into the world with that difference in them which makes adaptation difficult. If they are weak, they succumb to their weakness, and thus become neurotics. If they are built of tougher fibre, they fight their way against environment, either by actual social raids in the manner of a Napoleon or a Luther, or by a production out of themselves of ideal works in which they seek the satisfaction of their unusual wishes. Nevertheless, it is true that most artists do not win a complete victory. Their work does not heal them: the wound remains, the conflict goes on raging, and they find it impossible to live fully and freely. They suffer a lifetime, like an Ibsen or a Strindberg or a Michelangelo.

NOW my belief is that we must classify such artists as sub-normal, and that we must say, that the problem is, not to make them normal, but rather to make them super-normal. Normality means repression, with its corollary of conventionality. What should be sought after is not to teach the artist to repress his desires, but to express them; and not to express them in nature's way, in a mere savage manner, but to express them in those human, those higher ways that fall under the head of sublimation. In other words, since the artist is born a variation, no theurapeutic technic is going to make him normal; but the right sort of aid is going to give his gift a clearer channel for its expression. Instead of wasting

much of his energy in fighting himself, in being misunderstood, in becoming the victim of childish habits, he is to understand himself, to be able to see and analyze the causes of his maladjustments, to overcome his childishness, and so be free to devote his total energy to his work and to the world. He may then render unto Caeser that which belongs to Caeser, and render unto God that which belongs to God: he may be at the same time, both a citizen and an artist.

OF course, the fact is that many geniuses of the race came close to this victory. Shakespeare adapted enough to "reality"—meaning the business of life—to be a successful play producer, Goethe to be a scientist and states' counsellor, Milton to serve England twenty years as a statesman, and Rodin is known for his simplicity, approachableness and normal conduct. And in none of these cases does it appear for a moment that there was any loss for the art. In fact, is it not highly probable that this embracing of social experience, this grapple and struggle with the facts of life, this willingness to be as others at least for a segment of the human arc, became the very stuff of their art and gave it that rich worldliness and consciousness which sets it so far above the art of the weaker Poes, Oscar Wildes and Remy de Gourmonts? These former were not normal men; neither were they neurotics. They were super-normal; for instead of being slaves of the wheel, along with their normal millions of fellow-beings, they were creators. At least that is my hypothesis, and it seems more hopeful to me than the speculation of Mr. Kuttner.

J. O.

England's Intellectual Colonization of America

By Willard Huntington Wright

THE intellectual colonization of America by patronizing and contemptuous provincial English critics has been going on for generations; but never has so concerted and aggressive a campaign of insular and middle-class British culture been launched in this country as that which has been foisted upon us by the exploiters of the new "Encyclopædia Britannica." Here is a reference work which epitomizes England's parochial chauvinism; which represents the full-blown flower of her contempt for all American intellectual activity; which minimizes the culture of all nations save that of Great Britain; and which exaggerates and glorifies to a preposterous degree the achievements of Englishmen. In this Encyclopædia liberal biographies are accorded all manner of second- and third-rate English writers, painters, composers and philosophers; whereas many of the truly great and outstanding figures of other nations are either neglected or omitted entirely. America especially suffers from neglect: to such an extent is this true that the Britannica, as a record of our intellectual activities, is practically worthless.

There is not sufficient space here to go into detail, or to quote the glowing Presbyterian eulogies which are conferred on all manner of unimportant Englishmen. Neither shall I be able to record the adverse criticism which is constantly applied to the writers, artists and thinkers of other countries. I cannot even set down more than a very few of the glaring

discrepancies in space between the biographies of British creators and those of alien nationality. In this limited review I can only hope to suggest the suburban piety, the distorted patriotism, and the extreme unfairness which inform the Britannica's treatment of the world's culture.

In the field of modern fiction, for instance, there are no biographies of Romain Rolland, Pierre de Coulevain, Tinayre, René Boylesve, Jean and Jerôme Tharaud, Henry Bordeaux, Andreiev, Garshin, Kuprin, Chernyshevsky, Grigorovich, Artzybasheff, Korolenko, Tchekhoff, Ebers, Eckstein, Franzos, Gustav Frenssen, Wilhelm Meinhold, Luise Mühlbach, Clara Viebig, Edith Wharton, David Grai Phillips, Winston Churchill, Margaret Deland, Ambrose Bierce, and Theodore Dreiser. But, on the other hand, the Britannica has liberal and, in many cases, eulogistic biographies of such Englishmen as Hall Caine, Rider Haggard, Stanley Weyman, Flora Annie Steel, Edna Lyall, Elizabeth Charles, Annie Keary, Eliza Linton, Mrs. Henry Wood, Pett Ridge, W. C. Russell, Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, Sara Norton, Ouida, Marie Corelli, Jane Porter, Anthony Hope, Mrs. M. E. Braddon, Julia Kavanagh, Samuel Warren, Grant Allen, Mrs. Oliphant, Felicia Hemans, and G. A. Henty.

Furthermore, Barrie, Mrs. Gaskell, and Felicia Hemans are given longer biographies than either Zola or Mark Twain. George Eliot receives twice as much space as Stendhal, and half again as much as de Maupassant. G. P. R. James's biography is as long as that of William Dean Howells. Sara Norton's is longer than that of Huysmans or Gorky. Mrs. Humphry Ward's biography is much longer than Turgeniev's, Zola's, Daudet's, or Henry James's; while Dickens's is nearly half again as long as Balzac's, and nearly two and a half times as long as Victor Hugo's. Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley and Mrs. Gaskell are each accorded more space than Dostoievsky; and Thomas Love Peacock and Kipling are

both given longer biographies than Turgeniev.

Among the modern poets (not English) who receive no biographical mention in the Britannica are Adolphe Retté, René de Ghil, Stuart Merrill, Signoret, Paul Fort, Eekhoud, Rodenbach, Elskamp, Cammaerts, Alfredo Baccelli, Domenico Gnoli, Rapisardi, Chiarini, Panzacchi, Bonacchi, Fucini, Nencioni, Dehmel, Carl Busse, Stefan George, Ewers, Rainer, Marie Rilke, Gustav Falke, Otto Julius Bierbaum, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Emily Dickinson, John Bannister Tabb, Edith Thomas, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Richard Hovey, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Santayana, Percy MacKaye, and William Vaughn Moody. Among the English poets, however, who are given biographical and critical attention in the Britannica are Coventry Patmore, Sydney Dobell, Blunt, John Davidson, Stephen Phillips, Henry Clarence Kendall, Roden Noel, Alexander Smith, Lawrence Binyon, Lawrence Housman, Ebenezer Jones, Richard le Gallienne, Henry Newbolt, Christina Rossetti, William Watson, Francis Thompson, and Austin Dobson.

The parochial standard of æsthetic judgment is applied throughout these biographies with the result that Swinburne is charged with that "animalism which wars against the higher issues of the spirit;" while Robert Bridges is praised for his "purity" and "spirituality;" and Christina Rossetti is commended for her "sanctity" and "religious faith." Furthermore, Edgar Allan Poe's biography is shorter than that of Austin Dobson; and Walt Whitman's is shorter than Coventry Patmore's. Baudelaire receives less space than William Watson; Verlaine, half the space given to Austin Dobson; Moréas, only half the space allotted Sydney Dobell; and Mallarmé, only half the space given to Christina Rossetti.

In the field of the modern drama British insularity and injustice reach a high pitch. In vain you may seek the Britannica through for biographies of Schnitzler, Arno Holz, Max

Halbe, Ludwig Fulda, Hartleben, Dreyer, Hardt, Hirschfeld, Rosmer, Hermann Bahr, Johannes Schlaf, Wedekind, James A. Herne, Augustin Daly, Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Synge, or Lady Gregory. And yet liberal biographical treatment is accorded such English playwrights as T. W. Robertson, H. J. Byron, W. S. Gilbert, G. R. Sims, Sydney Grundy, James M. Barrie, Pinero, and Henry Arthur Jones.

But these omissions of some of the greatest modern dramatists of Germany, America and Ireland, and the inclusion of second-rate English playwrights, only begin to indicate the gross prejudice, incompleteness and inadequacy which mark the Britannica's treatment of this field of endeavor. In the general article on *Drama,* the French drama is given fifteen columns; the German, nine; the Scandinavian, one; the Russian, one-third of a column; and the English drama, *forty-one columns.* The American drama is not given a separate division, but is included under the English drama, and occupies less than one column. In the division on the Scandinavian drama, Strindberg's name is not mentioned; and, in the brief passage on the Russian drama, no dramatist born later than 1808 is mentioned! Again in the sub-headings of "Recent" drama, recent English drama is given twelve columns, while recent French drama has but a little over three. There is no sub-division for recent German drama, but mention is made of it in a short paragraph under the English section, with the heading: "Influences of the Foreign Drama."

Henri Becque is given only half the space given to Sims; Rostand receives less space than H. J. Byron; and Brieux is dismissed with twenty-six lines! Hauptmann and Sudermann are accorded less space in their biographies than Sydney Grundy, Henry Arthur Jones, Byron, or Robertson; and less than one-third the space given to Shaw and W. S. Gilbert.

Furthermore, their biographies are incomplete, ending apparently in 1904. And there is not a single biography in the entire Encyclopædia of an American dramatist!

In the field of painting we find the same petty neglect of artists who are not English. Only, in this department the flamboyant and partisan praise accorded British painters soars to a height little short of absurdity. To begin with, there are no biographies of Cézanne, Maurice Denis, Vollaton, Lucien Simon, Vuillard, Louis le Grand, Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlein, Jean-Paul Laurens, Redon, René Mesnard, Carrière, Wilhelm Leibl, Schuch, Trübner, Spitzweg, Haberman, Zügel, Louis Corinth, Ludwig Knaus, Holder, Munzer, Munthe, Von Marées, Mary Cassatt, George Bellows, Henri, Twachtmann, C. W. Hawthorne, Glackens, Jerome Meyers, George Luks, Sargeant Kendall, Paul Dougherty, Allen Talcott, or Thomas Doughty. But there are biographies of such English painters as Thomas Stothard, James Northcote, B. R. Haydon, David Wilkie, W. E. Frost, T. S. Cooper, Thomas Creswick, Francis Danby, David Scott, William Mulready, W. P. Frith, J. W. Gordon, William Strang, Birkett Foster, P. W. Steer, Francis Grant, George Harvey, Harry Furniss, Francis Lathrop, E. J. Gregory, H. W. B. Davis, J. W. Waterhouse, George Reid, Frederick Walker, E. A. Waterlow, and others of the same caliber too numerous to mention.

Of Reynolds it is said: "There can be no question of placing him by the side of the greatest Venetians, or of the triumvirate of the seventeenth century, Rubens, Rembrandt and Velasquez." And elsewhere we read: "Gainsborough and Reynolds rank side by side. . . . It is difficult to say which stands the higher of the two." Also, in speaking of Turner's paintings, it is recorded that, despite any exception we may take to them, "there still remain a body of work which for extent, variety, truth and artistic taste is like the British fleet among the navies of the world."

It might be well to turn to the article on *Painting* and look at the sub-divisions, "Recent Schools." Under "British" you will find twelve columns with inset headings. Under "French" you will find only seven columns, without insets. Practically all important modern painters have been Frenchmen, and all advances made in modern art have come out of France; yet recent British schools are given nearly twice the space which is devoted to recent French schools!

It is impossible here to suggest adequately the gross bias shown in the treatment of modern philosophers or the glaring partiality accorded all manner of minor English thinkers. However, I may make mention of the fact that among important non-English thinkers who receive no biographies in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" are Hermann Cohen, Alois Riehl, Windleband, Rickert, Freud, Jung, Emile Boutroux, Bergson, Guyau, Ardigò, Josiah Royce, Stanley Hall, and John Dewey. And, knowing the British hatred for Nietzsche's anti-sentimental and anti-English doctrines, one can find a certain touch of humor in the fact that Nietzsche's biography is shorter than Mrs. Humphry Ward's, and is written in a derogatory and carping spirit. Among British "philosophers" who are given longer biographies than Nietzsche are Dugald Stewart, Richard Price, T. H. Green, James F. Ferrier, Ralph Cudworth, Anthony Collins, Adam Ferguson, and Samuel Clarke!

In the field of music we encounter the same gross inadequacy, the same glorification of unimportant Englishmen, the same neglect or omission of great men from other nations, and the same contemptuous treatment of American culture, which characterize practically every field of modern intellectual endeavor as set forth in the Britannica. For instance, there are no biographies of Marschner, Friedrich Silcher, Gustav Mahler, the Scharwenka brothers, George Alfred Schumann, Max Reger, Schoenberg, Eugen d'Albert, Goldmark, Kreisler,

Guilmant, Charpentier, Ravel, César Cui, Arensky, Taneiev, Grechaninov, Scriabine, Rachmaninov, Wolf-Ferarri, Nordraak, Sinding, Sibelius, Josef Hofmann, Leschetisky, John Knowles Paine, Edgar Stillman Kelly, Frederick Converse, Horatio Parker, and Ethelbert Nevin. Bear these names in mind when I tell you that there are generous biographies of such British composers and musicians as William Thomas Best, Henry Bishop, Alfred Cellier, John Field, William Shield, Samuel Wesley, Thomas Atwood, Julius Benedict, William Jackson, John Stainer, Charles Stanford, Henry Hugo Pierson, William Crotch, Joseph Barnby, Frederick Clay, John Barnett, John Goss and James Turle.

Furthermore, let us regard the general article on *Music*. In that division of the article entitled "Recent Music" we find the following astonishing division of space: Recent German music receives just eleven lines; recent French music, thirty-eight lines; recent Italian music, nineteen lines; recent Russian music, thirteen lines; and recent British music *nearly four columns, or two full pages*—thirty-five times as much space as is given modern German music!

This is the kind of "universal" and "international" culture disseminated by "The Encyclopædia Britannica" which (to quote from an advertisement) "is a complete *library* of knowledge on every subject appealing to intelligent persons;" and which "will tell you more about everything than you will get from any other source!" This is the encyclopædia—with its inadequacies, its long eulogies of bourgeois English creators, its lack of all sense of proportion, its glaring omissions, its spirit of chauvinism and insular prejudice—which Americans are exhorted, not only to accept, but to pay a large price for! And this is "the supreme book of knowledge" from which hundreds of thousands of Americans are garnering their educational ideas.

Meanings

By Leo Stein

ACTION in all forms of living things serves to assure the primitive needs: food, protection, reproduction. The higher animals add play, the highest science and art. For these additional functions energy is needed beyond what is required for the primitive wants, and leisure also for its expenditure. The play activity consumes especially the leisure of youth and serves to make the creature ready for its adult functions. The expression in art occurs throughout the greater part of life, either as art production or reception. Of course much of this activity is incidental to the making of utilities, but patterns woven into textiles and wrought on potteries mean an effort beyond the mere supplying of things necessary.

No large factor in life can be explained except upon the basis of a very fundamental need, and art is so great a factor that the need must be equivalently great. Development of mind in man must have produced a gap between his former and his later needs that only art could fill. Science was the organization of his knowledge, and art the adding of completeness to experience, the rounding out of what in life was fragmentary and unsatisfying.

In ordinary living, activities are generally partial, and only now and then complete. A man who walks must make adjustments to the inequalities of the ground, a man who hunts, to the uncertainties of the chase, a man who fights, to the accidents of strength and fortune. In art life's rhythms are made whole. In march or dance completeness of the step is emphasized,

and when man's mind has grown to making plans of action and reflecting on their outcome, he will no longer merely howl with rage at having failed. He will relive the thing as he would like to have it. Fantasy enters as a reconciler. It completes the rhythm of action in a way satisfactory to desire, and corrects memory for our comfort and delectation. In decoration it gives values of completeness through accentuation and a rhythm that is again accentuation.

Art is therefore very close to common life and is life's idealization. It is also life's objectification. Instead of being merely lived, life is reviewed, revised, communicated. Things temporally distant are brought near and are reanimated by the imagination. Inanimate things are given a conferred activity. The so-called moving line in hill or contour is the objective form of our own ideal movement; presented symmetries and rhythms are the expression of our own balance and adjustment. Actions imagined are not really carried out or only partially. The dance, the story, or the picture is the carrier of an action that implicitly goes further; the thing imagined is a form embodying a virtual act.

The field of art consequently cannot be narrow. Its range extends over all communicable form that tends to express in completion our desires. We want, while still at rest, to experience action, to get the values of more action than our own acts involve. We want more charm, more comfort, more assuagement, than our surroundings give. Art is a vicarious amplitude of effort, a maximal reward for minimal costs. All movements from the gentlest poise to the most violent struggle, all contacts with remote desired things, we can accomplish without rising from our chairs.

Art then is fantasy, a substitute for practical action, an ideal substitute for daily life. In certain elementary forms it is quite infantile, like children's dreams, a simple wish-fulfillment, but the maturer mind is quickly sated with such simplic-

ities of satisfaction. It feels the need of a more complex stress to give intensity of feeling. This is not always true, for hardly the most jaded lose completely their appetite for the obvious. But beside the obvious for moments of relaxation, they need other things. Fantasy must follow the firmer curves of life through all the strokes and counter-strokes of tragedy and comedy, of subtle and elaborate accommodation. That which enters too easily passes through too readily. Only by offering resistance to the incoming current can tension of the spirit be obtained.

We start with simple beats, with simple rhythms, simple tales. The hero overcomes his obstacles and then lives happily forever after. But soon a greater strain is called for. The obvious tale, whether a tragic or a comic one, makes less impression. The suspense needs subtlety and more reality. Whether in the movement of a line, the progress of a tale, the current of a melody, some inner resistance must be overcome to make us feel the value. A simple tune may send us to the dance but a more complex set of tone relations will stop the easy flow of movement and convert our bodily responses into a keener apprehension of the object. The same is true of our sympathies. Detachment comes with the elaboration of resistance to over great facility of taking-in, and so the finest critic before the finest work is literally unmoved. He feels the values in the object, not in himself.

Art in the present social conditions suffers because, in general, we are neither simple enough nor sufficiently evolved. The simple minds are too sophisticated to take in simple-wise their simple things, although they cannot rise to the subtler and more complex. The simple tale is made over like a peasant girl whose father has struck oil. The trappings of civilization become decivilized by her use. Only growth can remedy the matter, and it is hard for the newly-rich to grow. When you can buy the semblance, why wait for the reality?

With the adult, the cultivated, things are not greatly better. They too are oversolicited. They aim at culture. That may no longer be the name by which they call it, but call it what you will, the thing remains the same. The people who pursue exotic literatures, new points of view, new plastic modes, and who go blundering helplessly from season to season in an attempt to catch up with the flux, are getting nothing that answers to a genuine demand. At all events they get nothing that is relevant. Their demand is just a want-to-know, a longing to be in line, and they hug a forlorn hope that if they ever do catch up they will have Pisgah sights. In practice they subsist upon the worst while longing for the best-reputed. The best that they could really use is not alluring to their perverted taste.

The remedy can lie only in a sounder education and in a consequently deeper integrity. We all need more than we can individually produce. None is so richly creative as to satisfy completely his need for ideal satisfactions and everyone therefore requires participation in the fantasies of others. Advisedly I say "participation," for in the world of art only that really exists for us in which we do participate. Education so that the appetite be pure, the palate clean; integrity that should make less possible confusion between what one apes and what one is; knowledge that aspiration only slowly grows to realization—these are the conditions of an art-appreciation that is neither debasing nor a sham.

The Artist

By Alfred Booth Kuttner

MUCH has been written about what art is and what it tries to do, but about what the artist is and what he is trying to do, first for himself and then for his audience, comparatively little has been said. And if it is true, as modern aestheticians claim, that all past theories of art have been vitiated by some mythological, religious or philosophic bias, it is also true that the problem of the artist has been neglected because we have falsely separated the product from the producer instead of interpreting the one in relation to the other. But our lack of any satisfactory explanation of man's artistic activities is really not surprising. Even the most superficial approach to the problem immediately involves us in the deepest psychological complexities and it certainly calls for no very great penetration to realize that psychology is for the greater part still in its infancy.

But even if formal psychology has hitherto contributed very little to our understanding of the artist the intuitive psychology which lies behind our actions and our attitudes towards him has furnished us with invaluable clews. Taken separately, and with no attempt to interpret them as a whole, they appear to be arbitrary and contradictory and we can imagine the artist, whom we must expect to prefer our praise and flattery and to reject our strictures, complaining to us somewhat as follows: "You are really much more fickle and capricious than we have ever been reputed to be. You hail us as demi-gods and yet you act as if we were your inferiors. You speak of us as supermen but you treat us like women. You

speak of our value to society and yet you let us perish. Before we have succeeded you allow us to starve and after we have triumphed in spite of you, you grant us the liberties that complete our ruin. With your admiration for our work there is always mingled a certain contempt for us or if you exalt us you do so in a manner that tells us that you do not really understand. You acknowledge that we stand apart and yet you quarrel with us because we do not share your reasoned moralities and because our vices are different from yours. You ridicule our love affairs but yet you are jealous of our loves. You would often give your souls to be like us and yet you thank God that you are not like us. Under the circumstances we are more than willing to return your Pharisaism."

Such an outpouring would perhaps relieve the artist's feelings but otherwise it would not help matters. For it would merely embody the truth without changing it or interpreting it for us. But a psychology not born of the classroom, which aspired to move on all fours, might well be tempted to examine this traditional folk attitude towards the artist to see whether there was anything in it and to try to reconcile its apparent contradictions in a deeper synthesis. Psychology is after all nothing more than an interpretation of individual and racial experience. Before we turn, however, to a psychology so boldly confident of its aims, it is perhaps well to consult the testimony of artists about themselves. I turn to a minor artist of no mean ability whose artistic achievements would undoubtedly be greater if they were not tempered by a critical faculty and a fine sense of humor. I reproduce his neglected fable without apologies, for it is in itself a thing of charm.

"What are you doing here?" asked the lovers.

"I am making yonder sunset immortal," replied the painter complacently. Then he brushed the gray hair from his forehead, adjusted his eyeglasses, and saw that the girl was of such a beauty that she might serve for a model of Hebe.

The Artist

"I would rather look at the sunset," said the bumpkin who had helped the girl over the stile.

"A Philistine objection," said the artist, squinting from his palette to his picture.

"Could you paint me?" asked the girl.

"I could fix you here so truly," said the painter, "that your man there would see all of young love in the portrait when your face itself has grown old and gray and withered."

"Bring me the picture *then,*" said the bumpkin. "For in the meantime I have the woman." And he and the girl moved off together, laughing.

"And in the meantime," said the painter, "What have I? I know what life is. I paint it. I sing it. I wrench its meanings from its heart, and expound beautifully its riddles. But do I enjoy it? Do I *live?* That bumpkin is the wiser—he grasps love while he may: he does not waste time trying to understand; he *lives.*" And the painter was about to put his foot through the canvas preparatory to renouncing art for the next milkmaid when another thought brought back his look of complacency. "After all," he mused, "how would the bumpkins know they were wiser unless we wise artists told them so?"

And that is one of those solacing phrases with which the artist loves to fool himself in the belief that he sacrifices himself, renouncing all pleasures for the benefit of the multitude. Whereas, in reality, he is only amusing himself with something that appeals to him more than real life and live women.

In this short fable Don Marquis has poetically stated almost everything that the Freudian psychology has been able to contribute to the problem of the artist. There is good reason to believe that Don Marquis has arrived at his result spontaneously by the self-creative process of interpreting his own artistic endowment. He is not reputed to be a student of Freud the reading of whose books he has probably left to his crony, Hermione, whose assimilative powers continue to astonish the world. His credit is therefore the greater. When artist and scientist meet mankind is likely to be enriched by a new truth.

The Freudian psychology has been much pre-occupied with the artist. Indeed it owes a debt to him second only to that which it owes to the neurotic and to the insane. For it has gained its first impetus and fortified many of its conclusions from those types of humanity which are reputed to be

either abnormal or super-normal. And in classifying the types of mankind in relation to the two great poles of the principle of reality and the principle of pleasure or of consciousness and the unconscious, the artist is found to occupy a class by himself. If the normal individual persistently seeks to adapt himself to present reality and to emancipate himself from his unconscious to the extent of striking a working basis between the two, whereas the neurotic type is still abnormally dominated by his unconscious, while the insane succumb to it entirely, we have left only two other types, the genius and the artist. The genius is distinguished by the fact that he anticipates the evolution of reality and arrives at conclusions which for the time being are beyond the capacities of normal assimilation. The artist falls between two stools. He avoids a surrender to the unconscious but he cannot adapt himself to reality. He does something in between. He creates an ideal reality.

Psychologically the artist hovers between the normal and the neurotic. Every artist shows distinct neurotic traits and at more or less frequent intervals in his career is obsessed by them at the expense of his artistry. Popular opinion, when it is kind to him, recognizes that his pains and sufferings are out of the ordinary. But his sensitiveness is a defect for which he must find compensation and not a virtue, though he may succeed in making a virtue out of it. He has failed in the most important of human tasks; he cannot adapt himself. He cannot get along with the world as it is or with the people that are in it. Thus he rapidly approaches the neurotic and the unconscious which he cannot relinquish in favor of reality threatens to overwhelm him. But he is saved from the blind alley into which the neurotic staggers by a peculiar biological endowment which lies outside of the unconscious; the gift of technique. He does not, however, use this technique like the normal technician to subdue the outer world to his uses. He

has already given too many hostages to the unconscious and remains, during his whole life, comparatively unconscious of the outer world. Instead of harnessing the outer world he succeeds in harnessing his unconscious; he makes its afflictions less intolerable and its pleasures more tangible.

The artist is therefore a neurotic who is constantly curing himself. The neurotic and the insane live entirely in their dreams and never come out of them. The normal puts his dreams aside in favor of scientific reality. The artist cannot put them aside but he can give them a form which stimulates reality. He can give them a form outside of himself which has social value. The products of the neurosis have no social value. The hysteric, for instance, is an artist in bodily ailments. He gets rid of his conflicts between reality and his primitive pleasure impulse by giving them unconscious form within his own body. When he sees Don Marquis' milkmaid he produces a lameness which makes it impossible for him to run after her. He has resigned all realization of his wishes. The artist does not run after the milkmaid, either. He offers to make an image of her which shall be even more beautiful than she is. He is unrealistic towards her, and as a thoroughly healthy milkmaid she laughs at him. The artist has also resigned his wishes. The world as it is, is too much for him and he pretends that it is not good enough for him. Instead of real life and live women, he prefers the life of the imagination and women who are merely ideal. But in so far as he puts his dreams and wishes into beautiful color or tone or form, and recalls a lost beauty or foreshadows a new one, he is creating something real which has a value of its own for the rest of mankind.

Art, therefore, represents a compromise between the principles of reality and of pleasure and reconciles them in a way which is entirely unique. "The artist is originally a man," says Freud, "who turns from reality because he cannot reconcile

himself to the resignation of instinct satisfaction which reality demands of him and gives free play to his erotic and egotistic wishes in a life of phantasy. But thanks to special endowments, he finds his way back from the world of phantasy to reality by shaping his phantasies into a new form of reality, which people recognize as valuable reproductions of reality. Thus in a manner he really becomes the hero, king, creator, lover that he aspired to be without making the tremendous detour of really changing the outer world. But the only reason why he can attain this is because others feel the same dissatisfaction with the resignations demanded by reality, because the dissatisfaction which results from substituting the principle of reality for the principle of pleasure is itself a piece of reality."*

But if the services which the artist renders to society are so precious our contradictory attitude seems all the more inexplicable. Why do we so often abuse and do everything in our power to suppress him or treat him in an even more insulting manner when we say that he is irresponsible and pet him for the whimsies of his behavior like a person who enjoys a fool's liberty? The answer to these questions is to be found in the artist's peculiar psycho-sexual constitution. To paraphrase in simple terms what we have said about the artist's function we may say that he lives in a greater degree of intimacy with his unconscious than that which the normal individual enjoys. It is easier for him to dip back into it. Therein lies the secret of the hitherto little understood process of inspiration. For the artist's attention is less constantly fixed upon the outer world so that his mental presentations can frequently return into the unconscious whence they then emerge in those symbolic forms which we recognize as artistic creations. But this greater psychic instability is already conditioned by the artist's

*"Formulations of the Two Principles of Psychic Activity." Untranslated.

psycho-sexual constitution. In the scale of evolution from the unconscious to consciousness the artist represents a stage of fixation. His system is full of psychic infantilisms of which he is at the same time the victim and the skillful master.

That is why the artist is such a disturber in our social order. If he is the great mediator between phantasy and reality he is also the *enfant terrible* of the unconscious. The catharsis which he produces in us by his creations serves to rebuke our pride of consciousness and to unite us in the realization of our common unconscious heritage. But he also reminds us how arduous our progress towards reality is, and casts doubts upon the value of the struggle. He invites us to linger and play with him in that divine childhood in which he is content to remain. His infantilisms he cannot avoid and, in fact, they are essential to his art since all aesthetic enjoyment is deeply rooted in our infantile pleasure in rhythm and bright colors and the tactile delight in plastic forms. But he recalls to us that we, too, are not so cleanly emancipated from our more primitive psychic infantilisms as we sometimes think. He hurts us by reminding us of the pain of living, and after he has seduced us for a time by showing us the joy of what life might be in the ideal, we turn again to life as it is and punish him for having revealed our own vacillation.

The Music of Ernest Bloch

By Paul Rosenfeld

THE music of the Genevese composer, Ernest Bloch, is a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. It is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamental than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the semitic pomp and color that inform it. There are moments when one hears in this music the harsh and haughty accents of the Hebrew tongue, sees the abrupt and passionate gestures of the Hebrew soul, feels the titanic burst of energy that created the race, and carried it safely across lands and times, out of the eternal Egypt, through the eternal Red Sea. It is as if an element that has remained unchanged throughout all the ages, an element that is in every Jew, an element by which every Jew must know himself and his descent, were caught up in it, and fixed there.

Strange, that a man born in a Swiss city thirty-six years ago should, out of the circumstances, the vicissitudes of his life, make music shot through with the spirit of the ancient Jews! M. Bloch has composed settings for some of the Psalms that are the very impulse of the Davidic hymns incarnate in another medium. They are scarcely settings. The modern music has the precise accent of the Psalmist. It is as if the genius that once flowered at the court of the king had come to miraculous second blooming. Listen, if you will, to M. Bloch's "114th Psalm." Is not that exultant music the very voice of the rejoicing over the passage of the Red Sea, the hieratic dance, the lusty blowing on ox horns? Is not the disillusioned soliloquy of the 'cello in the rhapsody "Sche-

lomo" the voice of the Ecclesiast resigned to the vanity of this world? Did those seers who ordained a Day of Atonement, when the soul stands naked before God, and the spirit lash falls on sinful Man, imagine one different from the vigil evoked for us by the first movement of M. Bloch's symphony "Israel"? That ontogeny recapitulates philogeny has become a commonplace. And yet, such testimony to the truth of the theory as the music of the Genevese composer remains profoundly moving.

M. Bloch's music is the work of one who has made a compact with life. It is the work of one who has foregone a thousand sensations, a thousand experiences, in order to feel one thing intensely. It is the work of one who has withdrawn himself into the cirque of racial culture, who is aflood with the sentiment of racial unity. Perhaps M. Bloch's Swiss birth forced the sundering upon him. Switzerland is a country without a national consciousness. The native genius has always realized itself in identification with a foreign culture. Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Staël became French; Gottfried Keller and Arnold Böcklin, German. M. Bloch went a third way. It was scarcely a conscious procedure with him. Not until non-Jewish friends called his attention to the fact, did he realize (it was the time of the *C-sharp minor* symphony) that he was creating a racial expression. He had sunk himself into his race. And so his music, because it expresses only a single fragment of modern life, is narrow in range. But compare it with the music of Leo Ornstein, for instance, to ascertain its singleness. The work of the younger man, too, has racial affinities. And yet, a wider sympathy, a more universal contact, may eventually permit a greater facet of the age to mirror itself in his music. The Jewish element in Mr. Ornstein's art is only one of many elements. In M. Bloch's it is dominant. M. Bloch has remained in a smaller field. But just because of it, he has gained a certain intensity.

He has been enabled to realize one thing perfectly. It has been given him to materialize life in one of its eternal aspects.

M. Bloch's art is racial not only in impulse, but in materialization as well. The audience present at the Flonzaleys' performance of the quartet in New York last December found itself confronted with a simple, yet strangely flavored music. The salt and acrid, the fruity, drugging savor of the work, perhaps the loveliest quartet made known to us since the Flonzaleys played Schoenberg's masterpiece, is new to European music. The work, as well as all the others of M. Bloch's representative period, is sown thickly with Hebraic themes, themes that have the subtle, fluent, far-flung line of the synagogic chants. The symphonic works are of a quite novel coloration. Examine, for instance, the phrases assigned the trumpets in the Psalms and in the "Israel" symphony. The unusual accents, the unusual intervals, give the instruments a timbre at once imperious, barbaric, ritual. How different from the theatric orientalism of Rimsky Korsakow and Balakirew are the crude dissonances of M. Bloch's work, the terrible consecutive fourths and fifths, the impetuous and incisive rhythms, fresh and free as some of Strawinsky's. Most indubitably racial, however, is the music's melodic line. The scale of a race, we know, is the inflection of its speech intensified. Since speech is a subconsciously formed idiom, the mode, too, expresses the character of the people. We need but recall the Doric, the Lydian modes, the Spartan and the Asiatic Greeks. M. Bloch's scale, with its strange intervals, its occasional quarter tones, approximates curiously to the inflections of the Hebrew tongue. And his melody is at once Jewish and original. We see it in all its poignancy in the voice-writing of the Psalms. It brings a new element to music. It is an invention that intimates most clearly the independence, the genius, of the composer.

His personality was slow in evolution. The opera "Mac-

beth," for instance, written when he was twenty-four, for all its vigor and nervous energy, bears a still undecided signature. The idiom is occasionally derived from Moussorgsky, from Debussy, and perhaps from Strauss. The value of the score lies in the effectiveness of the setting it gives the melodrama cleverly abstracted from Shakespeare's tragedy by M. Edmond Fleg. The music is quick, intense, forceful, consistently sombre, even though it is scarcely commensurable with the beauty of the original play. It is obviously the uneven work of one still undergoing formation. The personality of M. Bloch begins to manifest itself in the works that followed shortly after. One senses it in the delicate and gay coloring of the two little orchestral sketches "Hiver-Printemps." It is more surely felt in the brilliant and ironic scherzo of the *C-sharp minor* symphony, whose verve makes the composer of "L'apprenti sorcier" seem apprentice indeed. Audition of the symphony in February, 1915, caused Romain Rolland to write M. Bloch: "Your symphony is one of the most important works of the modern school. I don't know any work in which a richer, more vigorous, more passionate temperament makes itself felt. From the very first bars to the end, one feels oneself at home in it. It is wonderful to think that it is an early work. Had I known you at the time you wrote it, I should have told you: 'You are master of yourself. Continue expressing yourself in the same way, freely and fully, and I will answer for your becoming one of the master-musicians of our time.'" Certainly, the promise of that symphony has been amply fulfilled for those who have gotten to know the marvelous scores in the composer's definitive style.

How futile, how barren beside the achievement of this man, who has opened himself to the genius of his race, appears the work of the composers who have hitherto represented "Judaism in Music." Was it really infertility of invention that hampered them? In the light of M. Bloch's music, I begin to

understand their aridity. After all, it had its root in the spiritual war that divided each one against himself. There was operative in each of them a secret desire to escape his race. They were wilfully deaf to the promptings of their being, so firmly planted in the racial soil. They were fugitive from the national consciousness. Rent inwardly, distrustful of their proper reactions, uncertain in their contact with life, what freshness of apprehension and speech was left them? The bourn of impulse was sealed. It was not that they did not write "Jewish" music, express experiences solely Jewish, utilize the racial scales and the melodies. The artist of Judaic extraction does not have to concern himself with exclusively racial subjects. The whole world is open to him. He can express his day as he will. One thing is necessary, however. He must not inhibit any portion of his impulse. He must not attempt to deny his modes of apprehension and realization because they are racially colored. He must possess a certain spiritual harmony before he can be fecund. Whether he expresses his race, or his day, whether he be static or dionysiac, it must be the whole man that enters into the expression. The whole man did not go into the music of those representatives of "Judaism in Music." An inhibited, harried impulse was manifest in each of them.

And so, like Meyerbeer, convinced of the worthlessness of their sentiments, they manufactured spectacles for the operatic stage, and pandered to a taste which they, least of all, respected. Or, like Mendelssohn, they tried to express themselves in the alien medium of Teutonic romance, and produced music that resembles most the efforts of a man with marked Yiddish accent who affects a precious English, and interlards it with bits of Keats and Francis Thompson. Or, with Rubenstein, they gloved themselves in a salon style that permanently concealed all vestiges of the human flesh beneath. Some, no doubt, would have been true to themselves.

Goldmark is an example. But his desire remained intention only. For his method was a little childish. He conceived it to be the lying on a couch amid cushions, the sniffing of orient perfumes in scent-bottles. He did not realize that the couch was a comfortable German *canapee,* and that through the

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest"

there permeated the doubtless very appetizing smell of Viennese cookery. He was no more successful than the renegade others. After all, Wagner's stricture was just.

And yet, they had but to acknowledge, and to accept. They had but to face themselves. They had but to say: "We are what we have ever been," and the way to freedom, and certitude, and self-possession would have been theirs. A mighty ore lay buried within them. They could have refined it. But they turned shamedly away, and donned their flimsy masquerades to hide it further. They wanted courage and humility. And so they arrived at nothing. The lordly gold that lay concealed within the race was not for them. It was for men of different temper. It was for a younger, fresher generation. It was for men in whom the ancient spirit had attained rebirth. It was for men in whom the staunch, stiff-necked will was alive once more. It was for men like Ernest Bloch, afire with a great loyal love. To such, it yields itself.

Our Unpublished Masterpieces

By Horace Holley

WHAT could be said, I wonder, of a race whose publishers, as by some general conspiracy, devoted all their equipment to producing works in foreign languages, issuing only a few books by native authors, and those far from the best. What could be said? Impossible? Unfortunately, no. With merely a change of terms, not of values, that very condition obtains in America today.

Read decorative artist for author, manufacturer for publisher, and the indictment stands. But while it will be admitted that our furniture, our wall paper, our tapestry, all the objects, in fact, which enter into our intimate daily life, are for the most part literal reproductions of foreign periods, the rest being a substratum of ugliness for which our own machines are responsible, many will deny that the analogy holds true,—that decorative art stands upon the same plane as literature.

So far as I am aware, indeed, the analogy has never before been made, consequently its denial represents the effect of habit rather than of matured reflection. Thus the first thing to be done by one who, like myself, believes firmly that decorative art is as creative, as self-expressive as literature, is to state it bluntly in order to force the issue. It is, of course, true that in America the arts, miscalled crafts, have never been raised to the creative plane, but it is equally true that this condition is unique among the races. We Americans stand in this respect by merit upon that bad eminence. I cannot discover another

civilization whose characteristic genius has not been expressed in the decorative arts as completely, as satisfactorily, as in its music, its painting, its poetry. And whatever race has temporarily lost its command of the decorative arts, the way out from imitation to creation has ever been pointed by musicians, painters, and men of letters.

The fact is, we Americans have established a relationship between consciousness and the written word closer than has been done by any other people. We have come to depend upon books alone for the re-creation which is the province of all the arts in common. Even the motion picture, whose popular appeal alarms many custodians of the literary tradition, while in form dramatic, is actually, in essence, the dime novel and the Sunday newspaper presented by means of an easier alphabet and a simpler grammar. For what screen has yet rendered the value of decorative movement, as the Russian ballet reveals it—the movement of a real picture? What screen has yet achieved the equivalent of those slight gestures, those silences, by which drama rises above the level of mere excitement? So far, indeed, the motion picture is like a canvas given up to a house painter: its present limitations are not inherent in the instrument itself but forced upon the instrument by men trained to a coarser medium. But this preeminence of literature at the expense of decoration is a highly unstable equilibrium which cannot endure. These other tongues by which the soul communicates its passions are not less important than grammar. I do not know how to bring the fact home to minds molded in one particular direction by the forces of habit. The fact remains, however, that the creative instinct, whenever free of wrong habit and mechanical restraint, tends to express itself also through color and line. It tends to accumulate stores of significance and discovery in objects of wood and metal and stuffs and stone, available for the common benefit, exactly as it accumulates those stores of

treasure in novels, essays, plays and poetry. And the field of decorative art, when commanded by creative artists and not by mere imitators and draughtsmen, is actually more important, as a social force, than that of literature, because its influence operates more imperceptibly, more constantly, and over wider areas of the population. The pitch to which our national worship of the written word has brought us is exemplified by a law now pending at Washington advocating a literacy test for immigrants! Is it to be that citizenship in this country must depend upon ability to take in a Sunday newspaper? Is it to be that those fine old peasant stocks of Europe, men and women healthy and self-reliant, devoted to agriculture, among whom also the experience of generations has built up traditions and mastery of the secrets of wood and metal working, must turn back from entering our harbors as undesirables? In truth, if this law represents the American attitude, our spirit has broken faith with enduring reality for the sake of a local convention.

But as a matter of fact our left hand consistently undoes what our right hand is doing. We search the world over for beautiful specimens of decorative art to be published in editions de luxe for the rich and popular editions for Everyman, disregarding the fact that the best decorative art has been produced among races largely and joyously illiterate; disregarding also the fact that among ourselves there are artists capable of expressing our own racial genius in the same mediums. I do not relate decorative art with illiteracy as an inevitable phenomenon, but I do insist that America is rich in artists whose creative genius is sterilized by our mechanical reproductions of period styles.

We all feel the difference between the characteristic genius of one race and all others, a difference throughout the entire range of social activity. In the case of certain values, as for example, literature, we instinctively realize that a race stands

within its firmest integrity only by developing its own special character to the utmost. As a race, developing along routes largely determined by natural conditions, we feel ourselves perceptibly surer of the way by access to the work of typical American minds like Emerson and Lincoln. Goethe and Edmund Burke could not serve us as our own serve us, and we perceive that from this point of view comparisons between representative authors of different races are unreasonable. Each race must turn first and oftenest to its own sources of inspiration and instruction. But I insist also that the same law or condition applies to the decorative arts. Emerson can be read, Lincoln studied, in homes whose interiors are exact reproductions of Louis Quinze or Rameses the 150th; but the mind which reads and studies under such conditions is a mind largely blinded to the forces of nature and life. It is a mind shut out from many of the sources of our common re-creation. I am at a loss upon this ground, I acknowledge freely, for it is difficult to tell about sight to the blind, and quite as difficult to tell about the re-creative forces of color and line to lives which have never experienced those forces in their true integrity. But I will state my argument, trusting to confirmation from the sheer instinct that persists beneath even the most powerful habit, if not from the experience of all races save our own.

A French chateau transplanted from the Seine to Fifth Avenue, or an Italian villa reproduced in Newport, is no longer beautiful. There is no such thing as universal beauty. Beauty is to art what truth is to religion, a relationship and not a doctrine. Truth in religion is the relationship between the spiritual reality and immediate religious or social action, a relationship, that is, between a fixed value and a value constantly altering. It must be continually re-established to exist. Beauty in art is the relationship between personal experience and the forces of nature. A work of art contains 'beauty'

when those forces have been projected through that special order of experience we call creation upon some medium. When the relationship between art and life breaks down, those forces no longer operate, and 'beauty' withers away. Beauty is something men can live by, be re-created by, for it is not a quality but an energy which can be re-experienced in terms of our daily life. Through perverted habit we transplant works of art from their native soil to our own and call them 'beautiful'; but should we dare transplant an alien religion and call it 'true'? In this matter of art a vicious circle has been established among us which it is impossible to break. The fiction about 'beauty' in art is a literary fiction. It is maintained in books without corroboration from life. Since we Americans live in and by books, the French chateau on Fifth Avenue is 'beautiful,' even though its qualities of color and line cannot longer be re-experienced in terms of our daily life.

But though the vicious circle cannot be broken, one may over-step it and join those who stand outside. And outside one finds a surprisingly large group whose activity witnesses the truth of my argument. Artists they are, and capable of creative self-expression in the mediums of decoration; American artists, and capable of rendering our racial genius in terms of the experience of every day. They stand between the devil of period styles and the deep sea of the commercialized draughtsman whose wretched designs glut the ever-busy machines. But there is a way out. There is a way out to that time when our homes and our persons will manifest the particular rhythms of force and harmony underlying America and differentiating America from the rest of the world; to that time when our consciousness will be re-created to new possibilities through contact with a homogeneous environment.

I propose that just as we have publishers who at their own expense produce books, retaining the author's name upon his work and paying him a cash price for his manuscript or a

royalty on every copy sold, so let there be for decorative art another order of publisher whose factories instead of books will produce wall papers or furniture or rugs, each article marked with its author's name, and each sale bringing him a royalty if a cash price has not already been paid the artist by the manufacturer. This plan will establish a legitimate market for artistic ideas, thus insuring a decent living for the artists whose designs meet with popular favor; it likewise establishes a relation between our national genius and the requirements of daily life. It releases the creative artist from his present economic serfdom; it releases the public from its dependence on foreign designs or native ugliness. Everything that enters the day's work or play should contain something of the re-creative force inhering in all objects whose color and form derives from actual, first-hand experience. From all sides, unconsciously, we should absorb the vital significances released in nature by man's mastery of the secrets of the various mediums. America is full of unpublished masterpieces, the life work of men and women devoted to the study of wood or metal or clay or stuffs. It is full of men and women who might consecrate their lives to such study could they gain a mere living therefrom. Let no one suppose that all of us are satisfied with business or the professions: at the first signal of release thousands will yield to their secret preference and ambition, and step by step with the building up of the market there will appear new artistic forces by which that may be further extended. What is so marvelous as the rise of the novelist in modern society? We have created no new talent, we have but given expression to talent always present.

The desired result can be brought about in two ways. Either the present factories can change their system, admitting the artist to collaboration as the publisher admits the man of letters, or new factories can be built, each one surrounded by a particular group of decorators. The advance can be made by

the capitalist toward the artist, or by the artist toward the capitalist. Perhaps the purpose could be served equally well by either method; but I believe that when new instruments of production are established to meet new conditions, much waste ensues, and competition set up between the new and old, to the detriment of the labor market. However, I believe that a fortune awaits the manufacturer enterprising enough to work along these lines, especially if he takes the public completely into his confidence. His intentions with respect to developing American genius should be clearly stated, and his terms to artists widely made known.

When, moreover, the false pre-eminence now held by literature in America, to the suppression of other mediums of self-expression, has been readjusted, the result will not be to impoverish either poetry or prose but on the contrary our literature will find available precisely that natural exuberance, that richness of elemental soil for lack of which, in the bad sense of the word, we have ever been colonial to the English tongue. Nervously and spiritually starved for intimate beauty in our daily lives, our over-indulgence in the written word has been an imperceptible but steady retreat from the sources of folk-song and national epic. The American mind, spurning the leaden casket of handcraft, has so far chosen the casket which contains nothing but the head of death. Right relationship between all the arts is the only condition in which any art can manifest its utmost significance, for harmony and completeness in the arts depends on the harmony and completeness of life.

Science and Free Verse

By Max Eastman

A LITTLE BOOK by John Drinkwater called "The Lyric" (published by the George H. Doran Co.) has just given me an unusual pleasure. It was like a youthful talk about poetry with one who loves it in the same way as I. Perhaps the pleasure was even greater because, in order to talk with him, I had to lay aside certain prejudices in favor of strictly scientific thinking. I had to agree to be "literary" for a while, and talk about "The Poetic Energy," "The Emotion of Poetry," and so forth, as though these things really exist. Perhaps they do. At least it was good for my cocksure and dogmatic soul to tolerate them for a while, and discover again how much enlivening and agreeable communion of minds can be achieved with such expressions.

Years ago a sacrificial devotion to the ideal of scientific method, combined with a study of analytic psychology, put me completely out of love with what is called Literary Criticism, and especially with the courses of instruction in our colleges which go by the name of "Literature" or "English." It seemed to me, and still seems, obvious that the writers and teachers in these departments are dealing in perfectly loose empirical language with a subject-matter upon which exists a true and organized analytic science. I wanted to see them all compelled to study psychology, and write and teach the understanding of literary style as a branch of that discipline. "Literature" is not a science, it is not a discipline; apart from the matter with which it may deal, it is not a "subject" to be taught. It is an experience—a part of life's experience so important, indeed, that a wise and friendly companion, a sort of playground-adviser, will often be appreciated. But so far as there is anything in literature, abstracted from its various subject-matters, that can be *taught,* it must be a science, and the only science it can be is psychology.

Perceiving this fact, I vowed for my part at least, I would never be tempted into these illiterate ways that literary people have of talking about elegant entities that vanish foolishly the moment one enters a laboratory. I have kept this vow nobly and accurately, and it has shut me out, I think, from a good deal of sociable pleasure. And I am glad to record

that I fell from grace in the matter of Mr. Drinkwater's essay, and had a very enjoyable hour.

Mr. Drinkwater has more commonsense than most literary people, and also he has very fresh and unconventional perceptions, and for that reason much of what he says might easily be translated into scientific language. For instance he perceives that if the word poetry means anything at all, it must be something that persists through all its forms, and he is not afraid to ridicule the academic distinction of dramatic, epic and lyric poetry. Poetry, he says in effect, is lyric poetry wherever it is poetry. And what poetry is, he comes very near to saying several times—as in this sentence: "Poetry being the sign of that which all men desire, even though the desire be unconscious, intensity of life or completeness of experience, the universality of its appeal is a matter of course."

Perceiving this truth, that poetry uses words to increase and intensify experience, Mr. Drinkwater is led to make some wise remarks upon the topic of "free verse." He acknowledges that the writers of free verse can achieve poetry in that form, but he objects in a mild convincing way to their contention that it is a better form than the metrical because it "enables the structure of the verse to keep in constant correspondence with changes of emotion."

"The truth is," he says, "that the poetic mood, which is what is expressed by the rhythm and form of verse and may very well be called the emotion of poetry, is not at all the same thing as what are commonly called the emotions, as happiness, despair, love, hate and the rest. . . . And being a relatively fixed condition, it is, for its part, in no need of changing metrical devices for its expression."

Now this language is utterly out of touch with the current science of the emotions; and yet I think it is based upon a true discrimination of differences and might be translated into a proposition which could be tested and verified in a laboratory. There is no such thing as an "emotion of poetry," to be sure, but there is a state of the body and mind in which all emotions and sensations, and more especially all imaginations, are intensified—a state of heightened suggestibility, perhaps accompanied by cerebral hyperaemia —a state which can best be described as trance. It is a state in which imaginations verge toward hallucinations —a state approaching hypnosis. And a monotonous metrical pulse is one of the physical agencies which tend to produce this state. That, I believe, is a true theory of rhyme and of what may be called *fundamental rhythm,* as opposed to the infinite varieties of phrasal music which are elaborated and enjoyed for their own sake in prose as well as in poetry. It is a kind of primitive drug with which we

liberate ourselves into the mood of imaginative realization.

Thus the writers of free verse, while undoubtedly they write poetry, and sometimes great poetry, are not merely freeing themselves from a tradition, but are renouncing one of the agencies peculiarly adapted by nature to accomplish the universal purpose of their art. And this is what Mr. Drinkwater intuitively apprehends. There is no "emotion of poetry" engendered by metrical rhythm, and which somehow persists and refuses to mingle with the specific emotions aroused by the poet's words. But there is an entranced condition in which all emotions, and indeed all conscious experiences are intensified, and that condition is most easily induced by the approximately regular recurrence of a not unpleasant stimulus. It is as though consciousness itself consisted of waves in a fluid, and a direct way to heighten consciousness is to send this undulating impulse along the nerves.

Those of us who taste and realize this power that a fundamental meter has, while we may admire and enjoy free verse very much, rarely admire or enjoy the things that free verse "advocates" say about it. For besides assuming that in rejecting meter they are liberating themselves from a purely conventional "ornament," these advocates also assume that this "movement," the underlying meter, is the *only musical quality that metrical poetry possesses.* Whereas it would be truer to say that metrical poetry possesses this quality *in addition to* all the other musical values of good literature.

James Oppenheim, in *The Seven Arts* for November, criticising an essay of mine called "Lazy Verse," speaks of metrical poetry as though it were identical with doggerel. "The essential difference," he says, "between meter-poetry and prose poetry is that meter-poetry is one rhythm repeated, and prose poetry is many rhythms blended into a harmony."

Now to me it is entirely obvious that when meter-poetry is good enough to be considered at all, it not only contains the one rhythm repeated —that underlying hypnogenic pulse beat we have been considering—but it also contains "many rhythms blended into a large harmony," and any or all of the rest of the delicate values of phrasal music which Mr. Oppenheim informs us that Mr. Saintsbury has declared to be characteristic of English prose. That is what makes good meter-poetry so difficult to create. That is why people who desire to be poets, and yet are intellectually lazy, fall by preference into the free verse habit. They get what they want with less labor. This is not saying that energetic poets never compose free verse. It is not saying that free verse is never good poetry. It is saying that the indolent poets are almost all of them composing free verse, and most

of the free verse is lazy. A great deal more of the free verse is lazy than of the metrical verse.

Mr. Oppenheim tells a story about Bret Harte's pacing back and forth distracted and disturbed. His friend asked the trouble.

"I'm looking," said Bret Harte, "for a two-syllabled adjective to put before a noun; but I can only think of one-syllabled words."

"Oh," said his friend, "you're writing a poem."

"A poem!" Bret Harte snorted. "If it'd been only poetry I'd have found my word long ago. I'm writing prose."

Now we have many such sayings usefully designed to impress laymen with the fact that writing prose is a rhythmic, as well as an imaginative or intellectual art. But these sayings, if taken seriously in their application to the poetic art, simply convict their author of writing doggerel instead of poetry. It is easy to find a two-syllabled word that will fit into an advertising rhyme but to find the words that will make a verse adequately metrical and at the same time preserve all the other values of good writing is a finer task.

The poet is composing literature, and to add an underlying meter to the problem of composing literature is to add something to the problem; and to add rhyme is to add something else. And since meter and rhyme both have a value in producing poetic states of mind, a value which experimentation can establish, the addition is certainly not merely conventional or assumed for the sake of exclusiveness. It is a genuine utility of the art of poetry. It is a utility very difficult to master, most difficult, perhaps, to those who possess "the gift of rhyme." Eloquence is most difficult to those who possess the "gift of gab." But whether difficult or easy to any individual, it is altogether true in general that the preoccupations of the verse writer are more by the addition of one than the preoccupations of the prose writer. And the more we compose free verse, the more exacting do these preoccupations become, because now the public demands of the metrist that he have in his music all the variety and naturalness of this other art. The poets will never again be excused for sacrificing any of the merits of good literature to the necessities of their meter and rhyme. That is one excellent benefit that free verse will bring to the poetic art.

Poets will continue to write in both forms, but when they write in meter they will have to write supremely well.

Ed. Note:

MAX EASTMAN seems to have a sophistical idea of the poetic art. He seems to think that pretty and enchanting things can be imposed upon verse to make it better. He seems to doubt the indissoluble unity

of material and form. He is unfair, not so much to the polyphonic poets, as to the traditional metrists. For he implies that in the work of these latter the "monotonous metrical pulse" may be intellectually added to "help produce a certain state" and that "to add rhyme is to add something else."

There is a palpable confusion in all this. Any form in any art that is not implicit in that art's material—and in the artist's concept—is simply bad. It has no business there. And if it is there, it can have but one result: to detract from the full force of the directly formulated intuition. If the traditional meters act as a "primitive drug" upon the senses, the one excuse is that the poet's state includes such commanding elements as make the brewing of the drug a major consequence of his creative act. When this harking back to the hypnogenic measures of old verse is the form of a true poem, it means that the poet's trend is basically in this channel. In this case, it is as factitious to avoid traditional rhyme and rhythm as in another it would be baneful to employ them.

If the inspiration of the poet partakes of a complex emotional pattern and if—being a poet—he is able to create this inspiration into form, his output must express that pattern. He will compose a music complex and polyphonic like his conception. In fact there will be no real difference between what he feels and what he sings. And the contemporary soul will find this cadence emotionally active, in a way strictly analogous to the trance effect of the more regular measures.

But Max Eastman would enhance this product by adding to it "fundamental meter" and even rhyme. It is plain, however, that by this addition he would effectively destroy the new rhythms that stand as the expression of the poet. If that old rhythm is the right one, it must inevitably be the form the poet takes. If it is not—if another rhythm is — the intrusion would be as false as a piece of point lace draping a marble statue.

Moreover, the suggestion that the underlying hypnogenic pulse does not preclude the internal harmonies of a poem is really a begging of the question. If the poem demands as its prime motif the traditional meter, it should have it. If the blending of metric counterpoint is, on the other hand, in the poem's underlying impulse, then that polyphony and no other must so prevail.

It looks, indeed, as if a treacherous conservatism was eating Max Eastman up. He is emotionally so at home in the chants of conformity, in the rhythm of barbarity, in the era of the *tom-tom* that a form of poetry projecting man's individual revolt and society's coherent heterogeneity disturbs him. And he is driven to subtle rationalization to buttress his distaste.

The reign of the rhyme and the

regular meter was the reign of the old orders. It reflected faithfully, as art must always, a state of imposed law, of crowd-belief, of simplicity organized through broad exclusions and deep omissions. This poetry was good, when it was true. And the order it formulated we still have overwhelmingly with us. But a new dawn has been breaking, these few hundred years—the dawn of a more complex and self-conscious freedom. And it is now finding its materialization in the arts. It is unbelievable that Max Eastman, of all men, should be even fractionally against it.

W. F.

The Thimble

By D. H. Lawrence

SHE had not seen her husband for ten months, not since her fortnight's honeymoon with him, and his departure for France. Then, in those excited days of the early war, he was her comrade, her counterpart in a sort of Bacchic revel before death. Now all that was shut off from her mind, as by a great rent in her life.

Since then, since the honeymoon, she had lived and died and come to life again. There had been his departure to the front. She had loved him then.

"If you want to love your husband," she had said to her friends, with splendid recklessness, "you should see him in khaki." And she had really loved him, he was so handsome in uniform, well-built, yet with a sort of reserve and remoteness that suited the neutral khaki perfectly.

Before, as a barrister with nothing to do, he had been slack and unconvincing, a sort of hanger-on, and she had never come to the point of marrying him. For one thing they neither of them had enough money.

Then came the great shock of the war, his coming to her in a new light, as lieutenant in the artillery. And she had been carried away by his perfect calm manliness and significance, now he was a soldier. He seemed to have gained a fascinating importance that made her seem quite unimportant. It was she who was insignificant and subservient, he who was dignified, with a sort of indifferent lordliness.

So she had married him, all considerations flung to the wind, and had known the bewildering experience of their

fortnight's honeymoon, before he left her for the front.

And she had never got over the bewilderment. She had, since then, never thought at all, she seemed to have rushed on in a storm of activity and sensation. There was a home to make, and no money to make it with: none to speak of. So, with the swift, business-like aptitude of a startled woman, she had found a small flat in Mayfair, had attended sales and bought suitable furniture, had made the place complete and perfect. She was satisfied. It was small and insignificant, but it was a complete unity.

Then she had had a certain amount of war-work to do, and she had kept up all her social activities. She had not had a moment which was not urgently occupied.

All the while came his letters from France, and she was writing her replies. They both sent a good deal of news to each other, they both expressed their mutual passion.

Then suddenly, amid all this activity, she fell ill with pneumonia and everything lapsed into delirium. And whilst she was ill, he was wounded, his jaw smashed and his face cut up by the bursting of a shell. So they were both laid by.

Now, they were both better, and she was waiting to see him. Since she had been ill, whilst she had lain or sat in her room in the castle in Scotland, she had thought, thought very much. For she was a woman who was always trying to grasp the whole of her context, always trying to make a complete thing of her own life.

Her illness lay between her and her previous life like a dark night, like a great separation. She looked back, she remembered all she had done, and she was bewildered, she had no key to the puzzle. Suddenly she realized that she knew nothing of this man she had married, he knew nothing of her. What she had of him, vividly, was the visual image. She could *see* him, the whole of him, in her mind's eye. She could remember him with peculiar distinctness, as if the

whole of his body were lit up by an intense light, and the image fixed on her mind.

But he was an impression, only a vivid impression. What her own impression was, she knew most vividly. But what *he* was *himself:* the very thought startled her, it was like looking into a perilous darkness. All that she knew of him was her own affair, purely personal to her, a subjective impression. But there must be a *man,* another being, somewhere in the darkness which she had never broached.

The thought frightened her exceedingly, and her soul, weak from illness, seemed to weep. Here was a new peril, a new terror. And she seemed to have no hope.

She could scarcely bear to think of him as she knew him. She could scarcely bear to conjure up that vivid image of him which remained from the days of her honeymoon. It was something false, it was something which had only to do with herself. The man himself was something quite other, something in the dark, something she dreaded, whose coming she dreaded, as if it were a mitigation of her own being, something set over against her, something that would annul her own image of herself.

Nervously she twisted her long white fingers. She was a beautiful woman, tall and loose and rather thin, with swinging limbs, one for whom the modern fashions were perfect. Her skin was pure and clear, like a Christmas rose, her hair was fair and heavy. She had large, slow, unswerving eyes, that sometimes looked blue and open with a childish candor, sometimes greenish and intent with thought, sometimes hard, sea-like, cruel, sometimes grey and pathetic.

Now she sat in her own room, in the flat in Mayfair, and he was coming to see her. She was well again: just well enough to see him. But she was tired as she sat in the chair whilst her maid arranged her heavy, fair hair.

She knew she was a beauty, she knew it was expected of her

that she should create an impression of modern beauty. And it pleased her, it made her soul rather hard and proud: but also, at the bottom, it bored her. Still, she would have her hair built high, in the fashionable mode, she would have it modelled to the whole form of her head, her figure. She lifted her eyes to look. They were slow, greenish, and cold like the sea at this moment, because she was so perplexed, so heavy with trying, all alone, always quite coldly alone, to understand, to understand and to adjust herself. It never occurred to her to expect anything of the other person: she was utterly self-responsible.

"No," she said to her maid, in her slow, laconic, plangent voice, "don't let it swell out over the ears, lift it straight up, then twist it under—like that—so it goes clean from the side of the face. Do you see?"

"Yes, my lady."

And the maid went on with the hair-dressing, and she with her slow, cold musing.

She was getting dressed now to see her bridegroom. The phrase, with its association in all the romances of the world, made her snigger involuntarily to herself. She was still like a schoolgirl, always seeing herself in her part. She got curious satisfaction from it, too. But also she was always humorously ironical when she found herself in these romantic situations. If brigands and robbers had carried her off, she would have played up to the event perfectly. In life, however, there was always a certain painful, laborious heaviness, a weight of self-responsibility. The event never carried her along, a helpless protagonist. She was always responsible, in whatever situation.

Now, this morning, her husband was coming to see her, and she was dressing to receive him. She felt heavy and inert as stone, yet inwardly trembling convulsively. The known man, he did not affect her. Heavy and inert in her soul, yet amused,

she would play her part in his reception. But the unknown man, what was he? Her dark, unknown soul trembled apprehensively.

At any rate he would be different. She shuddered. The vision she had of him, of the good-looking, clean, slightly tanned, attractive man, ordinary and yet with odd streaks of understanding that made her ponder, this she must put away. They said his face was rather horribly cut up. She shivered. How she hated it, coldly hated and loathed it, the thought of disfigurement. Her fingers trembled, she rose to go downstairs. If he came he must not come into her bedroom.

So, in her fashionable but inexpensive black silk dress, wearing her jewels, her string of opals, her big, ruby brooch, she went downstairs. She knew how to walk, how to hold her body according to the mode. She did it almost instinctively, so deep was her consciousness of the impression her own appearance must create.

Entering the small drawing-room she lifted her eyes slowly and looked at herself: a tall, loose woman in black, with fair hair raised up, and with slow, greenish, cold eyes looking into the mirror. She turned away with a cold, pungent sort of satisfaction. She was aware also of the traces of weariness and illness and age, in her face. She was twenty-seven years old.

So she sat on the little sofa by the fire. The room she had made was satisfactory to her, with its neutral, brown-grey walls, its deep brown, plain, velvety carpet, and the old furniture done in worn rose brocade, which she had bought from Countess Ambersyth's sale. She looked at her own large feet, upon the rose-red Persian rug.

Then nervously, yet quite calm, almost static, she sat still to wait. It was one of the moments of deepest suffering and suspense which she had ever known. She did not want to think of his disfigurement, she did not want to have any pre-

conception of it. Let it come upon her. And the man, the unknown strange man who was coming now to take up his position over against her soul, her soul so naked and exposed from illness, the man to whose access her soul was to be delivered up! She could not bear it. Her face set pale, she began to lose her consciousness.

Then something whispered in her:

"If I am like this, I shall be quite impervious to him, quite oblivious of anything but the surface of him." And an anxious sort of hope sent her hands down onto the sofa at her side, pressed upon the worn brocade, spread flat. And she remained in suspense.

But could she bear it, could she bear it? She was weak and ill in a sort of after-death. Now what was this that she must confront, this other being? Her hands began to move slowly backwards and forwards on the sofa bed, slowly, as if the friction of the silk gave her some ease.

She was unaware of what she was doing. She was always so calm, so self-contained, so static; she was much too stoically well-bred to allow these outward nervous agitations. But now she sat still in suspense in the silent drawing-room, where the fire flickered over the dark brown carpet and over the pale rose furniture and over the pale face and the black dress and the white, sliding hands of the woman, and her hands slid backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards like a pleading, a hope, a tension of madness.

Her right hand came to the end of the sofa and pressed a little into the crack, the meeting between the arm and the sofa bed. Her long white fingers pressed into the fissure, pressed and entered rhythmically, pressed and pressed further and further into the tight depths of the fissure, between the silken, firm upholstery of the old sofa, whilst her mind was in a trance of suspense, and the fire-light flickered on the yellow chrysanthemums that stood in a jar in the window.

The working, slow, intent fingers pressed deeper and deeper in the fissure of the sofa, pressed and worked their way intently, to the bottom. It was the bottom. They were there, they made sure. Making sure, they worked all along, very gradually, along the tight depth of the fissure.

Then they touched a little extraneous object, and a consciousness awoke in the woman's mind. Was it something? She touched again. It was something hard and rough. The fingers began to ply upon it. How firmly it was embedded in the depths of the sofa-crack. It had a thin rim, like a ring, but it was not a ring. The fingers worked more insistently. What was this little hard object?

The fingers pressed determinedly, they moved the little object. They began to work it up to the light. It was coming, there was success. The woman's heart relaxed from its tension, now her aim was being achieved. Her long, strong, white fingers brought out the little find.

It was a thimble set with brilliants; it was an old, rather heavy thimble of tarnished gold, set round the base with little diamonds or rubies. Perhaps it was not gold, perhaps they were only paste.

She put it on her sewing finger. The brilliants sparkled in the firelight. She was pleased. It was a vulgar thing, a gold thimble with ordinary pin-head dents, and a belt of jewels around the base. It was large too, big enough for her. It must have been some woman's embroidery thimble, some bygone woman's, perhaps some Lady Ambersyth's. At any rate, it belonged to the days when women did stitching as a usual thing. But it was heavy, it would make one's hand ache.

She began to rub the gold with her handkerchief. There was an engraved monogram, an Earl's, and then Z, Z, and a date, 15 Oct., 1801. She was very pleased, trembling with the thought of the old romance. What did Z. stand for? She thought of her acquaintances, and could only think of Zouche.

But he was not an Earl. Who would give the gift of a gold thimble set with jewels, in the year 1801? Perhaps it was a man come home from the wars: there were wars then.

The maid noiselessly opened the door and saw her mistress sitting in the soft light of the winter day, polishing something with her handkerchief.

"Mr. Hepburn has come, my lady."

"Has he!" answered the laconic, slightly wounded voice of the woman.

She collected herself and rose. Her husband was coming through the doorway, past the maid. He came without hat or coat or gloves, like an inmate of the house. He was an inmate of the house.

"How do you do?" she said, with stoic, plangent helplessness. And she held out her hand.

"How are *you*?" he replied, rather mumbling, with a sort of muffled voice.

"All right now, thanks," and she sat down again, her heart beating violently. She had not yet looked at his face. The muffled voice terrified her so much. It mumbled rather mouthlessly.

Abstractedly, she put the thimble on her middle finger, and continued to rub it with her handkerchief. The man sat in silence opposite, in an arm-chair. She was aware of his khaki trousers and his brown shoes. But she was intent on burnishing the thimble.

Her mind was in a trance, but as if she were on the point of waking, for the first time in her life, waking up.

"What are you doing? What have you got?" asked the mumbling, muffled voice. A pang went through her. She looked up at the mouth that produced the sound. It was broken in, the bottom teeth all gone, the side of the chin battered small, whilst a deep seam, a deep, horrible groove ran right into the middle of the cheek. But the mouth was the

worst, sunk in at the bottom, with half the lip cut away.

"It is treasure-trove," answered the plangent, cold-sounding voice. And she held out the thimble.

He reached to take it. His hand was white, and it trembled. His nerves were broken. He took the thimble between his fingers.

She sat obsessed, as if his disfigurement were photographed upon her mind, as if she were some sensitive medium to which the thing had been transferred. There it was, her whole consciousness was photographed into an image of his disfigurement, the dreadful sunken mouth that was not a mouth, which mumbled in talking to her, in a disfigurement of speech.

It was all accident, accident had taken possession of her very being. All she was, was purely accidental. It was like a sleep, a thin, taut, overfilming sleep in which the wakefulness struggles like a thing as yet unborn. She was sick in the thin, transparent membrane of her sleep, her overlying dream-consciousness, something actual but too unreal.

"How treasure-trove?" he mumbled. She could not understand.

She felt his moment's hesitation before he tried again, and a hot pain pierced through her, the pain of his maimed, crippled effort.

"Treasure-trove, you said," he repeated, with a sickening struggle to speak distinctly.

Her mind hovered, then grasped, then caught the threads of the conversation.

"I found it," she said. Her voice was clear and vibrating as bronze, but cold. "I found it just before you came in."

There was a silence. She was aware of the purely accidental condition of her whole being. She was framed and constructed of accident, accidental association. It was like being made up of dream-stuff, without sequence or adherence to any plan or purpose. Yet within the imprisoning film of

the dream was herself, struggling unborn, struggling to come to life.

It was difficult to break the inert silence that had succeeded between them. She was afraid it would go on forever. With a strange, convulsive struggle, she broke into communication with him.

"I found it here, in the sofa," she said, and she lifted her eyes for the first time to him.

His forehead was white, and his hair brushed smooth, like a sick man's. And his eyes were like the eyes of a child that has been ill, blue and abstract, as if they only listened from a long way off, and did not see any more. So far-off he looked, like a child that belongs almost more to death than to life. And her soul divined that he was waiting vaguely where the dark and the light divide, whether he should come in to life, or hesitate, and pass back.

She lowered her eyelids, and for a second she sat erect like a mask, with closed eyes, whilst a spasm of pure unconsciousness passed over her. It departed again, and she opened her eyes. She was awake.

She looked at him. His eyes were still abstract and without answer, changing only to the dream-psychology of his being. She contracted as if she were cold and afraid. They lit up now with a superficial over-flicker of interest.

"Did you really? Why, how did it come there?"

It was the same voice, the same stupid interest in accidental things, the same man as before. Only the enunciation of the words was all mumbled and muffled, as if the speech itself were disintegrating.

Her heart shrank, to close again like an over-sensitive newborn thing, that is not yet strong enough in its own being. Yet once more she lifted her eyes, and looked at him.

He was flickering with his old, easily roused, spurious interest in the accidentals of life. The film of separateness

seemed to be coming over her. Yet his white forehead was somewhat deathly, with its smoothly brushed hair. He was like one dead. He was within the realm of death. His over-flicker of interest was only extraneous.

"I suppose it had got pushed down by accident," she said, answering from her mechanical mind.

But her eyes were watching him who was dead, who was there like Lazarus before her, as yet unrisen.

"How did it happen?" she said, and her voice was changed, penetrating with sadness and approach. He knew what she meant.

"Well, you see I was knocked clean senseless, and that was all I knew for three days. But it seems that it was a shell fired by one of our own fellows, and it hit me because it was faultily made."

Her face was very still as she watched.

"And how did you feel when you came round?"

"I felt pretty bad, as you can imagine; there was a crack on the skull as well as this on the jaw."

"Did you think you were going to die?"

There was a long pause, whilst the man laughed self-consciously. But he laughed only with the upper part of his face: the maimed part remained still. And though the eyes seemed to laugh, just as of old, yet underneath them was a black, challenging darkness. She waited whilst this superficial smile of reserve passed away.

Then came the mumbling speech, simple, in confession.

"Yes, I lay and looked at it."

The darkness of his eyes was now watching her, her soul was exposed and new-born. The triviality was gone, the dream-psychology, the self-dependence. They were naked and new-born in soul, and depended on each other.

It was on the tip of her tongue to say: "And why didn't

you die?" But instead, her soul, weak and new-born, looked helplessly at him.

"I couldn't while you were alive," he said.

"What?"

"Die."

She seemed to pass away into unconsciousness. Then, as she came to, she said, as if in protest:

"What difference should *I* make to you! You can't live off me."

He was watching her with unlighted, sightless eyes. There was a long silence. She was thinking, it was not her consciousness of him which had kept *her* alive. It was her own will.

"What did you hope for, from me?" she asked.

His eyes darkened, his face seemed very white, he really looked like a dead man as he sat silent and with open, sightless eyes. Between his slightly-trembling fingers was balanced the thimble, that sparkled sometimes in the firelight. Watching him, a darkness seemed to come over her. She could not see, he was only a presence near her in the dark.

"We are both of us helpless," she said, into the silence.

"Helpless for what?" answered his sightless voice.

"To live," she said.

They seemed to be talking to each other's souls, their eyes and minds were sightless.

"We are helpless to live," he repeated.

"Yes," she said.

There was still a silence.

"I know," he said, "we are helpless to live. I knew that when I came round."

"I am as helpless as you are," she said.

"Yes," came his slow, half-articulate voice. "I know that. You're as helpless as I am."

"Well then?"

"Well then, we are helpless. We are as helpless as babies," he said.

"And how do you like being a helpless baby," came the ironic voice.

"And how do *you* like being a helpless baby?" he replied.

There was a long pause. Then she laughed brokenly.

"I don't know," she said. "A helpless baby can't know whether it likes being a helpless baby."

"That's just the same. But I feel *hope,* don't you?"

Again there was an unwilling pause on her part.

"Hope of what?"

"If I am a helpless baby now, that I shall grow into a man."

She gave a slight, amused laugh.

"And I ought to hope that I shall grow into a woman," she said.

"Yes, of course."

"Then what am I now?" she asked, humorously.

"Now, you're a helpless baby, as you said."

It piqued her slightly. Then again, she knew it was true.

"And what was I before—when I married you?" she asked, challenging.

"Why, then—I don't know what you were. I've had my head cracked and some dark let in, since then. So I don't know what you were, because it's all gone, don't you see."

"I see."

There was a pause. She became aware of the room about her, of the fire burning low and red.

"And what are we doing together?" she said.

"We're going to love each other," he said.

"Didn't we love each other before?" challenged her voice.

"No, we couldn't. We weren't born."

"Neither were we dead," she answered.

He seemed struck.

"Are we dead now?" he asked in fear.

"Yes, we are."

There was a suspense of anguish, it was so true.

"Then we must be born again," he said.

"Must we?" said her deliberate, laconic voice.

"Yes, we must—otherwise—" He did not finish.

"And do you think we've got the power to come to life again, now we're dead?" she asked.

"I think we have," he said.

There was a long pause.

"Resurrection?" she said, almost as if mocking. They looked slowly and darkly into each other's eyes. He rose unthinking, went over and touched her hand.

"'Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended unto the Father,'" she quoted, in her level, cold-sounding voice.

"No," he answered; "it takes time."

The incongruous plainness of his statement made her jerk with laughter. At the same instant her face contracted and she said in a loud voice, as if her soul was being torn from her:

"Am I going to love you?"

Again he stretched forward and touched her hand, with the tips of his fingers. And the touch lay still, completed there.

Then at length he noticed that the thimble was stuck on his little finger. In the same instant she also looked at it.

"I want to throw it away," he said.

Again she gave a little jerk of laughter.

He rose, went to the window, and raised the sash. Then, suddenly with a strong movement of the arm and shoulder, he threw the thimble out into the murky street. It bounded on the pavement opposite. Then a taxi-cab went by, and he could not see it any more.

A Delightful Legend

(*Freely adapted from Talmudic lore*)

By Maurice Relonde

IN the beginning of the world the Lord God commanded all the animals to pass before Adam, where he sat in the garden of golden flowers, so that the first man would name them with their proper names. This was to prove that Adam was created in His own true image and wisdom, and that he had dominion over all that lived on the earth and in the air and in the waters.

So they passed before him each with its own mate, male and female, and Adam blessed them and gave them the right name that reflected the eternal wisdom of the Holy One. But soon there came a great sadness upon Adam's countenance and God noted it and asked him the reason thereof.

O Lord God, he said, who made the world in infinite graciousness, I am sad because I of all thy creatures am without a mate. I have none that walks nigh me and I shall be lonesome in the dark nights.

Am I not sufficient unto thee? queried the Father of the World.

Thou are my God and Master and not my equal, said he.

Thereupon the Lord God gathered the dust from the four corners of the earth, the North, the South, the East, and the West, even as he had done to fashion Adam, and created the woman Lilith.

Now the woman Lilith was full equal in beauty to Adam, of whom it is recorded that the sole of his foot obscured the splendor of the sun. In height she was full twenty thousand

cubit measures; her body was of wondrous grace and her breasts like two moons. Moreover, she had the knowledge and undertaking of things even as Adam, for she also had been created in the image of the Almighty. In her eyes shone the wisdom of the ages and she could pass judgment even as the Most High. Wherefore she followed her own ways and took no counsel nor ordering from Adam.

Now this filled Adam with grief and resentment. For, said he, thou wert created at my desire and for my pleasure. But Lilith heeded him not.

So there arose discord between the two and strife. And the strife grew greater all the time, for Adam desired to force his bidding on the woman and she would have none of it. Then on a day the strife came to an end.

It so fell out that one dewy morning when Adam arose from his bed he found that the woman Lilith was gone and though he sought her everywhere he could not find her. Thereupon a wild wrath came in his heart and he ran like a whirlwind unto the Lord God and wailed and complained: O Lord God! the woman thou hast given me as a companion and for my joy has deserted me.

Straightway God summoned unto him the three archangels, Michael, Gabriel and Labiel, and ordered them to find the rebellious woman and bring her unto him.

So they went forth and on the third day they found her amidst the green water of the Red Sea, whither she had betaken herself.

Thou art to return to the man for whom thou wert created, said they. That I will not, she said.

The Lord God has commanded it in his righteous wisdom and he will visit great punishment upon thee if thou obeyest not. The children thou wilt create shall be demons and each day one hundred of their number shall die.

I will not return to the man Adam, she said.

So the three celestial messengers returned swiftly unto God and made their report that the woman Lilith would not return.

Then Adam raised his voice in loud lamentation and weeping and said: O Holy Lord! order her to return, else I will spend my days henceforth in sorrow and lonesomeness.

And God replied, That I cannot do, for I created her in mine own image and wisdom even as I created thee, and she may do as her mind wills. Yet will I create unto thee another woman who will cleave to thee and never leave thee. But her I will not make from the dust of the four corners of the earth that hath in it the virtues of the Holy Name.

And God thought for a time and said, I will not make her from thy mouth lest she wish to talk too much, nor from thine eyes lest she wish to see too much, nor from thine ears lest she wish to hear too much. And in the end the Lord God said, I will make her from thy rib which is nearest to thy heart, by reason of which she will cling to thee as a grape to the vine.

And the Lord's will was done and the woman's name was Eve. And it happened even as God had foretold.

[Therefore, good reader, when thou goest forth to meet a woman, ask her in thy mind: Art thou a descendant of that Lilith who was made in the image and wisdom of God or dost thou spring from the crooked rib of man . . .]

"Mother"

By Sherwood Anderson

ELIZABETH WILLARD, the mother of George Willard of Winesburg, Ohio, was tall and gaunt and her face was marked with smallpox scars. Although she was but forty-five, some obscure disease had taken the fire out of her figure. Listlessly she went about the disorderly old New Willard hotel looking at the faded wall paper and the ragged carpets and, when she was able to be about, doing the work of a chambermaid among beds soiled by the slumbers of fat traveling men. Her husband, Tom Willard, a slender, graceful man with square shoulders, a quick military step and a black moustache trained to turn sharply up at the ends, tried to put the wife out of his mind. The presence of the tall ghostly figure, moving slowly through the halls, he took as a reproach to himself. When he thought of her he grew angry and swore. The hotel was unprofitable and forever on the edge of failure and he wished himself out of it. He thought of the old house and the woman who lived there with him as things defeated and done for. The hotel, in which he had begun life so hopefully, was now a mere ghost of what a hotel should be. As he went, spruce and business-like, through the streets of Winesburg he sometimes stopped and turned quickly about as though fearing the spirit of the hotel and the woman would follow him even into the street. "Damn such a life! Damn it!" he sputtered aimlessly.

Tom Willard had a passion for village politics and for years had been the leading Democrat in a strongly Republican community. Some day, he told himself, the tide of things

political would turn in his favor and the years of ineffectual service count big in the bestowal of rewards. He dreamed of going to Congress or becoming governor. Once when a younger member of the party arose at a conference and began to boast of his faithful service Tom Willard grew white with fury. "Shut up, you!" he roared, glaring about. "What do you know of service? What are you but a boy? Look at what I have done here! I was a Democrat here in Winesburg when it was a crime to be a Democrat! In the old days they fairly hunted us with guns."

Between Elizabeth Willard and her one son, George, there was a deep, unexpressed bond of sympathy based on a girlhood dream that had long ago died. In the son's presence she was timid and reserved, but sometimes as he hurried about town, intent upon his duties as a reporter, she went into his room and, closing the door, knelt by a little desk made of a kitchen table that sat near a window. In the room by the desk she went through a ceremony that was half a prayer and half a demand addressed to the skies. In the boy's figure she yearned to see something half forgotten, that had once been a part of herself, reawakened. The prayer concerned that. "Even though I die I will in some way keep defeat from you," she cried, and so deep was her determination that her whole body shook. Her eyes glowed and she clenched her fists. "If I am dead and see him becoming a meaningless, drab figure like myself I shall come back," she declared. "I ask God now to give me that privilege. I demand it. I will pay for it. God may beat me with his fists. I will take any blow that may befall if but this boy be allowed to express something for us both." Pausing uncertainly, the woman stared about the boy's room. "And do not let him become smart and successful, either," she added vaguely.

The communion between George Willard and his mother was outwardly a formal thing without meaning. When she

was ill and sat by the window in her own room he went in the evening to make her a visit. They sat by the window that looked over the roof of a small frame building into Main Street. By turning their heads they could see, through another window, along an alleyway that ran behind the Main Street stores and in at the back door of Abner Groff's bakery. Sometimes as they sat thus a picture of village life presented itself to them. At the back door of his shop appeared Abner Groff with a stick or an empty milk bottle in his hand. For a long time there was a feud between the baker and a grey cat that belonged to Sylvester West, the druggist. The boy and his mother would see the cat creep in at the door of the bakery and presently emerge followed by the baker, who swore and waved his arms about. The baker's eyes were small and red and his black hair and beard were filled with flour dust. Sometimes he was so angry that, although the cat had disappeared, he hurled sticks, bits of broken glass and even some of the tools of his trade down the alleyway. Once he broke a window at the back of Sinning's hardware store. In the alleyway the grey cat crouched behind barrels filled with torn papers and broken bottles above which flew a black swarm of flies. Once when she was alone, and after watching a prolonged and ineffectual outburst on the part of the baker, Elizabeth Willard put her head down upon her long white hands and wept. After that she did not look along the alleyway any more, but tried to forget the contest between the bearded man and the cat. It seemed like a rehearsal of her own life, terrible in its vividness.

In the evening when the son sat in the room with his mother the silence made them both feel awkward. Darkness came on and the evening train came in at the depot. In the street below feet tramped up and down a board sidewalk. In the depot yard, after the evening train had gone, there was a heavy silence. Perhaps Skinner Leason, the express

agent, moved a truck the length of the depot platform. Over on Main Street sounded a man's voice, laughing. The door of the express office banged. George Willard arose and crossing the room fumbled for the door knob. Sometimes he knocked against a chair, making it scrape along the floor. By the window sat the sick woman, perfectly still, listless. Her long hands, white and bloodless, could be seen drooping over the ends of the arms of the chair. "I think you had better be out among other boys. You are too much indoors," she said, striving to relieve the embarrassment of the departure. "I thought I would take a walk," replied George Willard, who felt awkward and confused.

One evening in July, when the transient guests who made the New Willard House their temporary home had become scarce, and the hallways, lit only by kerosene lamps turned low, were plunged in gloom, Elizabeth Willard had an adventure. She had been ill in bed for several days and her son had not come to pay his evening visit. She was alarmed. The feeble blaze of life that remained in her body was blown into a flame by her anxiety and she crept out of bed, dressed and hurried along the hallway toward her son's room, shaking with exaggerated fear. As she went along she steadied herself with a hand slipped along the papered walls of the hall and breathed with difficulty. The air whistled through her teeth. As she hurried forward she thought how foolish she was. "He is concerned with boyish affairs," she told herself. "Perhaps he has now begun to walk about in the evening with girls."

Elizabeth Willard had a dread of being seen by guests in the hotel that had once belonged to her father and the ownership of which still stood recorded in her name in the County Courthouse. The hotel was continually losing patrons because of its shabbiness and she thought of herself as also shabby. Her own room was in an obscure corner and when she felt

able to work she voluntarily worked among the beds, preferring the labor that could be done when the guests were abroad seeking trade among the merchants of Winesburg.

By the door of her son's room Elizabeth Willard knelt upon the floor and listened for some sound from within. When she heard the boy moving about and talking in low tones a smile came to her lips. George Willard had a habit of talking aloud to himself and to hear him doing so had always given his mother a peculiar pleasure. The habit in him reawakened and strengthened the secret bond she felt existed between them. A thousand times she had whispered to herself of the matter. "He is groping about, trying to find himself," she thought. "He is not a dull clod, all words and smartness. Within him there is a secret something that is striving to grow. It is the thing that I let be killed in myself."

In the darkness in the hallway by the door Elizabeth Willard arose and started again toward her own room. She was afraid that the door would open and the boy come upon her. When she had reached a safe distance from the door and was about to turn a corner into a second hallway she stopped and, bracing herself with her hands, waited, thinking to shake off a trembling fit of weakness that had come upon her. The presence of the boy in the room had made her happy. In the bed, during the long hours alone, the little fears that had visited her had become giants. Now they were all gone. "When I get back to my room I shall sleep," she murmured gratefully.

But Elizabeth Willard was not to return to her bed and to sleep. As she stood trembling in the darkness the door of her son's room opened and the boy's father, Tom Willard, stepped out. In the light that streamed out at the door he stood with the knob in his hand and talked. What he said infuriated the woman.

Tom Willard was ambitious for his son. He had always

thought of himself as a successful man although nothing he had ever done had turned out successfully. However, when he was out of sight of the New Willard House and had no fear of coming upon his wife, he swaggered and imagined himself one of the chief men of the town. He wanted his son to succeed. He it was who had secured for the boy the position as reporter on the Winesburg Eagle. Now with a ring of earnestness in his voice he was advising concerning some course of conduct. "I tell you what, George, you have got to wake up," he said sharply. "Will Henderson has spoken to me three times concerning the matter. He says you go about for hours not hearing when you are spoken to and acting like a gawky girl. What ails you, eh?" Tom Willard laughed good-naturedly. "Well, I guess you'll get over it," he said. "I told Will that. You are not a fool and you are not a woman. You are Tom Willard's son and you'll wake up. I'm not afraid. What you say clears things up. If working on the paper has put notions of becoming a writer into your head, that's all right. Only I guess you'll have to wake up to do that too, eh?"

Tom Willard went briskly along the hall and down a stairway to the office. The woman in the darkness could hear him laughing and talking with some guest who was striving to wear away a dull evening by dozing in a chair by the door. She returned to the door of her son's room. The weakness had passed from her body as by a miracle and she stepped boldly along. A thousand ideas raced through her head. When she heard the scraping of a chair and the sound of a pen scratching upon paper she again turned and went back along the hallway to her own room.

A definite determination had come into the mind of the defeated wife of the Winesburg hotel keeper. The determination was the result of long years of quiet and rather ineffectual thinking. "Now," she told herself, "I will act. There

is something threatening my boy and I will ward it off." The fact that the conversation between Tom Willard and his son had been rather quiet and natural, as though an understanding existed between them, maddened her. Although for years she had hated her husband her hatred had always before been a quite impersonal thing. He had merely been a part of something she had hated. Now, and by the few words at the door, he had become the thing personified. In the darkness of her own room she clenched her fists and glared about. Going to a cloth bag that hung by a nail on the wall she took out a pair of long sewing scissors and held them in her hand like a dagger. "I will stab him," she said aloud. "He has chosen to be the voice of evil and I will kill him. When I have killed him something will snap within myself and I shall die also. It will be a release for all of us."

In her girlhood, and before her marriage with Tom Willard, Elizabeth had borne a somewhat shaky reputation in Winesburg. For years she had been what is called "stage-struck" and had paraded through the streets with traveling men guests at her father's hotel, wearing loud clothes and urging them to tell her of life in the cities out of which they had come. Once she startled the town by putting on men's clothes and riding a bicycle down Main Street.

In her own mind the tall dark girl had been in those days much confused. A great restlessness was in her and it expressed itself in two ways. First there was an uneasy desire for change, for some big definite movement to her life. It was this feeling that had turned her mind to the stage. She dreamed of joining some company and wandering over the world, seeing always new faces and giving something of herself to all people. Sometimes at night she was quite beside herself with the thought but when she tried to talk of the matter to the members of theatrical companies that came to Winesburg and stopped at her father's hotel she got nowhere.

They did not seem to know what she meant or, if she did get something of her passion expressed, they only laughed. "It is not like that," they said sharply. "It is as dull and uninteresting as this here. Nothing comes of it."

With the traveling men, when she walked about with them, and later with Tom Willard it was quite different. Always they seemed to understand and sympathize with her. On the side streets of the village in the darkness under the trees, they took hold of her hand and she thought that something unexpressed in herself came forth and became a part of an unexpressed something of them.

And then there was the second expression of her restlessness. When that came she felt for a time released and happy. She did not blame the men who walked with her and later she did not blame Tom Willard. It was always the same, beginning with kisses and ending, after strange wild emotions, with peace and then sobbing repentance. When she sobbed she put her hand upon the face of the man and had always the same thought. Even though he were large and bearded she thought he had become suddenly a little boy. She wondered why he did not sob also.

In her room, tucked away in a corner of the old Willard House, Elizabeth Willard lighted a lamp and put it upon a dressing-table that stood by the door. A thought had come into her mind and she went to a closet and brought out a small square box and set it on the dresser. The box contained materials for "make-up" and had been left with other things by a theatrical company that had been stranded in Winesburg. Elizabeth Willard had decided she would be beautiful. Her hair was still black and there was a great mass of it done up in a long coil and wrapped about her head. The scene that was to take place in the office below began to grow in her mind. No ghostly, worn-out figure should confront Tom Willard, but something quite unexpected and

startling. Tall and with fair dusky cheeks and hair that fell in a mass from her shoulders a figure should come striding down the stairway and before the startled loungers in the hotel office. The figure would be silent, it would be swift and terrible. As a tigress whose cub has been threatened she would appear, coming out of the shadows, swift, noiseless, holding the long wicked scissors in her hand.

With a little dry sob in her throat Elizabeth Willard blew out the light that stood upon the dressing table and was again in the darkness. The strength, that had been as a miracle in her body, left, and she half-reeled across the floor, clutching at the back of the chair in which she had spent so many long days staring over the roofs into the Main Street of Winesburg. In the hallway there was the sound of footsteps and George Willard came in at the door. Sitting in a chair beside his mother he began to talk. "I am going to get out of here," he said. "I don't know where I shall go or what I shall do, but I'm going away."

Elizabeth Willard waited and trembled. An impulse came to her. "I suppose you had better wake up," she said. "You will go to the city and make money. It will be better for you—to be a business man—do you not think so?"

George Willard shook his head. "I suppose I can't make you understand, but oh, I wish I could," he said earnestly. "I can't talk to father about it. I don't try. There isn't any use. I don't know what I shall do. I just want to go away and look at people and think."

Silence fell upon the room where the boy and the woman sat together. Again as on the other evenings they were embarrassed. After a time the boy tried again to talk. "I suppose it won't be for a year or two, but I've been thinking about it," he said, rising and going toward the door. "Something father said makes it sure that I will have to go away." He fumbled with the door knob. In the room the silence became

unbearable to the woman. The nameless joy that swept over her seemed about to make her cry out.

"I think you had better go out among the boys. You are too much indoors," she said.

"I thought I would go for a little walk," replied the son, stepping awkwardly out of the room and closing the door.

America

By James Oppenheim

I AM in love with this land:
All my thinking is in vain,
All my doubts are drowned.

There is no reason in love . . .
But there is longing, and the will to embrace, and adoring idealization . . .

Has the Mississippi a magic more than the Rhine,
Or do the Rockies outgrandeur Alps and Himalayas?
Is blue of the sea on the coast of Maine lovelier than blue of the Bay of Naples?

No . . . no . . . no . . .
My brain is full of the echoes of my ancestry,
Full of the song of winds down the stormy Mediterranean,
And sea-echoes in the Black Forest,
And glare and mirage of Sahara,
And stars above Judea.

I belong to the Wanderer, to the ancient race out of Babylon,
My fathers and mothers dwell in me as a tide of migrations,
I have wandered in old places in their extinct persons,
From that flesh the vision of Isaiah became a cry,
And of Jesus became a god.

But ships have brought me to a primal continent
In a meeting of caravans,
A vast migration has mingled the races on this land,
And here I was born, and here I grew up,
And here my children were born,
And here is the face of the beloved.

O thou America, wherefore is my heart glowing with thee?
I see thee in the likeness of a beautiful girl,
Neither wise nor a mother,
But happiest when she gazes in a mirror,
And with a sweet-tooth, and swift to passion,
And cruel and indifferent and monstrous!

Or I see thee in the likeness of a young giant . . .
He scoops gold from the mountains,
Or gouges out the iron-ore and the coal:
He stokes the glaring furnaces of Pittsburgh,
Or drives herds of cattle through the stockyards of Chicago;
He has raised the Image of his God on Manhattan,
The steel-stone God of Industry:
And that God, wreathed with prayers of white steam,
And flying many banners,
Looks seaward, arrogant.

What has the Ancient of Days to do with thee,
O adolescent America?
What have I to do with thee,
I whose blood runs to the pulse of Asia's prophecies,
And whose heart is crowded with the sorrows of old peoples?
Have I not renounced the psalms and the song of songs to dwell with thee?
O land of noise, and mill-havoc, and tawdry towns,
Rootless, and cheap, and new,
Roaring with democracy.

America

Europe has fallen into the sea that never rests,
But is whirlpool, and sucking eddy, and moon-swayed tides:
Thou art that sea, O unstable nation,
Thou art that sea.

Madly thou chasest after the new, and the latest, and the fresh-born fact,
And the bubbling of thy kindliness has an unsavoury taste:
Wildly thou speedest, ever faster, ever faster,
Seeking the Nowhere and finding nothing.

I have shrunk from thee many a time,
Cowed by thy machine-dominion,
By thy loud business with facts, and tonnage, and with steel and stone,
Thy dark industrial dreariness . . .
And worst, by thy shiftiness and lack of depths,
O thou that ever movest, shiftest, turnest, travelest,
Ever unrooted, ever without a past,
Ever on surfaces . . .

And as a tired man, life-wearied, longs for the arms of his mother, and to be a child again,
I have longed back for a motherland,
A cradle in a motherland,
Where old sweet songs of the folk are sung by the hills and the heavens,
And the soil, rich with the dead, is redolent of myth and fable,
And ghosts of the historic past go in pageantry against the night,
And one is at home with Earth
And sustained with a mighty ancestry,
His Motherland of love.
O America, thou art a youth who has gone out into the world

Far from mother and father,
And from song, shelter, and peace,
Far to the untried, the perilous, the changing,
And thou hast no place to rest thy head,
No, not if thou weariest and sinkest down,
But art driven, a Wanderer,
With only a future for thy dreams.

And yet when courage comes to my heart
I rise and seem more of man to be in my nation's peril,
And I see America as the first of the changing ones,
An outpost of new times.

For Earth's migrations now begin . . .
As in a crystal I see the future globe . . .
Ocean has given up her strength and the sun his power,
With fine wires our children have enmeshed the mountains,
And the upper skies are the paths of Speed;
Peoples have become tides that ebb and that flow,
And the seasons mingle their dreams for them:
As by derricks, as by cranes, as by steam-shovels and swarthy dredges
Rooted life is torn up and transported and shuffled . . .
The day of the New dawns . . .
The last-born thought becomes the news of the five continents overnight,
The fresh discovery penetrates the farthest island,
And the races are sieved through one another and lose their identity . . .
The solid and fixed flows and becomes a sea . . .
On Manhattan corners India prays,
At the foot of the Pyramids Pittsburgh flames . . .

The world becomes as America . . .

America

O my outpost nation, my land of the future,
The world becomes as thee!

Thou sufferest the experiment,
Thou, O Pioneer,
Frontiersman of ancient Europe,
Thou, the many-mingling, the multitude-headed,
The crowded plateau of Demos.

I will take thy risk with thee:
I will grow strength to swim in thy sea,
I that have loved the solid land.

But O, what call have I to take courage?
A deep need moves me . . .
A fire is in my depths . . .
There is no reason in this, but only longing, and the need to embrace,
And adoring idealization . . .

I remember a ferry ride:
It was late November, and the wind lashed the North River:
And there loomed Manhattan with white towers,
Dim, blossoming with lights, in the gray end of the day,
And my heart leaped, and a hotness broke from its sealed depths,
And a warm passion of love went out to that city,
And I loved . . .
O, as I love now, as I love thee now,
Past reason, past doubt,
Land of the latter-day giants,
Land of my birth . . .

Where shall I seek for thy secret?

For youth never answers:
The Sphinx is young, he understands not his own depths,
It is he himself that seeks for his own secret . . .

Thou crouchest not, O Sphinx,
Thou toilest and spendest and speedest,
Craving the hottest joys, the mad animal orgy,
The brightest power . . .
Thou lovest thy many comforts and thy mighty tools . . .
Thou lovest the large-scale life,
With transcontinental gesture,
Gigantic cranes.

I have been in Pittsburgh,
I have stood, of a winter's night, on a bridge over the Monongahela,
Stung with the sleet . . .
I have seen the darkness blossom with golden snow from the convertor
When eight pipes glanced out clear,
And all the river shone;
And I have stood in the mills when out of whited pits
The ten-ton ingot lifted,
And I have stood in the railroad yards
When the locomotives came blinding up and down,
And the green lamp changed to red;
Yea, I have stood in the burning red core of America,
There in the fires of steel,
There where the bone-work of civilization was wrought,
In smokes of cloud by day and pillars of fire by night,
And the writhing muscles of the half-naked puddlers slid to their task,
And the primal face of labor gazed in the fires,
And I have marveled over Man, the conqueror.

America

And I have been in Chicago,
And I have traveled the Loop with its shops and stores,
And stood on the shores of Lake Michigan where the railroad
tonnage rolls,
And wheat and cattle are sluiced from West to East . . .

And Manhattan?
Many are the years that I have dwelt in Manhattan . . .
A hundred of her streets are printed with the feet of my joys
and sorrows,
And my blood is on those stones . . .
Here I have heard the cry of my new-born child,
Here I have looked last on the face of my dead,
Here I have striven and failed and fallen and risen again,
And come to shame and to heartbreak . . .

There are corners in this city where ghosts of my old selves
are walking;
It was on 79th Street that I saw the skies open even as Jacob
saw them open,
And on Washington Square I raised psalms to Creation
And flew with the spirit of life beyond Arcturus . . .
Along the North River I trudged as a sick boy
Longing for love, and dreaming of fame:
It was on the Heights of Morningside that first I saw my city
unroll at my feet,
Unroll, to roll up into towers of the sky,
A giant on the shores of the Atlantic,
A giant laughing to Europe overseas . . .

O there are moonlit streets which surely have passed,
Yea, though their houses and pave still stand,
Where as a youth I walked with a girl
In an old magic long dead.

And now, this night, the deep city lives rankly around me,
Thunderous, and new, and in motion,
And in vision the walls become transparent, the miles of walls,
And I see millions of human beings,
Suffering, loving, consuming,
Struggling out of the Earth, embracing each other and pushing from each other,
And sowing seed in each other, and slaying each other,
Ancient as vanished Egypt,
Old as the mud of the Nile.

And I know that Babylon is but the background of New York
And that California is lightly mounded over the Pyramids . . .
All strange passions are here, and all desire,
Vision rages, and youth goes down,
And the lovers kiss the piercing transient kiss of passion,
And the echoes of old voices are in our ears,
And our hearts are dark with loss.

O stars above New York,
O banks of stars, I lean over you as over a parapet,
I lean and look down into the unwalled abyss,
And I see a few twinkles . . .
One is the sun, and one is Mars, and one is Venus, and one is Uranus,
And almost the least of these is Earth . . .

And I lean and think of Earth . . .
I think of her pageantry of history,
And her epic of desire,
I think of the long crawl of life from the seed in the steaming mud
To the risen mind of Greece,
And all the longings that flamed fierce and went out on the blind little ball,

And all the personal dreams and pioneerings and failures,
And the massacre, the plague, and the women alone,
And the shiftings of nations and of ages,
And the roll-call of the dead,
And the Earth as one green tomb,
And of New York tonight lighted with lamps and busy with men and women,
And of tomorrow when this too is rolled up as a scroll
And becomes a memory, a vision,
And all these desirers and hungerers are not in the skies,
Not there where Earth twinkles in the abyss,
And I, I . . (O not on a star-bank!) . .
I here in this room,
I here, alive, vivid, full of schemes for tomorrow,
Expunged from the abyss.

What matters America to me,
I that shall die?
I prod the heavens in every direction with a long pole
But everywhere the pole goes through: there are skies beyond . . .
There is no Paradise and no haven for the soul,
And no throned God, and singing winged angels.

Ah, but Life, Life is in me . . .
Life, the intoxicant, Life that races in the blood,
Life, that over coffins blows the trumpets of attack,
Life, the unreasonable,
Life that goes forth as Love, and that questions not,
That laughs at death, that mocks at decay,
That sponges softly away all memories of sorrow
And drops erasing mist on coming doom.

James Oppenheim

Something rises in me, sings, shouts,
Clutches me with wings, and carries me forth and away:
I cannot resist: I grow glad: I run out:
I laugh and exult, and am joyous of the hard bright streets,
And look into living faces and rejoice.

This is my city, this is my land . . .
What care I if it have no Past?
I have a Past . . . I bequeath it to America . . .
Is it dreamless? I bring it a dream!
Lacks it vision? It shall have mine!

The Race

By William Rose Benét

YOUR pursed lips suddenly sucked in a sound that your horse
Leapt to. He tossed his head and stretched his muzzle,
Hauling the reins, and started off at a canter.
Riding astride in your heavy McClellan saddle,
With straight flat back—in white shirtwaist and high white stock
And black cocked hat—you wavered against the hills,
On that broad white road, a clear, clean flame to me,
Blowing into the glory of the sun
Over the marshes.

Caleppit—caleppit—caleppit!
The hoofs of my horse rang out in sudden pursuit
Little puffs of dust like shots from gnomish rifles
Followed your horse's flying heels. The road
Rose and fell before us, as over a ridge
By a ranch we clattered, and slanted around a curve
Where a sheep-dog barked from a byre. The high sun moved
Following us.

I saw you sling your quirt
Lightly over the flank of the reaching roan,
And the easy cradle-motion beneath me told
How my horse was nearing a run.
The wind from the Straits
Came slashing into our faces. The dusty road,

William Rose Benét

Hard under hoof, racketed with our flight.
A dooryard fluttered orange poppies. A team
Drew into the dusty, bitten border grass
To watch us by. A winding herd of cows
Stopped to stare from a mounded hill, in the cloak-spread shadow
Of crooked live-oaks. Out on that strip of steel,
Beyond the marshes, some veering red-brown sails
Of Portuguese fishermen made for a ramshackle pier.
The hills, like a humping school of porpoises,
Kept pace with us on the left, and luring white
The road ran on before.

A stretch of sand
Muffled the hoofs, and seemed to check us. Then
Caleppit—caleppit—caleppit! again. And neither gaining . . .
Pursuer, pursued, and all a flowing illusion!

You rode in a cloud, and I in a cloud. We moved
Like the wistful-tinging sunlight of afternoon
That glinted far out on the slowly-turning wings
Of an inland-drifted gull. And high and still
A dark hawk hovered. Our eyes, astare with speed,
Dilated into a bright indifferent sky.

And then you pulled on the reins, and I tugged, and the horses,
Snorting and sweating, were wrestled back to a trot,
And we laughed and ambled along in companionship
While I was thinking, "I wonder if she is the One?"
And you, perhaps, "I really wonder if he——?"
Both meanwhile talking scattered half-chaffing things,
One of your leather gauntlets busied about your hair,
I fumbling in my khaki coat for a pipe,
Each in youth's calm pursuit
Of a magnificent and mateless dream!

Grass

By Carl Sandburg

PILE the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work.
I am the grass. I cover all.
And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and people on passenger trains ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?
I am the grass. Let me work.

The Truth

By Edna Wahlert McCourt

CHARACTERS

Sara.
Warren, *her husband.*
Clara, *her young sister.*
Mrs. Davenport, *her mother.*
Mr. Davenport, *her father.*
Aunt Fannie.

SCENE: *The Davenports' living room.* AUNT FANNIE *is sitting near the window, utilizing the rays of the setting April sun to read Bergson's "Creative Evolution," which, most patently, amuses her immensely. She chuckles over it, quietly.* MR. DAVENPORT *lights the reading lamp, draws up a chair, and looks over the evening paper.* CLARA *and* MRS. DAVENPORT *are gossiping mildly.*

CLARA

Why, mother, it *was* mauve velvet edged with mink. I'm positive it wasn't imitation. Was it, Aunt Fannie?

AUNT FANNIE

Was what what?

CLARA

Wasn't Mrs. Smith's dress trimmed with real mink?

MRS. DAVENPORT

Was Mrs. Smith's dress trimmed with real mink?

AUNT FANNIE

I haven't the faintest idea.

CLARA

O pshaw, Aunt Fannie, you're carrying this pose of yours too far!

AUNT FANNIE

M.....m?

CLARA

Yes, you are. It's ridiculous for a person who dresses as well as you do to pretend she doesn't know what other people wear.

AUNT FANNIE

(*Looking up from her book for the first time*)

I almost always carry away a general impression of people's clothes, Clara. But I think it much more interesting to discover whether my acquaintances themselves are genuine than to determine the status quo of the fur with which they trim their clothes.

MRS. DAVENPORT

Now, Fannie, don't scold the child again!

CLARA

Pooh. I don't care what she says.

(*She hums*)

MRS. DAVENPORT

Clara! Be careful how you speak of your auntie! Remember she's a celebrity.

(AUNT FANNIE *chuckles and resumes her reading.* MR. DAVENPORT *falls asleep.* MRS. DAVENPORT *picks up some fancy work.* SARA *enters in street clothes.*)

CLARA

Hello, Sis.

SARA

(*Tragically*)

Hello.

CLARA

Why didn't you get to the club this afternoon?

SARA

(*More tragically*)

I didn't feel like going to a club. I've been walking in the park. (*Without removing her hat or gloves she sits down on a low stool and folds her hands in her lap.*)

CLARA

(*Ramblingly*)

Well, you didn't miss anything. Why do folks persist in lecturing on Feminism? However, there were some good-looking clothes among those present. Mrs. Smith had on a most marvelous gown of mauve velvet edged with mink.

MRS. DAVENPORT

How often must I tell you, Clara, that it was imitation?

CLARA

Oh well, if you say so. There's no sense in arguing with one's family. Is there, Sis?

SARA

(*Most tragically*)

There's no sense in arguing with anybody—about anything. Not even with one's self.

(*Aunt Fannie looks up sharply*)

CLARA

That's where you're about right. If ever.....

AUNT FANNIE

(*Curiously*)

Sara.

(*Sara drops her head in her lap.*)

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Bustling over to her daughter*)

Darling, are you ill?

CLARA

What's the matter? What's the matter?

SARA

(*Dully*)

Go away.

AUNT FANNIE

You seem to have forgotten our many conversations on the Incoherent Woman, Sara. Aren't you well?

SARA

(*Bitterly*)

Well! Am I well! (*She jumps up suddenly and paces up and down the room, throwing off her hat and gloves, wildly.*)

MRS. DAVENPORT

Darling, tell mother what has happened!

CLARA

(*Beginning to whimper*)

Oh Sis, you never acted like this before!

AUNT FANNIE

With a little more practice, Sara, I imagine you could secure an engagement as a moving picture Tragedy Queen. You wouldn't have to talk sense, you know.

MRS. DAVENPORT

How can you, Fannie! Don't you see the darling is in distress? (*To Sara*) Tell Mother what has happened, dearie. Tell Mother what has happened.

SARA

(*Shrilly*)

Don't pester me!

CLARA

(*Whimpering louder*)

O Sadie . . .

AUNT FANNIE

Have it out and over with, Sara. Don't be a fool, child. What's happened?

SARA

I suppose I might as well tell you! You'll have to know some time! Probably soon. I've been to see the doctor. In six months . . . (*She shudders*) Oh Mother, I'm going to have a baby!

CLARA

(*Squealing jubilantly*)

Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm so glad! Oh! Oh! Oh! You darling Sis, you! Isn't it wonderful?

SARA

(*Pushing her away*)

Idiot!

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Sentimentally, trying to kiss Sara*)

This is the happiest day of my life, darling.

SARA

(*Frantically*)

If you talk like that I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . .

AUNT FANNIE

(*Sharply*)

Let her alone! (*To Sara*) You poor child.

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*With tremendous dignity*)

Fannie, remember, even though you are a spinster, that motherhood is, always has been, and always will be, sacred.

AUNT FANNIE

(*Laughing jollily*)

Sacred! My dear Beth! (*Most seriously to Sara, but very good-humoredly*) If you'll pardon the bromide, child—where there's life there's hope.

SARA

(*Miserably*)

Oh Aunt Fannie, I'm only twenty-four. I don't know anything yet. My point of view is all wobbly. I wanted to work over *myself* before I . . . before I . . .

CLARA

You're good enough now, Sis.

MRS. DAVENPORT

Darling, how noble you are!

SARA

Noble! Never. I only pride myself upon being an individualist.

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Soothingly*)

Yes, yes, dearie. (*In a loud aside*) We must humor her.

SARA

I'm not crazy, Mother.

CLARA

(*Wide-eyed*)

How queerly you're acting. I thought you liked children. I'm going to have four when I get married,—two boys and two girls.

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Suavely*)

Of course Sara wants children, Clara. She's just a little nervous, now.

SARA

I'm not nervous! I'm just . . I'm only . . I'm merely . .

AUNT FANNIE

Exactly.

MRS. DAVENPORT

For shame, Fannie!

SARA

(*Hotly to her aunt*)

Oh, you think I'm an example of the Incoherent Woman you're always harping on and writing about! But I'm not! —even if I am. It isn't my fault that I've got a little grey matter and can't accept everything that comes my way! Most girls are like fishes swimming with their mouths open and swallowing everything that floats in. But, thanks to your influence and the few brains the good Lord gave me, I'm different.

MRS. DAVENPORT

For shame, Sara!

SARA

I don't think it any more wonderful or noble to have a child as I am having mine than it is to—blow my nose! Why, I don't even know Warren well enough to know whether or not I *want* him to be the father of my child! Of course I love him dearly, but that's a purely personal matter with me, and has nothing whatever to do with a third person, born or otherwise. The fact that a woman loves a man doesn't necessarily mean that he is the father she should find for her children. I always planned to have children intelligently and sincerely and not, as most women do,—for all the noble and sacred

bluff they've worked these thousands of years!—like having the toothache!

CLARA

Keep it up, Sis!

AUNT FANNIE

I'm proud of you, Sara!

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Her voice and hands trembling a little*)

My daughter, I want to have a long talk with you tomorrow. Alone, my dear. After that I hope you will utter no more sentiments like these I have been obliged to listen to.

SARA

(*Throwing her arms around her mother's neck*)

O Mother darling, forgive me! I know I'm a brute to say these things in front of you. But you're a woman. Surely you—even you, dear conventional angel that you are—cannot be so shocked. Even you must realize that no person whose interests are bound by and drawn to one thing, can do decent work with another. No girl or woman who is absorbed in her own individuality can live worthily when a tremendous energy-absorber, as a baby is bound to be, is thrust out of chaos into her life. When motherhood isn't the result of an intelligent act of will, certain consequences are certain. The stupid woman thinks she is prepared for her task, and so never is. The imaginative woman sinks to crime,—either to murder or abandonment of her child, or, "because of my sacrifice" she usually says, to the greatest of all crimes,—self-indulgence. And the sane woman makes the most of the caprice, realizing that some good and some pleasure can be abstracted from any condition life offers: however, she is always either secretly longing to fulfill her individual destiny, or else she becomes a wreck of a woman, giving up the ghost, so to speak, and losing

heart and self control under the weight of the undesired burden.

AUNT FANNIE

Where did you get all this—knowledge?

SARA

(*Suddenly very far away*)

I've always had it, I think. But I was never able to formulate my thoughts until this afternoon—in the park.

(*Mr. Davenport wakes up.*)

MR. DAVENPORT

(*Adjusting his spectacles and trying not to yawn*)

Dear me. I believe I must have been asleep.

AUNT FANNIE

Really?

CLARA

O Daddy, guess what's going to happen!

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Shocked*)

Clara! (*Severely to her, aside*) Have you no delicacy?

SARA

Mother, you make me tired! Can't girls be natural with their own fathers!

Father, I'm going to have a baby.

MR. DAVENPORT

Why . . . (*blushing*) why . . . (*lamely*) The dickens!

AUNT FANNIE

Modesty, thy fireside is parenthood!

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Sentimentally*)

Aren't you delighted, Father?

MR. DAVENPORT

Of course! Of course! Why . . . why . . . (*fumbling*) Order that ruby necklace you were admiring, Sara . . . (*patting her cheek*) Your old father is mighty fond of his little girl.

CLARA

O you lucky Sara! Dad, will you give me the diamond one I'm crazy about if I have twins the day after *I'm* married?

MRS. DAVENPORT

Clara!

(*An automobile horn toots.*)

AUNT FANNIE

(*Glancing out of the window*)

Here comes Warren.

(*Enter Warren*)

WARREN

Hello, Everybody!

MR. DAVENPORT

(*Pumping his hand*)

Have a cigar, my Boy! (*Hands him two*) Keep them both! Keep them both, my Boy!

WARREN

(*Pretty much surprised*)

Why . . . why, thank you.

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Patting his arm*)

My dear son.

CLARA

Warren, I'm going to quit scrapping with you. And I'm going to finish the handkerchief box I've been making for you—tomorrow!

WARREN

Why . . . it isn't my birthday. What's up? What's the matter? (*To Sara*) Have I had my salary raised?

(*All, except Aunt Fannie, laugh consciously.*)

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Very significantly*)

I think, Father, you had better do the—the telephoning you have to do before dinner. Now.

MR. DAVENPORT

(*Catching on, and hurrying away*)

O yes, yes. Of course. (*Turning suddenly to his son-in-law*) Have another cigar, my Boy! (*He hands Warren a third, and, completely fussed, hurries out. Warren opens his mouth a little.*)

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*Still significantly*)

And, Clara, you and I must look over the frock you are to wear to the dance tonight.

CLARA

Yes, Mother. (*Giving Warren a great hug*) You are a nice fellow, Warren. I'm really going to quit scrapping with you.

WARREN

(*Weakly*)

The devil.

MRS. DAVENPORT

(*At the doorway, most significantly to Aunt Fannie*)

Didn't I hear you say you had some letters to write, Fannie?

AUNT FANNIE

In a little while.

(*Mrs. Davenport and Clara go out.*)

WARREN

But what's up? What's the matter, honey? What's happened, Aunt Fannie?

AUNT FANNIE

If you go into the music room and stay there for three minutes by your watch and chain, Sara will tell you when you return.

WARREN

No! If something has happened I want to know. Right away, too. This have-a-cigar-dear-boy-handkerchief-box stuff doesn't go with me!

SARA

Better do as Aunt Fannie says, dear.

WARREN

No! I— I—

AUNT FANNIE

Three minutes.

WARREN

O well—if you insist. But you're all certainly acting like a bunch of lunatics! (*He goes out.*)

SARA

How can you worry him so!

AUNT FANNIE

I? But we must not waste time. Three minutes is not an interminable period. My dear, I have observed life pretty carefully for fifty years and I have come to the conclusion that married women are never truthful with their husbands. Most of them convince their husbands that they are, and a goodly percentage even convince themselves. Now I know you are capable of perfect frankness with women and with your father, and it would interest me more than I can tell you

to find out whether or not you are capable of telling your husband the truth.

SARA

Why Aunt Fannie! I never even prevaricate to Warren!

AUNT FANNIE

Then let me hide behind this curtain and hear you tell him the news—as you told it to yourself and to us.

SARA

Of course you may! Do you suppose I'll divulge the news, as you call it, as the women in female periodicals tell their husbands that the family is to be augmented—by sitting around foolishly, sewing shyly on small garments? That may be the proper thing in books and in the movies, but it isn't in real life . . . I shall tell him that I am going to become a mother,—entirely against my intelligence and will,—and that I am convinced mine is the lowest of human acts. But, too, I shall assure him that I shall meet the situation, with his help, as sanely and as contentedly as possible.

He is coming!

(*Aunt Fannie hides behind the portieres, as Warren, who has worked himself into a state of bewildered disgust, enters.*)

WARREN

The time's up. And, confound it, if I haven't got madder during these three minutes than during any three years of my life!

SARA

(*With dignity, sinking languidly upon the davenport*)

Of course, if you're going to start off in a temper—

WARREN

Why shouldn't I? If there's anything I can't stand it's this damnable politeness from intimates,—and here's your whole family treating me as though I had just returned from a

honeymoon! We married three months, too, and living here!

SARA

(*Piqued that he isn't tremendously eager for the news*)

I should think you would respect them for leaving us alone when they knew I had something to tell you.

WARREN

Rats. Why can't you tell me in front of them? You're not usually so secretive. You usually tell everything you know whether they are around or not. Probably this doesn't amount to much, anyway.

SARA

(*Not knowing whether to be grieved at his lack of intuition or angry*)

You think so?

WARREN

Well, what is it? Have you bought a new dress?

SARA

(*Now deeply shocked at his callousness*)

A new dress!

WARREN

Why—your lip is trembling! (*Trying to caress her*) Oh say, Sara, what's up? The devil, I say. What have you got to tell me?

SARA

Nothing,—now. Go away.

WARREN

(*Pleading*)

Oh come on, Sadie, that's no way to treat a fellow.

SARA

(*Sharply*)

Is yours the way to treat a wife and m—? (*She catches herself just in time.*)

WARREN

Search me. And I do beg your pardon if I've done anything I shouldn't do.

SARA

If you don't *know* what you've done—

WARREN

(*Disgusted again*)

Now I suppose you're sore because I haven't urged you on my knees to tell me what you've got to tell. As every man knows—every wife on the planet gets hot when she's got some long-winded yarn to unravel and her husband doesn't instantaneously transform himself into a large life-sized Ear.

SARA

(*Terribly hurt*)

Warren! Long-winded yarn!

WARREN

(*Completely flabbergasted at the misery in her voice*)

Why,—I'm a brute. Forgive me. You know I'm really always interested in what you say. I'd rather listen to you talk than to—money. Tell hubby what it's all about.

SARA

Never. Not now. Never.

WARREN

Why not? You were going to?

SARA

That was before I realized how ununderstanding—how hard-hearted you are.

WARREN

Hard-hearted! Why I'm perfect mush where you're concerned! And you know it. (*Endeavoring honestly to be coaxing*) Come, tell me.

SARA

I couldn't. Not now.

WARREN

Please.

SARA

No!

WARREN

(*Dropping the subject*)

Then don't. Don't care if I *never* know your blamed secret.

SARA

(*Flaring up*)

But you will!

WARREN

(*Surprised*)

How?

SARA

You—you'll *see* it!

WARREN

(*Wondering whether she has lost her mind*)

See it?

SARA

Yes. I shan't be able to hide it much longer! My waist is th-th-three inches t-t-too big alread-dy.

WARREN

(*Turning perfectly white*)

Honey, you don't mean . . .

SARA

I do mean! In six months—

WARREN

Six months! (*He falls on his knees beside her and kisses her hands*) Cursed ass that I am! Blockhead! Idiot! —

Darling, darling, can you forgive me? Ever? Not that I deserve it . . .

SARA

I sh-should s-say you didn't!

WARREN

Say the word—Angel—Precious—Sweetheart—and I'll blow my brains out! But I couldn't guess . . .

SARA

(*Laughing and sobbing a little hysterically and drawing him up to the davenport beside her*)

Silly . . .

WARREN

I understand. How kind your family is. Oh (*Covering her with kisses*) Say you forgive me!

SARA

(*Softly*)

You'll never do it again?

WARREN

Dearest! But what can I say? How can you endure having such a blockhead for a husband! But now that I do know . . . (*awed*)

SARA

You're not sorry? (*Very happily*) Are you?

WARREN

Sorry! I am—(*in a hushed voice*)—proud. I shall be a good man, now.

SARA

(*Very close to him*)

You are good.

WARREN

(*Very, very humbly*)

Not good enough for you. It's wonderfully sweet of you

to be so adorable about it. Most girls make a tremendous fuss all along. (*Kissing her hands*) But from now on you won't know me, I'll try so hard to be worthy. You'll find you're not the only one in this family who can shoulder burdens bravely and willingly and joyfully. You won't be the only one of us to understand that parenthood is the greatest of privileges. You won't be the only one to realize that our petty selfishnesses and self-interests are, to the bigger duties of humanity and the race, as a raindrop to the river.

(*In the midst of his rather unusual eloquence Sara has suddenly remembered Aunt Fannie. She gasps. She looks furtively toward the curtains which conceal the listener. In her confusion she clings rather frightenedly to her husband.*)

SARA

Oh, Warren—I—I—

WARREN

You are ill! Darling, tell me what to do for you!

SARA

I—I— (*Suddenly inspired*) My smelling salts. In the upper left hand drawer of my dressing table. The drawer is locked—I think. Look for the key. First.

(*Warren rushes out of the room. Aunt Fannie emerges with the twinkle in her eye, but not on her lips.*)

SARA

(*Weakly*)

I—I forgot you were there.

AUNT FANNIE

Evidently. But don't look so guilty, dear child. I was an old fool.

(*She caresses her niece's hair very tenderly. Sara giggles.*)

Man and Music

By Ernest Bloch

(Translated by Waldo Frank)

(Ed. Note: *M. Bloch is one of the most interesting figures in contemporary music. Recognized many years ago by such critics as Romain Rolland, he experienced great hardship in finding his proper place, because he failed to fit into any of the reigning European schools. To the Germans, his music seemed too French; to the French, too German. Accurately, his music is neither one nor the other. M. Bloch may found a school: but he belongs to none. This essay, in which so much of his personality and his battle are laid bare, has been written expressly for* The Seven Arts.)

THUS far the war does not seem to have had any great effect on music and musicians. I am not speaking from the practical standpoint, nor do I refer to the musicians who are at the front or to those who, from a safe distance in the rear, discuss with such violence the need of boycotting the music of the enemy. I am not thinking of the occasional music the war has called forth:—music in sentimental colored covers, military marches, songs for "charity bazaars," the inevitable current merchandise elaborated by smug gentlemen in the seclusion of their sitting-rooms. I do not believe in this "music from afar." And I am convinced that if anything permanent remains of all this, it will be some obscure plaint, some racy soldier-song sprung from the suffering or the ecstacy of action.

At the beginning of the war, when it was the common belief that the struggle would be short, a fond hope prevailed that art and music would rise from it refreshed. But as the conflict drags on, and the end recedes, speculation about art

has dropped away. All forces strain toward a single goal for which everything is sacrificed, and the social organism, at bay, has rallied all its energies for the narrow struggle of existence. During this vast and tragic upheaval in which almost the entire world is caught and which cannot fail to transform the entire aspect of things, what has music become? Has it also passed through the tempest, has it grown to be the voice of the people in their new sufferings and hopes? Can we find in it the impress of what is actually taking place? It seems not. Before all this overwhelming trouble, music remains indifferent. This, the most direct of all the arts, the art that is best qualified to express life and human passions in their entirety, seems to have remained alien to the great drama.

There is something tragic in the degree to which music has gradually divorced itself from life and become an ego-centric and an artificial thing. Already before the War, it had wandered from the source where all art must find its strength and its continual rebirth; it was no longer the expression of our soul and of our mind, of our epoch with its struggles, its agonies and its aspirations. It lacked emotive life; it lacked humanity. In all its branches—creation, interpretation, modes of instruction and critique—it had become a cold and calculated thing, lifeless and unspirited. Music was no longer the emanation of a race and a people, a spontaneous birth out of life. It was a music of musicians. . . .

This, one vaguely apprehended, was the situation before the war. And this has scarcely changed. The public loves the same type of sterile work; the exploiters continue to provide it. And "serious" composers persist in their obsession with technique and procedure. They discuss and argue. They laboriously create their arbitrary and brain-begotten works, while the emotional element—the soul of art—is lost in the passion for mechanical perfection. Everywhere, virtuosity of

means; everywhere, intellectualism exalted as the standard. This is the plague of our times, and the reason of its inevitable dearth.

But this is not the first time that such perverse conditions have obtained in the history of art. Virtuosity of means, exalted as the end-and-all of art, the substitution of automatism for life are nothing new in music. There were the early excesses of the contrapuntalists in the first days of vocal polyphony. Later, "bel canto" was reduced to a vice, and more recently still instrumental virtuosity was carried to excess, just as today we have harmonic, contrapuntal, and orchestral acrobatics. But wherever this parisitism has prevailed, it has done so to the detriment of music. And it has been encouraged when the inventive and creative force was low: when the art's true nourishment was meager. At such times, the artist, creative and interpretive, is driven to a substitute for real emotion and real life. The artifice of form is a last resource with which he holds the languishing attention of a weary public.

II.

Only that art can live which is an active manifestation of the life of the people. It must be a necessary, an essential portion of that life, and not a luxury. It must have its roots deep within the soil that brings it forth. Needless to say, it cannot be the direct output of crowds; but, however indirectly, they must have contributed to its substance. A work of art is the soul of a race speaking through the voice of the prophet in whom it has become incarnate. Art is the outlet of the mystical, emotional needs of the human spirit; it is created rather by instinct than by intelligence; rather by intuition than by will. Primitive and elemental races have had marvelous arts; and there have been periods of superior civilization, sterile in this form of expression: particularly those in

which the practical and intellectual elements have been dominant. Indeed, it would seem as if certain social states like certain individual conditions give forth an atmosphere that is hostile to art and exclude it. And it is a proper question whether a society, primarily utilitarian like our own, is of a sort to foster art. For art is a completely disinterested function; it is free of all practical compromise and deaf to the law of supply and demand.

Still, the nutritive elements of art are not wanting among us. Throughout its many avatars, humanity remains the same; the conflicts that spring from human passion change only in outer semblance, and scarcely in that! The struggle of man with nature and the struggle of man with man are as tragic as ever. There is little distinction between the ancient war of primordial tribes and the modern war of the trenches. Despite the development of machinery and of the technique of living, no gulf separates the toiling of millions in the choking furnaces of Pittsburgh from the passionate and painful struggle of the first men at the dawn of history for food and shelter. The picture is one; its light alone is different. It is the eternal wrestling of man with matter.

There was a time, however, when men drew inspiration from their daily life and their daily conflicts. Everything had its deep aspect of poetry. But today the artist turns away and avoids what ought to command him. Where he should plunge into life, feel himself impregnate with it, draw forth its essence magnified and ennobled, he prefers to devote his powers to the inventing of an artificial work.

This schism between life and art is a dangerous one indeed. It may well make of art what it has already made of religion: a dogmatic and dessicated form, remote from nature, morbid, lifeless, a fairy-tale that has lost all its meaning. Why has this break between life and art occurred?

It is a vast and complex problem; for the factors linking

an art to a culture are numerous and subtle, especially in music. Moreover, the experience of history is not always commandingly helpful. An equation that was once true may today be false, since the terms have altered with the evolving facts. Still, among the impulses that have driven art into its present perverted state there are two which appear to me to be essential: the industrial development which art has undergone and the acute intellectualism of our times. These two elements have enslaved the artist; they have taken from him, little by little, and in many subtle ways, his freshness of sensation, his complete sincerity and his freedom.

Art is becoming an industry. It is in the hands of exploiters of all stamps, men who wring great profits from it, who presume to "direct" it and to regulate its "market," which, like all markets, is subject to the law of supply and demand. Unhappy is the fate of the independent and original artist, if he is not rich and lacks a second nature, that of the merchant! Either he is crushed, annihilated by the vast and terrible machine of art; or, if he prefers not to starve to death, he is forced to conform to the laws and the conditions of these art-traffickers! Let him rush to a place under their yoke, if he wants to eat!

This is one of the shames of our social system: of all art, it favors most the meretricious and the degraded. It encourages the production of those sweetened, cloying works, of all those lies that today poison the public; it supports those "arrangements" — derangements rather — that mutilate our masterpieces for the sake of profit. It produces that surfeit of facile mediocrity whose false contagion ruins the taste of the masses. And, on the other hand, it pushes aside the true artist whose sincerity is useless, since it lacks a market-value.

This commercialism is universal in the world of art. What does one usually learn from the concert-programs? Does one find there a love of art, or a fad for artists? Is there any end

to the concessions that are made from commercial motives? Always and again, the law of supply and demand. Conductors and virtuosi repeat *ad nauseam* the drummed-out, antiquated works that flatter their patrons. Our concerts have become dead museums; and what they have to offer has no real relation with the life about us. Moreover, the dissatisfaction is widespread; great is the hunger for release. But it is vague and undirected. Inertia has its way.

This shameful state of affairs has of course infected the press. In Europe, doubtless in America as well, place and attention are not always accorded to the true work of art, to the true man of art. Public opinion has become vitiated; and those whose mission it is to enlighten the masses are most active in perverting them.

This, however, is only one side of the question. It explains but one aspect, the "nether regions" of art. There is a whole category of artists whose material ease and conscience as well enable them to hold far aloof from all this promiscuous evil. But are they, for all this, freer than the others? Are they free to live, to see, to feel, to think first and then to proclaim what they have received, without constraint and without concession? I think not. Another tyranny, equally dangerous, holds them down. They are not the slaves of merchant-editors and directors, of an easy and degraded public taste; but they are the slaves of the conventions of our time, of fashion, of the attenuated pleasures of a special set. Above all, they are subject to the intellectualism which by its constraint withers and renders false the true conception of art. Most of our artists today do not live an ample, integrated life. Their life is rarified, cerebral, artificial: largely a seeking of technique.

In certain epochs of history, broad truths, social, political or religious, have set up wide currents of thought and feeling that have swept man along in a unity of action and of faith. In such times, art has been one with life and its expres-

sion has stood for humanity. Egypt, Greece, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance knew such an art. It seems to me that the latest example of one of these collective states of soul in music was Richard Wagner; for in him we find incarnate the future dream and development of his race. But since Wagner's time no great conception, no great conviction has fertilized mankind. On the other hand, the critical instinct has developed, the positive sciences have reigned; industrialism and the vulgarization of art, heightened communication and interchange of ideas have foisted on our consciousness a febrile mixture of thought and feeling. We find the most hostile theories living side by side. The old convictions are shattered, and new ideas are not strong enough to become convictions. Everywhere there is chaos. And art indeed has been the mirror of our uncertainties. It is significant to find, in a single epoch, the flourishing of works and styles so varied and so opposed: Reger to Strauss, Mahler to Schoenberg; Saint Saens to d'Indy or Debussy; Puccini to Dukas. Our arts tend more and more toward an individualistic, non-representative and non-racial expression. Nor is the factitious renaissance of national arts which manifested itself before the war to be taken seriously. The ardor of these prophets was an affair of the will, of the intellect. Their influence on the real domain of art is negligible.

There can be no doubt, for instance, that a great artist like Claude Debussy stands for the best and purest traditions of the French. But he is representative chiefly aesthetically and in form. The essence of his inspiration has little in common with the present state of France. He stands far less for France than a Rabelais, a Montaigne, a Voltaire, a Balzac, a Flaubert. He represents in reality only a small part of his country.*

*Perhaps it is unjust to seek this manifestation of France in her music. Her poets and novelists, painters and sculptors are certainly more typical. Each race has its arts of predilection.

Debussy represents the goal of the preraphaelite doctrines propounded by the symbolist poets and painters of France. Above all, he represents Claude Debussy. And it is precisely in this fact that his immense value lies; his personality, his special individuality.

Unfortunately, this is not what musicians have sought in him. Quite on the contrary, they appreciate and emulate the exterior part of his work which is of importance only because of what it expresses; so that the fate of Debussy has been the usual one. First, he was ignored. Now, he is understood and admired only through his superficial and trivial qualities. An army of imitators, of second-hand manufacturers, pounced on the technique of Claude Debussy. And through their ironical activities that which was the peculiar accent of a peculiar personality becomes a debased tongue: musicians who have nothing in common with Debussy now think that they must use his words. And criticism which seems perennially unable to distinguish the true work from the pastiche exalts with the same adjectives the authentic expression and the sickening imitation.

Of course, the language of Debussy has become vulgarized and denatured; false usage has emptied it of its native color. It has become a mechanical procedure, without power and without soul. And the consequence, as with Wagner, has been a constant musical depreciation. For the ears of these moderns Debussy is already "vieux jeu." Debussy has had to be outbidden. From one tonal exaggeration to another, we have been hurried along until our ears have become actually perverse and incapable of savoring the clean and fresh beauty of old masterpieces. Our appetite increases for still hotter spices, for still wilder complexities.*

First, the Wagnerians created "Wagnerism"—a narrow

* The same external evolution has taken place in the domains of counterpoint and orchestration.

doctrine that declared itself the absolute truth; then the admirers of Debussy forged their "debussysme," a doctrine equally narrow and equally intolerant of the past. And now comes a new aesthetic—that of the *bored ones!* It is based exclusively upon technical considerations. With the charge of rhetoric it denies most of the superb eras of musical history, as if its own rhetoric were better!—and it succeeds utterly in confounding the means of art with its end. Its cry is for novelty, and still more novelty. If our fathers were the slaves of custom, the new school is the slave of novelty. This frenzied search for originality has led to cubism, futurism, all those tendencies which above everything are creations of reason and not of feeling.

Here is a new criterion; and all our musicians, artists, critics are touched by it in some degree. When I say that they are not free, I mean that an intellectual barrier exists between their emotion and their work—a sort of sensory perversion that twists their thoughts, inhibits their inspiration, and warps their taste. They are forever thinking of the development of their art—not as the corollary of a logical growth of thought, not as a spontaneous expression of life, but as a thing-in-itself, apart from life. And the truth is that they neither understand nor are interested in anything so much as the elaboration of their technique.

III.

In conclusion, I should say that at the present time the world of art is divided into two great currents. The lower one is that of the masses: their facile taste is sinking with the love of platitude and the weight of mechanical inventions—phonograph, pianola, cinematograph.* The other current is that of the "high-brow." With perverted taste, it looks on

* Witness the slow but sure degradation of the lyric theater.

art as a luxury, as a purveyor of rare sensations, as a matter of intellectual acrobatics.

Both on its higher and lower levels art has broken with life. And this, doubtless, explains why the fearful events now transfiguring mankind have had so little effect upon it.

The two worlds gravitate upon different orbits. But what must be the result? Are we at a period of transition; or are we virtually on the decline? Like all things, art is born, lives, dies. Is its story told? Are we definitively approaching a world of materialism, of egotism, of sensual satisfaction? Is the soul to atrophy in the dry-dust atmosphere of industrialism which now swirls about us and whose chaotic noises overwhelm and submerge us, day by day? Or is a rebirth coming? Perhaps. I, for one, do not believe that Humanity has finished its march. Humanity has merely turned a corner. We are not ready to deny the best within ourselves. But, to be sure, it will not be formulas, procedures, new theories that will create the art of tomorrow! Form is all important, since by means of it the artist materializes his vision; and for new thoughts there must indeed spring up new manners and modes of expression. In this sense, all experiment is better than mere stagnation and the effort of the *tasters* of art will not have been in vain. However false their direction, they at least work upon the soil in which must stir the harvest of tomorrow. They set their stakes. But the harvest cannot rise until a new seed has been planted.

Will the war bring forth that seed? I am rather of the opinion that this will be a distant consequence. I believe that some day we shall be weary of this daily miserable struggle, that a little true love will be reborn in the withered hearts of men. Perhaps, after our hatred, kindled only by a few, there will come one of those cleansing revolutions that will shake the world on its foundations and sweep away the poisonous vapors. Perhaps, then, a new life will rise up and

with it something of youth and verdure and joy; while the old limping religions, the gods in whom no one believes, will be swept away with the ruins. A new dawn will shine, and in their hearts men will feel once more the eternal flame that they believed extinct. A little fraternity, a little love, a little gladness will gleam on the face of the world and catch up the hearts of all men in one impulse, in one rhythm. And for these new hearts there will need to be new songs!

I am certain, then, that art, like a thirsty and withered plant which finds once more its native soil, will replunge its yearning roots into the old, good earth; it will hold fast; it will drain the pith of life, and, quite naturally, without effort, having found its home, its truth, it will blossom afresh.

THE SEVEN ARTS

AN EXPRESSION OF ARTISTS FOR THE COMMUNITY

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WE need to be a great nation. The need is deep: the want is felt up and down the land. Nothing has given us a clearer picture of ourselves than the glare of the Great War, whose fierce fires burning round the world show us to be thin silhouettes moving about without real purposes and meanings. This is the disillusionment of Midas, whose touch turned everything to gold. Our younger generation is sick of it: it turns with disgust against the soft ideal of universal comfort and the ennui of a colorless social life, a purposeless round of petty sensations. Human nature has

stronger and angrier hungers than an unrelieved industrialism can meet: and a race that has gone out time and again to suffer and to die for ideas and symbols, for abstract conceptions like "freedom" and "democracy," for visions like that of the Grail and of God, cannot now be content alone with factory-work, or business, or the flat metallic taste of money.

WE aspire, as our fathers' fathers did, for something beyond ourselves, which we may love or hate, and to which we may so give ourselves that life acquires an interest, an intensity, a fine rigorous quality that tests us athletically and brings all our submerged powers into play. We aspire to be alive in every part of ourselves. No ancient symbols embalmed in books and bibles will serve us. We cannot become a crusading people united in God or in Christ. We have no kings to overthrow in the name of fraternity and equality. We have no sense of imperial destiny, to shape a barbarian world with the sword. We have no tradition to revive, no common heritage to fight for. We have something to seek which we know is in ourselves and of ourselves: the greatness which a youth seeks when he knows that he must put away childish things and be a man.

AMERICA must grow up and take its place in the world. It is in nationality today that the race finds that larger self to which the individual may give all and so become human and high. The dream of vague internationalism that loosely caught the imagination a decade ago is gone: we see it as a false flare that led nowhere. "Produce great persons," said Whitman; "the rest follows." And so we know today that before we have the planetary community we must have great national personalities. To make the coming inter-nation we need nations. America must be one of them: we know that. And so, when Mr. Wilson stood up in

January and pledged America to a league for peace and a place in the world-councils, for the first time we found that basis on which our nationality might integrate: that center of purpose and willingness to serve around which America could find itself.

BUT this is not enough. We need more than a goal, we need more than the suffering that even war entails. We need to be able to open our lips and sing together; we need to be able to open our spirits to the deepest intuitions of our future; we need to be able to incarnate our longings and our aspirations in works that shall reveal us to ourselves. A nation finds itself when it creates a great book, a great architecture, a great music. It is like a man finding himself when he begins to love. In the emotion which lifts him out of himself, and which colors all his world with miraculous meanings, he transcends himself, and at last lives. It is when the emotion of a people is awakened and lifted up into the greatness of art —whether that art is like the prophecies in the Old Testament or like the drama of Greece or the sculpture and painting of Italy—it is when a people not only suffers for a greater self, and sets up goals for thinking and action, but is able also to love these things, that at last nationality comes to birth, and there is greatness and life. Such is the American need: perhaps the hour is at hand. J. O.

The Seven Arts and The Seven Confusions

By Joel Elias Spingarn

THERE are as many arts there are artists,—the number is not seven, but countless as the stars. We group them in constellations for our convenience, not theirs; seven units are more easily handled than a trillion. The confusions in regard to them are countless too; the actual number is far greater; but they may also be gathered for our convenience into seven groups,—"seven" has the perfume of a mystic tradition kept fragrant by the superstition of generations of men. So I begin with a roll-call of them all: Poets write for money; poets are influenced by their environment; poets write in meters; poets write tragedies and comedies; poets are moral or immoral; poets are democratic or aristocratic; poets use figures of speech.

The first of the Seven Confusions, then, is this, that "Poets write for money." This is only one way of stating a misconception of the nature of art that might be phrased in a hundred different ways. The most common form today is perhaps this: "Plays are written to be acted, not read." The confusion remains exactly the same when it is put: "Plays are written to be read, not acted." We are not concerned with the fact (if it be a fact) but with its implication for criticism.

The poet may find that a brisk walk stimulates his writing, or that he can write more easily when he has smoked a cigarette. The walk or the cigarette has not produced the poetry;

it has simply served as a stimulus to the personality that creates the poetry. It opens the faucet, but neither produces nor modifies the water that pours out. Other poets find that they cannot write easily without the stimulus of imagined reward,—money, the plaudits of the crowd, the resplendent beauty of theatrical performance. But men with the same ambitions write different poems or plays, and in this difference lies the real secret of art. For after all, whatever the imaginary stimulus, there is only one real urge in the poet's soul, to express what is in him. To trifle with the plumbing, after the faucet has been turned on, instead of drinking the water, is hardly the function of the critic or lover of art. To say, therefore, that poets write for money, that playwrights write for the stage, that painters paint to be "hung," is to confuse mere stimulus with creative impulse.

The second confusion, that "Poets are the products of their environment," is a twisted corollary of the first. We need not quarrel with the statement so long as it remains suspended in the air, as a vague generalization that can do no harm unless it carries with it the further implication that a study of the environment helps us to understand the poetry. Not what the poet's environment may have been, but what he has made out of it, is what interests us in a poem. The secret of a unique personality (if one may use the phrase when personality means nothing but uniqueness) is what the reader enjoys and the critic seeks to discover. Sociologists may trouble themselves about external and superficial resemblances between artists or groups of artists; aesthetic critics are concerned only with the unbridgeable differences. To look for a poet's power outside of his work rather than in it, to assume that his relation to his environment is of any concern whatever to a lover or critic of poetry, is to confuse criticism and sociology.

The most deeply imbedded superstition in regard to art, however, is concerned with its external form. The third con-

fusion, that "Poets write in meters," is therefore one of the oldest of all the confusions. Aesthetic theorists have waged a battle against it, from the days of Aristotle, who said that poetry is distinguished from history by something more essential than meter, and that the history of Herodotus would remain history even if written in verse, to our own day, when Benedetto Croce, the only modern who may be mentioned in the same breath with him, has left the old confusion without any ground to stand on. The fact is that there is no real distinction between prose and verse. Out of the infinite varieties of rhythm in human speech, it is possible, for convenience' sake, to separate the more regular from the more irregular, and to call one verse and the other prose: to say where one ends and the other begins is impossible. But to build a system on these empirical and convenient classifications is to confuse superficial likenesses with the realities of creative art. For after all no two poets write in the same meters. I may imagine that I am writing an iambic pentameter, or a line with a certain succession of beats or accents, but in reality I am creating a new line. If that line is good it is because of some special virtue of its own, and not because of some imaginary and purely external resemblance to something else. Poets do not use old meters, but each poet creates rhythms of his own.

What is true of meter is also true of language itself. To speak of "learning a language" is to risk the danger of the same confusion; we do not learn language, we learn how to create it. That is why it is so wide of the mark to say, as Max Eastman does, that "to sail into a man" is or is not a good expression because it means the same as the Latinism "to inveigh against a man." "Inveigh" may etymologically mean "sail into;" but if language is a living thing,—a form of art, not to be torn from its context or understood outside of it,—the Latin word helps to explain the English as much as the disinterred skeleton of a thirteenth century English yeoman helps us to

understand the personality of Max Eastman. It is inconceivable that a modern thinker should still adhere to abstract tests of good expression, when it is obvious that we can only tell whether it is good or bad when we see it in its natural context. Is any word artistically bad in itself? Is not "ain't" an excellent expression when placed in the mouth of an illiterate character in a play or story? To deal with abstract classification instead of the real thing,—versification instead of poetry, grammar instead of language, technique instead of painting,—is to be guilty of confusing form as concrete expression with form as a dead husk.

The fourth confusion may be summed up in the phrase: "Poets write tragedies or comedies." It is true that poets set out with the intention of writing them, although they have only the vaguest idea of what they mean by the terms; and it is equally true that their work may be impeded by false conceptions of these literary forms. But fortunately for us, their real achievement is independent of this confused ambition. Tragedy, comedy, lyric, epic, and other words of this sort, are simply convenient ways of classifying works of art, just as books may be classified as tall or small, cloth-bound or morocco-bound, for the purpose of arrangement in libraries, or men may be classified as tall or small for the purpose of arrangement in a company of soldiers. We shall always find these terms useful, in poetry no less than in libraries or regiments, and the confusion arises only when it is implied (as is almost always implied) that the classification is not merely a matter of convenience, but a law of art by which poems are to be judged. For example, a critic studies a number of poems having a certain resemblance and called tragedies; out of this study he evolves a "law of tragedy" and then attempts to impose it on the first poet who writes another poem of somewhat the same kind. "Sir," we hear him say throughout the ages, "you have disregarded all the laws of good tragedy, and your

poem is therefore no good." The poet's answer should be a very simple one: "There are no laws of good tragedy; there are only good or bad poems." No rule, no theory, no "law" coined by critics or scholars has any validity for the poet in the creative act; and when that act is completed and the poem achieved, the critic must make his theory of tragedy chime with the new poet's poem, not the poem with the theory. Only in one sense has any of these terms any profound significance, and that is the use of the word "lyric" to represent the free expressiveness of all art. The Divine Comedy, Lear, Michelangelo's David, a Corot landscape, or a Bach fugue is as truly lyric as any of the scrips of Heine or Shelley.

The fifth confusion, that "Poets are moral or immoral," is also world-old. We should no longer banish poets from an ideal Republic because of the immorality of their art, as Plato did; but most of us still confuse art with morals. To say that poetry is moral or immoral is as meaningless as to say that an equilateral triangle is moral and an isosceles triangle immoral. Surely we must realize the absurdity of testing anything by a standard which does not belong to it or a purpose for which it was not intended. Imagine these whiffs of conversation at a dinner table: "This cauliflower would be excellent if it had only been prepared in accordance with international law." "Do you know why my cook's pastry is so good? He has never told a lie or seduced a woman." But why multiply obvious examples? We do not concern ourselves with morals when we test the engineer's bridge or the scientist's researches; indeed we go farther, and say that it is the moral duty of the scientist to disregard morals in his search for truth. As a man he may be judged by moral standards, but the truth of his conclusions can only be judged by the standard of science. Beauty's world is remote from both these standards; she aims neither at morals nor at truth. Her imaginary creations, by definition, make no

pretence to reality, and cannot be judged by reality's tests. Art is expression, and poets succeed or fail by their success or failure in completely and perfectly expressing themselves. If the ideals they express are not the ideals we admire most, we must blame not the poets but ourselves: in the world where morals count we have failed to give them the proper material out of which to rear a nobler edifice. To separate art and morality is not to destroy moral values but to augment them, —to give them increased powers and a new freedom in the realm in which they have the right to reign.

In modern America it would be strange if our practical hopes did not lead us into a sixth confusion,—that "Poets are democratic or aristocratic,"—as if art were concerned with the political program of the poet any more than with his moral standards. It is easy to sneer at Shakespeare and Dante as "reactionaries," but it is difficult to see what this has to do with the quality of their poetry, unless we are to assume that only men of our own political or economic convictions can be good poets. It is as hard to write a good poem on democracy as on aristocracy; alas, it would seem even harder, if we may judge from the experience of poets. To find fault with the past because it is not exactly like the present is as good a test as one needs of a shallow mind; and to find fault with good poetry because it is not good political science or good sociology is a fairly serviceable test of the incompetent critic. It is not the purpose of poetry to further the cause of democracy, or any other practical "cause," any more than it is the purpose of bridge-building to further the cause of Esperanto. If a poet consecrates himself to the spread of democratic ideals, his work still remains to be tested by the standards of art, not of politics. Criticism is concerned with the question, "Has he written a good poem?" and is not helped in its decision by the answer to a wholly different and indifferent question:

"Is he a democrat, a conservative, a Socialist, or a psychoanalyst?"

Somewhat similar is the attempt of critics to determine the subject-matter of poetry, no less than the political convictions of poets. It is an old illusion: in the seventeenth century, for example, Boileau belabored the poets who had the temerity to prefer Christian to Greek mythology. Today the critics are insisting on the use of contemporary material, and are praising the poets whose subjects are drawn from the life of their own time. But even if it were possible for critics to impose subjects on poets, how can the poets deal with anything but contemporary material? How can a twentieth century poet, even when he imagines that he is concerned with early Greek or Egyptian life, deal with any subject but the life of his own time, except in the most external and superficial detail? Cynical critics have said since the first outpourings of men's hearts, "There is nothing new in art; there are no new subjects for the poet." But the very reverse is true. There are no old subjects; every subject is new as soon as it has been transformed by the imagination of the poet.

Finally, there is the confusion which is represented by the statement that "poets write metaphors." Poets write a good many things, so many that it is hard to say what they do write; frequently they even write nonsense; but one thing we may be sure they do not write, and that is the impossible. Metaphors are myths created by grammarians which have no reality in the poet's world or any other. The misconception involved in these "figures of speech" is that style is something separate from the work of art and not part and parcel of its inner being. It is conceived as an ornament to be added to or subtracted from expression instead of as expression itself. If "lion-hearted" be only another way of saying "brave," why use one rather than the other? Or if they mean something different, however slight, why say that one is used for the

other at all? We have inherited these figures from the old Greek rhetoricians, and in any theory of style as concrete expression they have no place. Every phrase is a thing in itself, always indefinably new, wherever it may be, never representing anything but itself in the exact context where it is found for the first and only time. It can never be exactly the same, even when it is used again in the same passage; and, it has been well said that the word "love" in Dante's famous line,

"Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,"

is not the same word thrice repeated, but must be considered artistically as three separate and distinct expressions.

The misconception involved in all these "confusions" is the same,—it is to mistake anatomy for personality, the husk for the core, the dead for the living, abstractions for realities, non-art for art.

A Poor Thing, But Our Own

By Harold Stearns

SINCE the war the amiable illusions of those who have been so busily announcing the dawn of an American drama have curiously paralleled the naive despairs of those who only a few seasons ago were bewailing the utter mediocrity of our native plays. It is a typical swing of the pendulum, for American prophets seem still to derive a child-like delight from the romantic extreme—in the home of the superlative and the illuminated advertisement popular essayists must cling to the sharp, pure black or white generalization. Of course, if we had ever had an American drama at all, strictly speaking, it would be easier to forgive this perpetual critical adolescence. But the awkward age becomes really such, when prolonged. And the truth is, we have had at the most only a few playwrights, more or less successfully imitative of their English or European superiors, an occasional play redolent of America and its youthful, barbaric, wistful, humorous spirit (usually a farce), a few really fine *genre* pieces, and some first-class melodramas. Surely the post-bellum sentimentalities of the 70's and 80's or the "Shore Acres" and "Sag Harbor" of Herne are not hugged to our collective bosom as the first tender flower of national self-consciousness, nor can the steady development of our farces from irresponsible burlesque to frank imitation of the humors of the boulevard be said to express the spiritual history of a people. Even when clever or, more rarely, of genuine poetic grace, our abortive intellectualistic dramas, so

earnestly admired by absurd, self-conscious "uplift" societies, are dreary unrealities. Literally, they are *déracinés*—homeless. They spring from the top levels of disinherited minds; disinherited, I mean, of national traditions or a strong racial sub-soil.

In a word, we have not yet produced an American drama, and it will be time to despair of it when it exists. Meanwhile, our theater will remain a sort of critical No-Man's-Land, where every dogmatic *dilettante* can discover exactly what it pleases him to discover, and every personal mirage can be called the true dawn. Just now, for example, it is the fashion to be valiantly optimistic and every month to herald the glad tidings of the renaissance.

Yet I cannot but believe that the current optimistic accent is the true accent. Ultimately we are sure to possess a distinctive American drama, just as we already possess a distinctive commercial architecture. In the long run can a nation escape individuality in the theater any more than it can escape individuality in speech? Because we have been bolder and more creative in the externals of life than in the amenities is no necessary sign that our culture, our *vie intérieure,* as Romain Rolland calls it, must always be awkward and self-conscious except when imitating foreign models. Sooner or later we are almost sure to possess a fund of plays and a method of attack which will be everywhere recognized as peculiarly our own. If our individuality seems stifled now, the final release may be all the more thrilling.

But this longed-for transvaluation of values in our theater to American values will most certainly be unduly delayed unless we soon mend our ways. We bring to our stage an incredible amount of cant and intellectual snobbery which has the effect not merely of muddying and thwarting our own interpretation of American plays, but of likewise intimidating our playwrights. They are frightened into furtive imita-

tions of what they have been told is correct in an older and more sophisticated tradition; they are ashamed of that portion of their work which is truly American as flippant or shoddy and hide it, or, goaded by the jeers and indifference of the intelligentsia, parade it in the every-day theater with an over-cynical commercialism. Human nature seems to be extraordinarily simple in those elements which cluster around the instincts of vanity. Even what a mid-Western Browning society would call the most debased and corrupted of dramatists craves intelligent appreciation. Denied everything except big audiences, it is small wonder he becomes strident in his eulogy of the "low-brow" and boasts, since he is allowed to boast of nothing else, of his bank account. Our steadily false Europeanized demand has resulted in almost the final perversion of taste. I am not speaking of our power to recognize the abstractly good from the abstractly bad, nor of the quickness of our response to excellent technique; I am speaking of our power to recognize the play which rests its assumptions on the American assumptions about life, and to distinguish it from the play which emerges from a foreign culture and tradition, or, as so frequently happens, from no culture or tradition at all. Yet it would be truer to say, not that we had lost this taste, but rather that we had never possessed it. We have to rely for our news about the beginnings of our own drama upon reporters who cannot recognize an American play when they see it. Their criteria, like nine-tenths of the pictures in our art galleries, are all imported.

In fact we seem to have completely forgotten certain rudimentary things about the drama—that of all the arts it is the most popular; that when it becomes special or esoteric or too subtle or too intellectually radical it runs the serious danger of also becoming flabby and devitalized. The genius of the drama is the genius of the generality of its appeal. In America there is a distinct tendency to look upon the drama as a cul-

tural agent rather than as what it is, a cultural expression. The true function of the drama does not lie in guiding and controlling and setting the pace for our emotional life, but in revealing and expressing that life. Its business is disclosure, not discipline. Every expression of life is, too, an educative force. But every generalization is only partly true, and I am arguing for an emphasis and an attitude, as it seems to me, of genuine pragmatic value. It involves certain critical commonplaces. Yet the infinite harm done to our playwrights by the coldness of the academicians and by the false cleavage established between the play of "popular" and the play of "special" appeal have together worked twice the damage so generally put upon the already sagging shoulders of stupid producers. There is a sophomoric mood of generous and impulsive idealism which hopes to exploit the drama for its big dividends in culture, which sees in playwriting a facile instrument for the propagating of new ideas. It is extraordinary how this mood persists and with what speed it acquires rigidity and intolerance. We simply will not be humble about the stage. We insist on the borrowed plumage of other traditions, because we are impatient at what we consider the barrenness of our own. Without the sympathy or insight to discover our own life, we cavalierly dismiss it as shabby and superficial and lean upon the fullness of emotional experience which is some one's else. Dimly we recognize that we cannot have a great drama until, in one sense at least, we have a great life. But we are suspicious and skeptical of ourselves. We are afraid of what too many people like. Other nations' masterpieces, wrought out of the fullness of time and tradition, lie ready to our hand, and it is easier to expatriate our taste.

This confusion of our desires with reality, this expectation from our theater of what only foreigners may legitimately expect of theirs, has had certain very definite and vicious con-

sequences. We long for the sophistications of Schnitzler from the movie-bred young playwrights of Indiana, or force the accent of Synge lyric tragedy from the Ford-owning Kansas litterateur. We expect the wit and realism of Shaw from the writers who have heard nine-tenths of their jokes in the Pullman smoker. That blending of mind and soil, that saturation of personality with the color and shape of its environment which comes from years of loving localism we also expect from a generation that moves every spring and spends a fair share of its life on trains. All the pageantry and romance and spiritual experiences of a slow, cumulative national life are invoked to the bitter bewilderment of the dramatist. We laud Clyde Fitch when he writes like W. S. Maugham at his drawing-room comedy best, and ignore the unpretentious, true middle-class Americanism of a tiny farce like "Too Many Cooks." We sniff at such really indigenous products as "Broadway Jones," to grow ecstatic over the exotic prettifactions of a "Yellow Jacket." Van Wyck Brooks has admirably described that easy optimism of an America which hardly dares do other than grow proud of its material success, but we scorn in the theater those flank sentimental attacks on it—attacks which, for all their fluff and sugar-coating, do suggest an honest emotional discontent. Even in the most conventional of the "relief from ordinary life" or mere wish dramas there is some expression of the fermenting forces stirring in the country, thin and timid though that expression be. Because of our polite shudders at their crudeness and newness these unfinished and inchoate rebellions receive no appreciation or encouragement. Indeed, no true-born American is supposed to experience any emotion deeper than the skin affection of the couples on the covers of cheap magazines or the thrill of justified satisfaction which comes from the worsting of business rivals in the approved manner of a guide-to-success. The emotional break-down of the

"strong" man on the stage should be welcomed with cheers as a confession of our common clay with the rest of the world. Yet when, in a crisis, any American hero is other than white-cheeked, thin-lipped and determined, the critics sadly shake their heads and mutter "unreal." We are snobs about the theater almost in spite of ourselves.

I am not attempting to eulogize American life as it is. I do not defend our vulgarity, our emotional inflexibility, our pre-occupation with material things, the immature pruriency which is expressed in the dare-devil titillations of our musical comedy. There are better if less articulate aspirations beneath these traits, but at present these are the predominant traits, and I defend the drama that springs from them—defend it not because it satisfies the soul of man, but because it is ours. If we wish really to encourage an American drama, we must resolutely accept what we already have. We must cease to be ashamed of our medium, and cease to long so intently for alien gold that we cannot complete the original statue in clay. The deeper fineness will come only with the time that will make our whole national life finer.

Discontented with over-advertised, cheap, third-rate "road" companies in over-advertised trivialities, cities like St. Louis, San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Philadelphia and St. Paul have all built their own "little" theaters. Many of them are operated successfully on a sort of community basis. These enterprises still cater to the snobs. They produce the plays of Ibsen and Sudermann and Maeterlinck and Galsworthy, because those are the plays which the subscribers now want. The courage of their imagination extends to only what they are certain is good. Gradually, however, the lure of foreign excellence will conflict, I believe, with the curiosity which directs itself to the immediate and actual life. Our own drama and the creative spirit to forge it will emerge bit by bit as the need for self-interpretation becomes urgent.

These community theaters may well be the *foci* of confused and troubled revolt at an environment which is so stark and unyielding that it has to cross the ocean to find emotional release. The progress of self-interpretation and creation will be hastened or retarded as we flinch or not before our own life.

Possibly we shall never have the racial integrity nor the individuality of the comic point of view which comes with one blood. After all, we are a nation, not a race, and a heterogeneous nation at that. Different sections of the country have sharp and distinct economic and cultural backgrounds; politically we are still split in two by a sectionalism which reinforces a bitter memory by an actual historical "line." It will be difficult and perhaps impossible to transcend these variations in terms of a wider national experience. Nevertheless, I cannot but suspect that we shall discover far greater emotional reaches, far more uniqueness of attitude and mood than we now dare hope for, once we have become unashamed of our own drama, struggling, self-conscious, awkward and trivial. Only the frankness of real welcome will cure the fantasies of our youth. For the soul of man takes many shapes and even in America, once we have the courage to grasp the nettle of our own life, our drama may reveal ourselves to ourselves. We have first to recapture our self-respect. We have a humor that has often dissolved the world in laughter and helped keep it sane. Perhaps, too, we have a pathos.

Impressions of Jack London

By Frank Pease

IT was during that period—so common to college days of American youth—when all things plausible, unknown, vehement, beckon with the seductive glitter of the very Holy Grail itself, a period of intellectual wild oats sowing, that I first met Jack London.

The meeting was characteristic of London. He tells of it in "John Barleycorn"—the "beer bust." There were present a couple of young teamsters—socialists, of course, a professor from Berkeley, a pugilist, a member of the Madero *Junta* just then forming in Los Angeles, young Captain Jack Mosby who, a year later, won high esteem from American Army officers along the Border, an Oakland city editor, the rest of us being boys from the University, very proud of so much of which we knew so little, and all, as London said, "squatting around like a pack of young wolves waiting to snap."

It was veritably a white night, full of the unknown because London was full of the unknown and awoke in us that unknown but most instinctive emotion, hero-worship. It was vehement because college boys, young scamps of socialists, "John Barleycorn," London himself, all were vehement: a man's night. It was a plausible night too, plausible with all the scintillant "white logic" of London's persuasive socialism, and seductive with the overpowering and protean charm of London's personality. As was once said of Diderot, one could believe anything London said, "for he talked as never man talked."

Frank Pease

If I were asked what stood out sharpest from that night's wild discussion of subjects fit only for the mælstromic brain of a Bakunin, a Mallarmé, or an Edgar Poe, it would be neither phrase nor theory, recitation nor song, tale of exploit nor thumbnail sketch of some socialistic utopia, but the eyes of Jack London.

The eyes of Jack London were unforgettable. I have seen only a few eyes like his, all steel and dew, all sweetness and hidden ferocity, at once feline, challenging, devilish, as though they masked profound and terrible secrets like those lion-faced statues of Egyptian kings; eyes common enough, mayhap, when the world was young. They were, as Théophile Gautier said of the eyes of Baudelaire, "the color Spanish tobacco sometimes is," and sometimes they were tinted bronze, sometimes blue, and sometimes even black. London's eyes changed with the changing color of his soul, and often seemed filled with the anguish of sins impossible to commit.

Once I climbed a high sun-scorched hill in the southern Philippines at the heels of General Leonard Wood. But for the faint metallic clink of rifle rings and bridle trappings, the scuffle of feet, a few voices, all was as still and seemed as peaceful as a New England meadow in June. The General was speaking of the Army's mastery of cholera. His eyes were a mild and meditative blue. Nothing could have been more instantaneous and magical than their change when a swarm of bullets whizzed and hummed around us like angry bees, our welcome from Datto Panglima Hassaan, outlawed prince of the island. In a moment all was turmoil. But for a moment only. Then advance: swift, certain, deadly. The General's eyes burned in an indescribable irridescence with gleams like lightning flashes faintly masked by a storm cloud. Nothing else changed, neither the even tone of his voice nor the even pace of his movements; only his eyes; the eyes of a man unafraid, self-mastered, imperious. Since time began,

men have worshipped, followed, suffered, died at the command of such men.

The eyes of Jack London were like that: alert, as though to him life were a constant battlefield, or perhaps a jungle alive with poisonous and creeping things, terrible with hidden and malignant strengths, but a jungle that could also be pictured and mysterious with the winged upward flight of rainbow-tinted birds too sudden and too supple for capture. They were mutable, often indecipherable, always defiant eyes, like those of a von Hindenberg, a Kitchener, the Chicago anarchist Lingg, or the finder of Africa, Stanley. Index of a subtle and powerful personality, Jack London had eyes to inflame youth, inspire men, madden women.

There was also much of the eternal "playboy" about London. A few days after our meeting he invited us to visit "The Snark." There he was the playboy indeed, though a playboy with a very real and a very magnificent toy. "The Snark" seemed an exquisite miniature of a ship. Everything about her had been designed for compactness, efficiency and strength. In her lines not even beauty was missing. London was very proud of her, as proud probably as of his latest book "The Iron Heel." She had been constructed under his own ever-watchful eyes, yet, such is the insecurity of modern craftsmanship, once at sea, she "leaked like a sieve," and did many other things unworthy of so costly and so personally constructed a craft. He told us her engines alone cost $18,000. Later, he wrote, they "gave trouble."

Once London confessed he was "hopelessly" convinced of the value of *sabotage,* that surreptitious destruction of property practised by workers with a grudge or a "theory." Here was a boomerang returned with a vengeance. What he thought of *sabotage* when "The Snark" began to "give trouble" is familiar to readers of the "Voyage."

In a democracy there lies just beneath the veneer of "equal-

ity" a very profound—because very aged—impulse: the impulse to obey, to follow, to believe. Jack London awakened these impulses in others because there was about him that surety which springs only from the impulse to command. But, owing to the universal and nihilistic habit of criticism permitted every man, regardless of his stature, these are severely inhibited and much tortured impulses in America. If those eighteenth century doctrines of the political equality of all men, the belief in a general truth which can be made common to all, the democratic dislike of recognizing the mark or stamp of any particular quality as belonging to particular men, if this had not been the *milieu* in which London moved, his imaginative powers would have surely conducted him to that temple of immortality which is literature.

Instead, it turned him invariably to autobiography. Feeling in himself precisely those qualities which set him off from other and commoner men, and being an "actionist" primarily, in order to prove his uniqueness to himself he had to put this self into his writing. But this does not make for fine art. Indeed, it is one of the faults of youth and of democracy that their literature is largely autobiographic; personal rather than classically imaginative, as were the works of Goethe or Pater. Both these men could transcend their own time, their own race, their own day, and the limitations of their own contact with life; Goethe because he walked through it; Pater because he was not of it. With but the rarest exceptions, only the sophistications of age and of a background of long-established political and social traditions can make for that detached enthusiasm which achieves perfection in literature. Nationalism, for example, being taken for granted, there is so much they need not bother with. In our country the exceptions have been Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson and Henry James. Jack London never attained this goal, though what he did realize is as essential to the making of America, if

not of literature, as the work of any other contemporary.

If London had been a "man of affairs" instead of a writer he would have had a surprisingly extensive following. Youth —especially in a democracy—has to combat that insidious undertow, the democratic denial of special and particular merit being the quality only of special and particular men. As Heine once said: "We are all equal today—may God have pity on us!" Yet even in such conditions, a man like London could have attained more power as a leader of men than he ever did as their analyst or their chronicler. London possessed the right instinct for power but gave it the wrong application.

To me London will always be more a personality than a writer. I shall treasure his writings, but burn incense before the memory of the man himself. It is not customary in America to deal so intimately with the personal appeal of men. We deal with their "policies," their social status, their works, especially their faults, seldom with that vital element which differentiates them from all other men, the substance which makes them either the rulers of men or the ruled. Our American license in criticism has confused and blurred all distinctions until at last even the "ruler men" are poisoned. Today such men doubt their own right to rule. And doubt is the mortal flaw in the Achillean armor of superiority. They are afraid to shout aloud that old Scottish battle-cry of Lord Claverhouse: "Let each cavalier who loves honor and me, up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

"Who loves honor and me"—strange, even fearful words to twentieth century American ears; yet the sort of words America needs; and just the quality London had to give. Science has strewn with opprobrious names the impulse of men to stand or fall by those personal qualities which are their very own and none others'. Science has called such impulses "ego-mania," "exaggerated ego," "mono-mania." But the

spirit of science is democratic, a leveller, a debaser of the golden coin of superior merit. Science is the mask of utilitarianism, just as, in politics, republicanism is but the latest mask of Demos, and not the free play of free men leading, commanding and ordering life by virtue of their innate superiority.

We had a classic example of this in the last Republican Convention when Mr. Roosevelt, though holding pronounced personal opinions on national problems, showed himself thoroughly habituated to the ways of parties, played the party game—and lost. He seemed not great enough to have created his own party: the Roosevelt Party. The great hour for his personal *coup* came, paused, passed. "The Party!" Struck by this magic formula, he fell. But time has been when men made themselves, their likes and dislikes, their very inmost egoisms, the heart and soul of a movement. Today, as Nietzsche wrote: "Everywhere I see smaller doorways." And for what? Smaller men?

Jack London was the type of man to have commanded other men. Instead, he chose to write about them—and himself. He should have been of greater value to American public life than he was to American literature. For America needs men quite as much as she needs literature; personal men; men with the egoism to command, to dare, to execute. But literature demands quite other qualities than are demanded of public life, or at least these qualities transmuted to a more refined and subtler key. Life should follow, not lead literature. That egoism which can produce only autobiography may be disastrous to literature but invaluable to public life.

Victim of an inescapable egoism, a fixed inability to avoid autobiography, London was tortured by the vision of a "perfect literature" quite as Tolstoi and Strindberg were eventually tortured by the vision of a "perfect morality," and quite

as hopelessly. Where Tolstoi's egoism proved that *l' âge dangereux* is not confined to women, London's egoism proved that he should not have confined himself to literature nor any other matter in which "perfection" is the desideratum. For he could not achieve the masterly but "corrupt simplicity" of a George Moore nor the "ultimate word" and "right accent" of a Joseph Conrad. Of Moore London once said: "I hate that man. I disagree with everything he says—but I read every damn word!" And once, while reading Conrad's "Personal Record," London rushed up to a friend—his beloved and inimitable "Terrence"—with these words: "There! Look at that! Here's Conrad saying a thing about a dog in two words that I've been trying all my life to say, and couldn't!"

London fought hard against the tug of autobiography. He undoubtedly aspired to the calm heights of Pater's Parnassus. He would have liked "to burn always with a hard gem-like flame." In spite of his desire his flame was but a candle; a bright candle; even one that at times shed a mellow and golden light, but none the less a candle, possessing neither the clear sharp outlines of a Sainte-Beuve nor the gem-like rays of a Pater. London turned "Psyche's Task" to vivisection; not of the soul but of the body. He was too obsessed by science, thinking to stalk secrets in the labyrinth of tissue or cavernous cell, which again turned him to autobiography. But literature is not "scientific." Science limits one to "facts." Autobiography limits one to his own limitations. Pure literature permits a Chatterton to write of the mediæval clash of arms and armor though living in an eighteenth century garret, and enables a Keats to sing of serene Greece in a smoke-laden metropolis.

London's boisterous candor brought him success too early. He should have learned more and written less before thirty. He had the deplorable modern habit of applying scientific

principles to things that do not matter in the least. Above all, that not quite delineable but very essential art, the sure instinct for what not to say, what not to emphasize, was never his. Art is not every reality, every form. Art is significant reality, significant form. The *Sturm und Drang* of art is to give life this significance. Today's realities should be art's yesterdays. This demands an innate or acquired sophistication from the artist, and his strictest practice of three aristocratic principles: culture, selection, simplicity; the culture which comes only of age and an atmosphere of social stability; the selection which is austere, meditative, certain; and the simplicity which has completed the cycle of primitive imitation, accident and candor.

It has been said that London's popularity fell off with his startlingly autobiographic work "John Barleycorn." It is not surprising. The book was too self-revealing, too contradictory of accepted canons, too offending to the erstwhile tastes of readers capable of admiring De Quincey but not the intimate anecdote of Bacchus himself.

Wilde's "What has a man's morals to do with his art?" is a catchy epigram, but it contains not a grain of truth. A man's morals has everything to do with his art or he is no artist. It is permissible, perhaps essential, that an artist be moral. What we object to is his being a moralist. That interferes with his art. In "John Barleycorn" London was both moralist and immoralist, flirting dangerously with too profound an enemy of mankind and of art to justify making it more alluring than it already is in itself. To condemn a fault or an institution, and at the same time to make it as seductive, as furtively fascinating as sin itself, may be clever writing, but in the long run it will not lead a man to walk the sacred groves of immortal literature. If joyousness is an index of power, then an artist should intoxicate us with the joy of living and with the power of his vision; he should never be

intoxicated; it is bad art. Baudelaire, in his famous advice, offered two alternatives to wine: the drunkenness of poetry or of virtue. London, because he was not a true *literatus,* could offer only the obvious alternative of prohibition; prohibition, which today we know implies not dominion but fear.

Contrary to the growing opinion of the day which is grouped under the general heading of "liberalism, tolerance, personal freedom," and by which is meant the right of everyone—particularly the artist—to do as he pleases, I believe this to be a very serious fault in a creator of values, which is what a literary man should be. One of London's own masters, Friedrich Nietzsche, scorned "John Barleycorn" as only a true Dionysian artist could and should scorn such a subtle and surreptitious foe of the will to power. London's bold intimacy with "John Barleycorn" constituted as great a flaw in him as did that more hidden and more elusive flaw in the soul of Conrad's "Lord Jim." That he chose to use it for literary material shows us how profound was his hatred no less than his allegiance. The Freudian theory has shown many strange things in the soul of man. A man may hate precisely that which he loves, and to the same degree. With London, what man or psychiatrist could determine the injury done him as an artist by his love and his hatred of "John Barleycorn?" In his case "John Barleycorn" was an outlet, the vicarious volition of a man designed to command far greater things than he could ever write.

"John Barleycorn" won in the end, but we who have loved Jack London echo the classic cry of Pegeen Mike:

"Oh my grief, I've lost him surely. I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

The Art of Kahlil Gibran

By Alice Raphael

THERE are certain words which one approaches with hesitancy because their meaning has become somewhat clouded, and in this heyday of its vogue symbolism has been so subject to misusage that when we apply it to painting our mind flashes instantly to a certain group that once bore its name and then to the satirical lyric about the man "walking down Piccadilly, with a mediaeval lily in his hand."

We can get no clearer picture of the real value of symbolism than by recalling that period which gave every appearance of it and yet had none. The Pre-Raphaelites attempted to recreate in their time, in their manner, that which was forever past, just as many of our modernists attempt a simplicity of form which this sophisticated world can never again acquire.

The early Primitives were imbued with the spirit of the idea and they cared little for the manner of its presentation. They covered the walls of Assisi because they wished to tell the story of Jesus that others might know and profit by it. That which has given Santa Maria Novella its luster is the power of a feeling visioned, experienced, grasped and then put forth again.

In the minds of the Pre-Raphaelites the vision was most assiduously cultivated, not the vision of England but of Italy with the dust of three centuries upon it to blind the eyes. For the Pre-Raphaelites sought not their own spirit but that of another, not the meaning within but that lying as far away as possible; in fact the more remote it was the more they sought it. They have given us beautiful stories, beautiful pictures,

beautiful ideas, everything except that which can never be recaptured, the true spirit of the age.

Symbolism in art is the spirit of an age expressed through its artists. It is in the conception of the symbol that the East divides itself from the West. For the East does not ask, What does it say, what does it represent, but what does it mean, what does it signify to us?

To the East the Lotos is a flower but also a symbol of divinity; to the West it is a flower developing into the acanthus design and so only a decoration, only a flower. Again the earth, the sun, the sea, that which is above and that which lies beneath are to the western mind materials of study to be touched, understood and grasped; but to the East it suffices that these things are and will be eternally and that behind these realities which we visualize lie other forces and experiences, other suns, other seas, melting mysteriously into one another as the leaves of the Lotos.

It is at the dividing line of East and West, of symbolism and representation, of sculptor and painter, that the work of Mr. Kahlil Gibran (exhibited last month at *Knoedler's*) presents itself as an arresting force in our modern conception of painting.

When Mr. Sargent wishes to express himself symbolically, he has to have the vast walls of the Boston Library at his disposal. For to represent the Christos, let us say, it is essential for minds of his type to transcribe every incident in the birth and death of Christ or to portray the whole of religion.

Mr. Gibran needs only a small sheet of paper to give us the meaning of the human spirit and he says what he has to say as simply as possible. We see the body of a woman who rises out of the vast form of the *Erdgeist* carrying in her arms man and woman; only the head of the enfolding mother with its mysterious smile is drawn in the ordinary sense of the word. There is the story, interpret it as you will. Erda, Amida,

Ceres, Mary, it is a matter of choice and of temperament. The meaning is universal.

Mr. Gibran's art is symbolic in the highest sense because its roots lie not in ideas but in those truths which are fundamental for all ages and all experiences. He senses the meaning of the earth and her productions, of man, her final and finest flower, and the unity of man with nature. He shows us man evolving out of the beast in a struggle with a centaur. He shows us the recumbent mother crouched against a centaur who holds the child in his arms, the child who is already one step beyond. He shows us man driving or being driven by a horse divinely frenzied.

His centaurs and horses have a charm utterly apart from their natures, so that they are never wholly animal in character. They have a grace in their slender feet which is reminiscent of the Chinese statuettes of horses with their square nostrils and delicate hoofs, hoofs that paw the air rather than the ground and suggest to the mind the finest qualities of a horse, its fleetness, swiftness and strength. So in these centaurs we sense the beast that is yet man and again that in man which is and must be animal, that evolution upward which is in itself a miracle but which will forever prevent us from clutching the stars.

Mr. Gibran is not interested only in the story of man, he is interested in the story of life. He is not merely concerned with its portrayal, he shares its struggle. He is impelled by that force which lies behind all things animate and inanimate, that force which produces, destroys and recreates with the same intensity, the same purpose, and, to his eyes, the same beauty. His art is as modern as the spirit of our age and as old as Cronos; it rises out of the past but its appeal is to the thinking minds of today, and it foreshadows the future.

Like Rodin, Mr. Gibran is a master not only in symbolism, but in the technical grasp of his material. His exhibited work

consists mostly of wash drawings and only here and there does the pencil work with the brush, to suggest and to complete the theme. The level of his painting is for the most part very delicate, each plane suggesting another plane in the most subtle gradation so that while at first sight there seems to be but little color one comes to realize that it is all color. Here and there in the studies of eastern types there are darker and more vivid reds and blues, and a certain greenish blue wholly of the East which seems to hold much meaning for him. He uses his color to reveal his form, not, like most painters who study form, to display his color; and that is why all his work so strongly suggests the sculptor.

This impression is most powerful in the painting of a woman's head which is in my opinion the most beautiful picture in the exhibition. The head is thrown back and seems to rest upon a white background that is yet not exactly white. It is the color of the sea at an infinite distance when color is no longer color, but merely light. The head lying upon this luminous ground is so delicate that the throat veins seem to quiver and the pale lips to move. Actually there is no drawing in the usual sense of the word; the painting is modelled in color; and this picture gave me an intense feeling of Mr. Gibran's sculptural power. That something flowing which alone makes marble other than a piece of stone lies in Mr. Gibran's paintings. It is the very soul of sculpture and he is expressing it in a kindred form. I cannot but feel that painting is not for him an adequate vehicle and that in sculpture he could again unite his many-sided nature and attain the fruition of the symbolic root which lies at the basis of his work.

Toward a National Culture

By Van Wyck Brooks

"When first hatched they are free-swimming, microscopic creatures, but in a few hours they fall to the bottom and are lost unless they can adhere to a firm, clean surface while making their shells and undergoing development."
—*Report on the Oyster Industry.*

"WHY is it," asks the author of *Jude the Obscure,* "that these preternaturally old boys always come out of young countries?" It was the spectacle of Jude himself, transplanted from Australia into the midst of the ancient peasantry of southern England that prompted the question, and I remember with what force it came into my mind once, during a brief visit in Oxford, when, accustomed as my eyes for the moment were to the jocund aspect of young England in flannels, I came upon a company of Rhodes scholars from across the Atlantic. Pallid and wizened, little old men they seemed, rather stale and flat and dry; and I said to myself, It is a barren soil these men have sprung from,—plainly they have never known a day of good growing weather.

They might not have been typical Rhodes scholars, these men—I don't pretend to any wide knowledge of the species. But I know that, as often happens abroad when we encounter the things of home in unfamiliar surroundings, they brought to a head certain obscure impressions that had long been working in my imagination. I remembered, for instance, the "young instructors" I had encountered between Boston and San Francisco; I remembered the sad, sapless air of so many of them and their sepulchral voices, the notes of that essential

priggishness the characteristic of which, according to Chesterton, is to have more pride in the possession of one's intellect than joy in the use of it. I fell to thinking about this professor and that I had known at home, and about our intellectual and artistic life in general. How anæmic it seemed, how thin, how deficient in the tang and buoyancy of youth, in personal conviction and impassioned fancy, how lacking in the richer notes! And at last there arose in my mind the memory of a concert at which all the accepted American composers had appeared on the stage one after another, grave, earnest, high-minded, and tinkled out their little intellectual harmonies.

Am I wrong in my impression that our "serious" people really are like leaves prematurely detached from the great tree of life? As a class they seem never to have been young, and they seem never to grow mellow and wise. Take our earnest popular novelists off guard; read their occasional comments on society, on the war, even on their own art. How dull, how mechanical, how utterly wanting in fresh insight their minds in general are! Mr. Winston Churchill, expatiating on citizenship, talks in one breath with all the puzzled gravity of a child and some of the weary flatulence of a retired evangelist. Even when they are not evangelical but writers merely they still seem somehow uprooted from the friendly soil. Something infinitely old and disillusioned peers out between the rays of George Ade's wit; Robert Herrick writes like a man stricken with palsy, and Mrs. Wharton's intellectuality positively freezes the fingers with which one turns her page. And it is the same in our other arts, the plastic arts alone perhaps excepted. Think of that one little vibrant chord, like a naked nerve perpetually harped on, that constitutes the theatrical art of Mrs. Fiske! Think of the arctic frigidity of Mr. Paul Elmer More's criticism! That little seed of the spirit a wayward and unlucky wind has

planted in them, why has it never been able to take on flesh and blood, why has it so dried up the springs of animal impulse? It is as if, driven in upon themselves, their life were a constant strain, as if their emotional natures had run dry and they had come to exist solely in their intellects and their nerves, as if in fact they had gone grey and bloodless precisely in the measure that an inflexible conscience had enabled them in spite of all to trim the little lamp that flickered in them.

Grow they certainly do not. With immense difficulty our intellectual types forge for themselves a point of view with which they confront the world, but like a suit of armor it permits no further expansion. They do not move easily within it; they are chafed and irritated by it; in order to breathe freely they are obliged to hold themselves rigidly to the posture they have at first adopted; and far from being able to develop spontaneously beyond this original posture they have to submit to its cramping limitations until the inevitable shrinkage of their mental tissues brings them release and relief.

Whatever the reason may be it is certain that the long-fermented mind, the wise old man of letters, the counsellor, is a type our civilization utterly fails to produce. Our thinking class quickly reaches middle age and after a somewhat prolonged period during which it seems to be incapable of assimilating any fresh experiences it begins to decay. The rest of our people meanwhile never even grow up. For if our old men of thought come to a standstill at middle age, our old men of action, as one sees them in offices, in the streets, in public positions, everywhere! are typically not old men at all but old boys. Greybeards of sixty or seventy, mentally and spiritually indistinguishable from their sons and grandsons, existing on a level of reflection and emotion in no way deeper or richer than that of their own childhood, they seem to have

miraculously passed through life without undergoing any of life's maturing influences.

II.

In short, I think we are driven to the conclusion that our life is, on all its levels, in a state of arrested development, that it has lost, if indeed it has ever possessed, the principle of growth. To the general sense of this many of the main documents in our recent literature bear witness. The immense and legitimate vogue of the "Spoon River Anthology," for example, is due to its unerring diagnosis of what we all recognize, when we are confronted with it, as the inner life of the typical American community when the criterion of humane values is brought to bear upon it in place of the criterion of material values with which we have traditionally pulled the wool over our eyes. It is quite likely of course that Mr. Masters, with a reasonable pessimism, has exaggerated the suicidal and murderous tendencies of the Spoon Riverites. But I know that he conveys an extraordinarily just and logical impression. He pictures a community of some thousands of souls every one of whom lives in a spiritual isolation as absolute as that of any lone farmer on the barren prairie, a community that has been utterly unable to spin any sort of spiritual fabric common to all, which has for so many generations cherished and cultivated its animosity toward all those non-utilitarian elements in the human heart that retard the successful pursuit of the main chance that it has reduced itself to a spiritual desert in which nothing humane is able to find rootage and grow at all. And yet all the types that shed glory on humankind have existed in that, as in every community! They have existed, or at least they have been born. They have put forth one green shoot only to wither and decay because all the moisture has evaporated out of the atmosphere that envelops them. Poets, painters, philosophers, men of

science and religion, are all to be found, stunted, starved, thwarted, embittered, prevented from taking even the first step in self-development, in this amazing microcosm of our society, a society that stagnates for want of leadership, and at the same time, incurably suspicious of the very idea of leadership, saps away all those vital elements that produce the leader.

For that is the vicious circle in which we revolve. We who above all peoples need great men and great ideals have been unable to develop the latent greatness we possess and have lost an incalculable measure of greatness that has, in spite of all, succeeded in developing itself. For one thing we have lost an army of gifted minds, of whom Henry James and Whistler and Sargent are only the most notorious examples, minds many of them about which our intellectual life could have rallied to its infinite advantage, as it always does when born leaders are in the field, and which would have given far more to the world as well had they been able to strike root among the essential things of life. But the loss, great and continuing as it is, of so many talents that we have repelled and poured out, talents that have been driven to an exotic development in other countries, is really nothing beside what we have lost in less obvious ways.

In the absence both of an intellectual tradition and a sympathetic soil, in the absence above all of that peculiar intensive *knowledge* of art that inoculates the artist against commercialism, a disproportionate amount of our talent has been seduced from its right path, in comparison with other countries. And of the talents we have been able to preserve in their integrity there is hardly one, I believe, but would shine out with ten times its actual power if literature and society in America bore an organic relationship to one another. It is quite plain that there is nothing inherently "greater" in many of the writers whose work we import (and rightly import) from

abroad than in writers of a corresponding order at home. The former simply have been able to make a better use of their talents owing largely to the complicated system of critical and traditional forces perpetually at play about them.

Indeed the more one thinks of our social history and of our present state the more one feels that for generations there has been going on in this country a systematic process of inverse selection so far as the civilizing elements in the American nature are concerned. Our ancestral faith in the individual and what he is able to accomplish (or, in modern parlance, to "put over") as the measure of all things has despoiled us of that instinctive human reverence for those divine reservoirs of collective experience, religion, science, art, philosophy, the self-subordinating service of which is almost the measure of the highest happiness. In consequence of this our natural capacities have been dissipated; they have become ego-centric and socially centrifugal and they have hardened and become fixed in the most anomalous forms. The religious energy of the race, instead of being distilled and quintessentialized into the finer inspirations of human conduct, has escaped in a vast vapor that is known under a hundred names. So also our scientific energy has been diverted from the study of life to the immediacies of practical invention, our philosophy, quite forgetting that its function is to create values of life, has oscillated between a static idealism and a justification of all the anæmic tendencies of an anæmic age, and our art and literature, oblivious of the soul of man, have established themselves on a superficial and barren technique.

Of all this individualism is at once the cause and the result. For it has prevented the formation of a collective spiritual life in the absence of which the individual, having nothing greater than himself to subordinate himself to, is either driven into the blind alley of his appetites or rides some hobby of his own invention until it falls to pieces from sheer craziness. Think

of the cranks we have produced! Not the mere anonymous cranks one meets, six to a block, in every American village, but the eminent cranks, and even the *preëminent* cranks, the Thoreaus and Henry Georges, men that might so immensely more have enriched our spiritual heritage had we been capable of assimilating their minds, nurturing and disciplining them out of their aberrant individualism. For every member of the vast army of American cranks has been the graveyard of some "happy thought," some thought happier than his neighbors have had and which has turned sour in his brain because the only world he has known has had no use for it.

It is this chaotic, unmotivated world, a world of things, an essentially prehistoric world that knows nothing of the compensations of an animal destiny to which we are all entitled as heirs of our human past, that Mr. Theodore Dreiser has memorialized in those vast literary pyramids of his, those prodigious piles of language built of the commonest rubble and cohering, in the absence of any architectural design, by sheer virtue of their weight and size. Mr. Dreiser's Titans and Financiers and Geniuses are not even the approximations of men in a world of men,—they are monsters, blindly effectuating themselves, or failing to effectuate themselves, in a primeval chaos; and the world wears them and wearies them as it wears and wearies the beasts of the field, leaving them as immature in age as it found them in youth. Cowperwood, the Financier, put in prison as a result of his piratical machinations, weaves chair-bottoms and marks time spiritually against the day of his release, when he snaps back into his old self absolutely unaltered by reflection: and of Eugene Witla, after he has passed through seven hundred and thirty-four pages of soul-searing adventure, Mr. Dreiser is able to enquire: "Was he not changed then? Not much, no. Only hardened intellectually and emotionally, tempered for life and work." Puppets as they are of an insensate force which has

never been transmuted into those finer initiatives that shed light on human destiny, they are insulated against human values; love and art pass into and out of their lives like things of so little meaning that any glimmer of material opportunity outshines them; and therefore they are able to speak to us only of the vacuity of life, telling us that human beings are as the flies of summer.

One readily shares the objection commonly raised against Mr. Dreiser that his philosophy is a barren one, and that it is the business of literature to project those radiant attitudes by which life is filled with honor and dignity. Nevertheless one ought not to demand too much; it is a great thing to be enabled to see our life as it at present is, so completely industrialized that the capacity for spiritual initiative has been all but bred out of it. Ideals are healthily born midway in the evolution of a people; they spring from a certain level of experience that has been attained by all in common; and without this general touchstone they soon turn into vapor as our American ideals have done in the past.

III.

Now it is the absence of this platform as it were of collective experience that we have suddenly come to realize. The balloon of material success, to which our people have attached the frail basket of their spirits, has begun to flap in the wind; we feel that we are falling, and that we are falling into a void. We are like explorers who, in the morning of their lives, have deserted the hearthstone of the human tradition and have set out for a distant treasure that has turned to dust in their hands; but having on their way neglected to mark their track they no longer know in which direction their home lies, nor how to reach it, and so they wander in the wilderness, consumed with a double consciousness of waste and impotence.

I think this fairly describes the frame of mind of a

vast number of Americans of the younger generation. They find themselves born into a race that has drained away all its spiritual resources in the struggle to survive and that continues to struggle in the midst of plenty because life itself no longer possesses any other meaning. Meanwhile the gradual commercialization of all the professions has all but entirely destroyed the possibility of personal growth along the lines that our society provides and, having provided, sanctions. Brought up as they have been to associate activity almost solely with material ends and unable in this overwhelmingly prosperous age to feel any powerful incentive to seek these ends, acutely conscious of their spiritual unemployment and impoverished in will and impulse, they drift almost inevitably into a state of internal anarchism that finds outlet, where it finds outlet at all, in a hundred unproductive forms.

Our society, in fact, which does everything by wholesale, is rapidly breeding a race of Hamlets the like of which has hardly been seen before, except perhaps in nineteenth-century Russia. Nothing is more remarkable than the similarity in this respect between the two immense inchoate populations that flank Europe on east and west. To be sure, the Oblomovs and Bazarovs and Levins and Dmitri Rudins of Russian fiction are in many ways, like Hamlet himself, universal characters. But for one Hamlet in an organized society which, according to the measure of its organization, provides an outlet for every talent, there are twenty in a society which, as we say, has no use for its more highly developed types. And that is the situation both in Russia and in the United States: the social fabric is too simple to be able to cope with the complicated strain that has been suddenly put upon it by a radical change in the conditions of life. Yet in each case the complexities are developing along just the lines most necessary for the rounded well-being of society. The Hamlets of Russian fiction, generally speaking, are social idealists, wrapped up in

dreams of agricultural and educational reform; they long to revolutionize their country estates and ameliorate the lot of their peasantry, and they lose their will and their vision because there is no social machinery they can avail themselves of: thrown as they are upon their own unaided resources, their task overwhelms them at the outset with a sense of futility. Turn the tables about and you have the situation of the corresponding class in America. They find the machinery of education and social welfare in a state as highly developed as the life of the spirit is in Russia; it is the spiritual technique, if I may so express myself, that is wanting, a living culture, a complicated scheme of ideal objectives, upheld by society at large, enabling them to submerge their liberties in their loyalties and to unite in the task of building up a civilization.

For only where art and thought and science organically share in the vital essential program of life can the artist and the thinker and the scientist find the preliminary foothold that enables them to undertake this task. To state the case in its lowest terms, only under these conditions are they able to receive an adequate, intensive training along non-utilitarian lines without hopelessly crippling their chances of self-preservation; for under these conditions they know that the social fabric is complicated enough to employ all the faculties of their minds and that in following non-utilitarian lines they are fulfilling a recognized need of society. It is this which breeds in them the sense that they are serving something great, something so generally felt to be great that society rewards them with a pride calling forth their own pride, taking delight in setting up the sort of obstacles that constantly put them on their mettle. Everywhere in Europe, in spite of the industrialization of society, that is still in some degree the case. It is because the social fabric is complicated enough for art and music and thought to have an organic share in it that artists

and musicians and thinkers develop as richly and beneficently as they do, relatively speaking. It is because of the simplicity of our social fabric, in which bread and butter alone plays any organic part, that our effectual types narrow down to the captains of industry. The rest, in so far as they are liberated from this motive, are all but lost to society. Either, like the *émigrés* of France under Napoleon, they turn inward and lose themselves in introspection, or else they waste upon the desert air energies that ought to be conserved and sublimated in the interests of the whole race.

IV.

And that is what is happening today. The miraculous rapidity and efficiency with which we have been able to effect the material conquest of the continent has resulted in throwing out of employment a prodigious amount of energy that our society is unable to receive and set to work. All the innate spirituality of the American nature, dammed up, stagnant from disuse, ineluctably romantic, has begun to pour itself out in a vast flood of undisciplined emotionalism that goes to waste largely because the scope of our "useful" objectives is so restricted; and because, inheriting as we do an ingrained individualism, an ingrained belief in quick returns, we are all but unable to retain these treacherous elements, of which we have had so little practical experience in the past, until they have reached a sufficient maturity to take shape in lasting forms.

But this new individualism, which finds its gospel in self-expression, is totally different in content from the individualism of the past. The old spiritual individualism was blood-brother to the old materialistic individualism: it throve in the same soil and produced a cognate type of mind. It was hard, stiff-necked, combative, opinionative, sectarian, self-willed; it gave birth to the crank, the shrill, high-strung propounder

of strange religions, the self-important monopolist of truth. In short, it was essentially competitive. The new individualism, on the other hand, is individualistic only by default; its individualistic character, so to say, is only an inherited bad habit, a bad habit that is perpetuated by the want of objectives in the truly vacuous world with which it finds itself confronted. It has, I think, no desire to vaunt itself; it tends, instead of this, to lavish itself; it is not combative, it is coöperative, not opinionative but groping, not sectarian but filled with an intense, confused eagerness to identify itself with the life of the whole people. If it remains confused, if it is unable to discipline itself, if it is often lazy and wilful, if its smoke is only at intervals illuminated by flame—well, was it not the same with the Oblomovs of Russia? I can't conceive that anyone *wants* to be confused and lazy, especially if he has no material motives to console him in other ways. People who do not "burn with a hard, gem-like flame" are simply people who are not being employed by civilization.

Undoubtedly the gospel of self-expression, makeshift as it is, is leaving its deposit over the quicksand of our life. Isolated, secretive, bottled up as we have been in the past, how could we ever have guessed what aims and hopes we have in common had they not been brought to light, even in the crudest and most inadequate ways? To many people, I think, these last few years, during which the "lid" has been lifted with a vengeance, have been years of inspiring discovery as regards America. I don't say that the desert has blossomed like the rose; I should say rather, to mix metaphors, that an appalling number of skeletons had been pulled out of the closet. But somehow America has become under our eyes a living entity, visibly in process of developing a third dimension. It used to be a map, it has become a swarm; it used to be a bare place we moved about in, it has become a jungle of shoots. Americans, north, south, east, and west, have ceased

to be "simply folks"; they have ceased to be merely Texans and Kentuckians and Californians and New Englanders, satisfied, so far as the art of writing is concerned, with the dialect and local color of a "Kentucky literature," or what not. They have become, to our imagination, human beings, and human beings faintly flushed with that desire for a higher life that implies a life in common. They have *manifested* themselves; but will they get any further? Only, it seems to me, if we are able to build up, to adapt a phrase from the slang of politics, a program for the conservation of our spiritual resources.

If this leads into the idea of a "national culture" to come it is only in order that America may be able in the future to give something to the rest of the world that is better than what the rest of the world at present calls "Americanism." For two generations the most sensitive minds in Europe—Renan, Ruskin, Nietzsche, to name none more recent—have summed up their mistrust of the future in that one word; and it is because, altogether externalized ourselves, we have typified the universally externalizing influences of modern industrialism. The shame of this is a national shame, and one that the war, with all the wealth it has brought us, has infinitely accentuated. And it covers a national problem—the problem of creating objects of loyalty within the nation by virtue of which the springs of our creative energy are not only touched into play but so economized as to be able to irrigate the entire subsoil of our national life.

How is this problem to be met? In many ways. But of the challenge it offers to criticism there can be no doubt whatever, if, as Matthew Arnold said, it is the business of criticism to make a situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

UNDER this title THE SEVEN ARTS will include hereafter, beginning with the April issue, a department of running comment on the contemporary world of literature and art. A limited number of books will be reviewed briefly, and there will be surveys of music, the plastic arts, and the theater, each provided by a writer competent in the field in question. It is our hope to be able to give, in this necessarily restricted form, a sort of *rationale* of the most vital and significant developments in the various arts.

The Artist

(*A Communication*)

By Alfred Booth Kuttner

(*Ed. Note. This communication from Mr. Kuttner furnishes an interlude between his first article in the February* SEVEN ARTS *and the papers which will follow. It is intended to explain misapprehensions and to clear the ground for a fuller development of a highly interesting and valuable scientific speculation on the artist. Mr. Kuttner puts forth this theory not dogmatically but as a basis for discussion.*)

In my preceding article on the artist, I have somewhat broadly outlined the nature of the speculation to which, from the psychological point of view, the artist invites us, and have quoted a passage from Freud in which he seeks to place the artist as a type in relation to the psychology of the unconscious. Freud considers the psychic peculiarities of the artist sufficiently important to put him into a class by himself distinct both from the normal and the neurotic, though related to each of these. He is differentiated from them both through the expression of his activities and through variations in the primitive impulses which generate his activities. The basis of this classification is to be found in the varying attitude of each of these types to the two great poles of all psychic life, the principles of pleasure and of reality. Before going further into the subject, it may be well to bring up a few general considerations as to the scope and limitation of the Freudian investigation in order to forestall avoidable misapprehensions, not to mention the resentment with which the artist will perhaps feel in duty bound to meet any attempt to take him as an object of study.

The Freudian psychology has always been keenly aware of its limitations and has not hesitated to state them. In such a special study as that of the artist, for instance, it makes no claim to give a full explanation of him or in any sense to explain him away. Similarly, in investigating religion and the psychology of the founders of religion or in seeking to penetrate to the motives that underlie man's metaphysical activities pschoanalysis makes no pretensions to explain these phenomena fully and does not claim that its explanation would of itself destroy their social and cultural value. It limits itself strictly to an attempt to show what part certain unconscious elements, hitherto neglected, have played in the genesis and the perpetuation of these protean

manifestations of man's psychic life.

This modesty of psychoanalysis is conditioned in the first place by a very acute realization on the part of Freud and his followers of the enormous complexity of our psychic life. The Freudian psychology has nothing in it of the nature of naive and confident simplification. It has shown, on the contrary, that the task of psychology is much more profound than we have been led to believe by the traditional psychologist who accepts the data of consciousness as the final terms of his investigation. Freud, as we know, completely reverses the situation so that the study of unconscious psychic activity becomes the center of inquiry and subordinates consciousness as coming later in our psychic evolution and as being inexplicable except in relation to the unconscious. In the second place, such investigations as those of the founders of religions, metaphysicians and artists necessarily encounter a limitation which applies equally to all psychologies whether of consciousness or of the unconscious. This may be called the somatic limitation. Every study of psychic impulse, if pushed far enough, carries us through the unconscious to a point where this impulse merges into a process of a chemico-biological nature from which this same impulse originally arose. Here the psychological factor and the somatic or physiological factor tend to coalesce and are no longer distinguishable. This is the natural limitation of all psychologies.

Let us apply this limitation to our investigation of the artist. I have said that the artist is saved from the fate of the neurotic by virtue of an inborn gift of technique which enables him to express his intrapsychic conflicts in forms which give him relief and which have social value because they symbolize conflicts which are common to mankind. By this technique is meant a certain biological endowment in the nature of manual dexterity or visual or auditory sensitiveness which enables the artist to mould materials into pleasing forms or arrange colors and sounds in harmony and contrast or to handle words and syllables in a certain rime and rhythm. We all possess this gift in some rudimentary form and our enjoyment of art, externally considered, depends upon our naive pleasure in seeing this gift more skillfully expressed than our more limited capacities admit.

But this gift alone neither makes the artist nor is it a proper subject of psychological enquiry. It is a brute endowment capable of the most various application. An individual possessing it would not necessarily be an artist. Thus a person gifted with great plastic dexterity might be deflected from modelling statuary to moulding machinery or handling extremely sensitive media, in which so much depends upon tactile sensitiveness in the finger-tips. Or, again, the abnormal inquisitiveness of the eye, which characterizes the painter, might well become absorbed in the service of microscopy in its varied application to science. In the field of art an individual possessed of nothing more than this biological endowment would still be only an artisan or a craftsman. He would have nothing artistic to express except by way of imitation, for he would still lack any artistic conception. He would have nothing to express communicable to others or expressive of himself except,

perhaps, a few rudimentary aesthetic rhythms.

The artist does not come into being until he has a conception to express in artistic terms. It is at this point that psychoanalysis can take hold. The biological endowment is for psychoanalysis something given which it cannot translate into its own terms and which is radically incapable of psychological treatment. But psychoanalysis claims and substantiates its claim that it can tell us something of the genesis of the artistic conception, that it can explain its psychic economy and that it can relate it to psychic mechanisms and impulses that are common to mankind. It can interpret it in universal psychological terms and explain its meaning to the individual artist and its value to the mass. That is all that it claims to do.

Freud expressly states that the artist is neither a neurotic nor a normal individual. If he tries to explain the artist in relation to the neurotic and to the normal he does so only because of a well-established tenet that the same psychic laws are operative in varying degrees in all human beings, and that the difference is one of quality and quantity and not of kind. The artist is not and cannot be normal, and has suffered much and unnecessarily from the puritanical demand that he should conform to the normal standard. If he sublimated his unconscious impulses in the same way that the normal does, and made exactly the same adjustments, he would undoubtedly cease to be an artist. And if the enlightened normal individual of today recognizes a difference and makes allowances, the artist also owes it to him to treat the normal with proper respect. It is really a very bourgeois trait in the artist to run down the normal as if he were an inferior. The normal is not a pitiable cowardly compromiser who stunts his instincts and blindly accepts the straight-jacket of conventionality. He, too, knows the abysses of his soul, but he makes a different adjustment and strives for a quieter, but perhaps more substantial, happiness. He is the great patient bearer of our norm of civilization. Were he all that the artist sometimes in his ire and defeat paints him to be, the artist himself would have no audience and would be a social outcast to a degree that would make life really intolerable. Neither, on the other hand, is the artist a neurotic. If he were that he would be merely a burden both to himself and to society. He escapes the fate of the neurotic, as has already been said, by a stroke so bold that it has often been held to have a touch of divinity. Dissatisfied with the world in which he finds himself, he creates an ideal world, which still contains human values and toward whose perfections we can aspire without abandoning ourselves to chaos.

A final misapprehension remains to be cleared up. Psychoanalysis does not claim to be able to analyse the artist and to reduce him to normality. Psychoanalysis cannot analyze anything out of existence. It can merely reduce and subjugate the pathological excrescences of unconscious impulses. It cannot analyze away the artist's biological endowment any more than it can, for instance, make a singer's voice disappear by analyzing him. The reader will do well to bear in mind as an axiom of psychoanalysis that the neurotic can be successfully analyzed only because he himself

overwhelmingly desires to be relieved of his neurotic inhibitions and because the social censure directed against his social activities impels him to the same end. With the true artist this is not the case. His activities provide him with compensations out of all proportion to his sufferings and his successes meet with a social approval which the neurotic never finds. He has always a potential outlet whereas the neurotic is merely building the wall around himself higher and higher. Theoretically also the artist would prove very difficult to analyze. For the psycho-sexual impulses which he has to sublimate into art forms seem to be extraordinarily turbulent in him even in earliest childhood, and display a truly insatiable character, so that if he had not within himself the means to escape the fate of the neurotic the neurosis from which he would suffer would, in all probability, be too severe for successful treatment.

If I have thus somewhat cleared the ground I may now proceed to outline the form which the Freudian investigation of the artist has thus far taken. Since long before Freud, it has been a current theory that art is floundering in a final decadence and that the artist has reached the stage of his decline. Freudian studies have shed considerable light upon this theory, both through the partial analysis of individual artists and through his interpretation of the history of art.

To follow these and to evaluate properly both their justification and their shortcomings will require considerable patience and understanding on the part of the reader. The artist may instinctively resent them as another case of hopeless bourgeois meddling, but even the artist cannot wisely despise self-knowledge and the criticism levelled at him will, perhaps, spur him on to express himself in new art forms. That is always his best and most legitimate way to *épater la bourgeoisie,* and he will be the more ready to do this as he himself has now been complaining for some time that present art forms have led to his temporary stagnation.

The American

WHEN the pressure of a great hour comes upon us, we may draw strength from one source only. Not from our place, nor our power, nor our possessions: but only in the very depths of ourselves. Those depths are the Past. That is why there was ever prayer before battle—a moment of burial in one's own fountain-head, that one might arise with the strength to conquer. And that is why the shock of war and the demand of the extreme sacrifice sends a nation into its own Past, that the sustaining strength of its great tradition and its God may nerve it to the risk of its whole existence.

Our hour has come, and we are hurled backward on ourselves. Could any moment have been more untimely than the present one—the moment of our greatest doubt, of our most profound questioning? Was it yesterday when we painfully looked about us, and saw that we were not a nation, but merely a horde of shuffled races, fattening on the slaughter of Europe, with no purpose of our own, save that of keeping a whole skin? This yesterday of ours grows vivid, in the shock of a common awakening. In that shock, we grope backward for that central source of our existence, that unity of life from which we were sprung. And seeking for that morning when out of the soil a heroic youth came mysteriously with gods and warriors, the dream of our national childhood, echoing with song and tradition, we find nothing but the self-conscious enterprise and struggles of transplanted Europe.

No: we have no past. Our past is part of our present, and only that present is ours. But at the moment when we might despair of nationality, we discover that there is something great in our life: that there is a spirit permeating our land. It is unlike the spirit of any other land, for by the miracle of

our destiny it is not a god and it is not a divine king, nor is it any ghostly visitant. It was thumped together and thumbed painfully into shape out of the common clay of middle America. It was gnarled, and gaunt, and human: a homely solemn figure, whose sorrow had the power to beget laughter, whose wisdom was of the folk, whose mercy was part of a simple faith in democracy, whose strength was drawn from life itself. The tale of this man is the story of every man of sorrow. The hero of the folk is born humbly, in a manger, a hut, a cabin. He goes into the great forests, and learns wisdom from the trees, the brooks, the beasts and birds, and from lowly labor. In the hour of great tribulation, in the hour of the people's need, he rises and leads them. All their sorrows are taken upon himself, a heavy burden. All their knowledge comes to wisdom in him. All their faintheartedness and doubt flames into steadfastness and courage in his spirit. He leads them to victory, and in the moment of triumph, dies a shameful death. In his death, his people come to a greater life. His sacrifice becomes a means to their re-birth.

Once the marvellous thing was that this hero was a man of magic, a god, and was worshipped. With us, the marvellous thing is that he really lived this life, that he was one of us, that he remains one of us, and that his is a greatness not aloof, not of heaven, not something we must gain by mystic devotion and a separation from life, but a greatness possible to men here on earth, in this life. It is in the meaning of the life of Abraham Lincoln that we have the possibility of a common future; it is in the spirit that endured times of great confusion when our national destiny once before was threatened with disruption and death; the spirit that slowly drew the separated together; that was full of mercy in the moment of bloody hatred; that was patient in the face of derision and intrigue; that held steadily before himself and our people the great and

undying Cause; that brought about in his own life a meaning and a center for the American spirit. In his own person a vision gained reality for us: the vision of a people who might share one another, from the lowest to the highest, who might bring into fusion the necessary affairs of the day with the profoundest purposes of life, who might be alien to nothing human, and who might be rich and open in their sympathies without being weak and halting in their action. He is not the America we know, nor the America that has passed: yet he is the American.

We have this heritage in common. We have this human and living symbol of what we believe in, and what it is worth our dying for. We go to him, not as we go to a god, but as we go to our own selves, ourselves brought to a common expression, a common height. We go to him, that we may go forward, united in one prophecy, in one great achievement of our national life, in one great hope for our future.

A Devil of a Fellow

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

HE had always been spoiled, by men, and especially by women. Even in the name they called him in Portuguese Old Harbor, down cape, there was a ring of irrepressible triumph—"Va Di! Va Di!"—as it were, "a devil of a fellow," or "a gay bird."

They had been dead for more than half a year, he and Stiff Peter—dead, that is, in the knowledge of the home world. And as befitting one out of the unknown, he returned more magnificent than ever, stepping down the fruit steamer's plank at the Boston dock dressed in a suit of cream-colored flannels gotten in the tropics, between which and the pale block of the Panama hat above, his face showed more than ever swarthy, rich-toned and clean-drawn, with its crisp black spurs of moustache breaking the line of either cheek, like a brigand on a poster. In his right hand he poised a slender cane, something he had learned in Port au Prince. Stiff Peter came behind, carrying the new, straw suitcase, clothed himself in much the same sort of shoddy in which he and his captain had been picked up from the fisherman's wreckage, seven months before, by a southward-going tramp. Stiff Peter was a small fellow; he had to look up to Va Di; had he had to look down to Va Di, the world would have been quite inexplicable.

The pair stood outside the dock gates, staring about them at the heavy summer city, the vendors of colored fruits, the hot blue elevated trains thundering overhead, the ice-carts sweating long, cold threads across the cobbles.

"Here's the country fer you, eh, Peter?"

Peter nodded, showing his bad teeth. "Betcha!"

The master pointed the tips of his moustache and smiled easily at a passing shop-girl. "Say, Peter, I a'most wisht now I didn't send that letter home. Be some sport now, coming ashore into Old Harbor, like a—miracle."

"Betcha!" The little fellow grinned, thinking that would have been fine. "I wisht you didn't either," he echoed. The fact that Peter himself had sent the letter, Va Di never having learned to read or write, did not obtrude itself upon either of them. Peter waited patiently, eyes on the cobbles.

"Well, Peter, we'll see a night, afore we go down home, anyhow. Wonder who'll be to Schlinsky's? Them boys off the fleet'll be tickled to see me."

"Betcha!"

Outside Schlinsky's place they were confronted by a slovenly-jointed man whose little, red-rimmed eyes seemed to be looking at ghosts.

"Thousand devils!" the fellow gasped in his long throat.

Va Di straightened the left lapel of his coat and flicked a damp curl from his forehead. No one enjoyed this sort of thing more than he.

"Hello, Costa. How's fishin'—good? Any the boys done good this year?"

"But for Gawd's s-a-k-e!" Costa stretched out an absurdly long finger to touch the flannel stuff. "And is that Stiff Peter?" His eyes wobbled about in a grotesque fashion. "Say, you fellahs is *drowned*!"

He closed his eyes tight and mopped the sweat from his brow with the back of a wrist. "I was onto the *Arbitrator* myself las' fall when she picked up your wreckage. Me and Tony Silva catched a dory-load o' corpses ourselves. The hull o' you 's got good granite stones up to the graveyard. And here you come tackin' up to me in broad daylight." He

popped his eyes very suddenly at the conclusion, as if to give nature a chance.

"And you never *knowed?*" Va Di demanded, losing his dramatic composure.

"Knowed *what?*"

"Knowed we was picked up, me and Peter, and took to Brazil."

Costa shook his head uneasily, still a little suspicious of them.

"But looky here, didn't—who was it I sent that letter to, Peter? Mamie Cabral? Say, man, didn't Mamie get no letter offa me, eh?"

"N-n-naw." Costa's face changed abruptly from pale brown to brick-color and his unmanageable fingers fussed with his beard. "Mamie's went—"

"*Went?* Went *where?*"

"Nowheres. Only she went an' got married."

"Got *married?*"

"Got married."

"Onto *who?*"

"Onto that old store-keep, Henny Lake—you know."

"Old Henny Lake with the crooked leg? Looky here, Costa——"

Costa backed away a step, licked his lips, fumbled uneasily in and out of his pockets, and after a moment spoke in a voice unnecessarily loud:

"Come on up an' have a drink, Va Di, old fellah." He slapped the other on the back, crying: "There's other fish into the water, man!"

"You go straight to hell!"

Va Di stood for a long time after Costa had retreated up the stairway, scowling into the yellow sun of evening, his teeth playing with his nether lips, his hands tormenting the frail Malacca.

"They—they's other fish into the water," Peter stammered, desperate to shift the great man's humor. Va Di wheeled with out-flung hands.

"Other fish! Well, I *guesso*. Mary Virgin, but I got a dozen girls in town, right here, better'n that run-around slut that jumps after an old man's money the minute I get out o' sight. Fish? I *guesso!* Come on up, Stiff Peter. I'll show 'em."

He mounted the dusty stairs, with Peter sweating after him, and in the wide, many-tabled hall of the Jew, heavy with the arid lushness of a summer night in the city, he drank himself into an heroic insensibility, so that he had to be carried away to dark T Wharf, in the willing hands of the fish fleet, and dumped aboard a schooner bound down on the morning tide for the end of the Cape.

They opened the town around Long Point, a straggling arc of infinitesimal houses and wharves and spires, all colored alike in the sulphur fires of sunset, with here and there a gleam of clear flame refracted from a window pane, a whole broadside from the cold-storage in the western sands.

"Seven month," Peter mused, an eye cornerwise on the silent man beside him in the bows. "Seven month; and it's like yiste'day—er mebby ten, twenty year, lookin' at it another way, eh, Cap'n?"

"They'll be took aback," Va Di muttered, rousing himself from his sour preoccupation. "I'm goin' to see the Silvado girls tonight, Peter. You watch their faces, now. Fish into the water—I guesso." He fell into another silence, broken only by the faint rustle of the cutwater and the tiny crescendo of men's voices as the bow-gang straggled forward to make the anchor ready. The fleet at mooring drifted nearer, spiring purple on a mat of pellucid gold.

"I see Maya's shifted his off-shore trap," Peter struggled patiently.

The tide was low when the dories came ashore, leaving a wide stretch of flats, soggy, half-reflecting. Two of the crew, to tell of it afterward, carried Va Di on their shoulders and saved his white shoes from the wet, their own boots leaving tiny lakes behind, full of yellow sky. A bare-legged girl with a clam-rake in her hand turned curiously as she crossed in front of them, opened her eyes wider, ran away blushing richly, the damp skirts flinging about her knees.

Va Di called after her: "Ai there, you Angie—you watch out for me."

People began to come out on the stranded wharves; some padded across the flats, hallooing to one another. At the "rising," Va Di kicked to be let down, and stood with the great hat held dramatically across his breast, watching the townspeople converging upon him. A party of summer visitors from the East End passed in a motor; one of them, a handsome woman of thirty or so, smiled amusedly at the figure, flushed and tightened her lips as she found her smile returned with a shocking candor, made to pluck her companion's sleeve, thought better of it, lowered her eyes to her lap, and so whirled on into nothingness.

"Le' me alone," Va Di cried with a sudden ferocity. "Peter, gi' me that dress-suit-case." Grasping the shiny thing he wheeled and strode away into the mouth of a lane, leaving mouths and eyes wondering behind him.

The day died very suddenly now. Passing beneath the willows that hung out of Ma Deutra's chicken pen it was almost night already, cool and struck through with the acrid foetal of the roots; and when he came out beyond, the world's color had changed perceptibly, its passion chilled by the faint white influence of the moon. Turning into the back street, he paused before a small weathered building with "Henry Lake, Merchandise & Provisions" lettered across the false front.

"Shut up a'ready," he mused with a hard-won sneer. "Stays home of evenin's *now*—the old bastard. I'll wring his dried-up neck—you watch."

He moved on again, smoothing out his coat-folds and tipping the Panama further back and to the side, for he had to pass the house now. The perfectly inexplicable thing was that he should find himself so upset over Mamie Cabral—*Mamie Cabral*—a good-enough girl, but . . . He walked along the white pickets of the fence, shoulders squared back, heart-rending chin thrust forward in an heroic preoccupation, eyes fastened on the moon, where Fergus's willows chopped it into ragged white fragments. But, somehow, he could not get past the gate; he faltered there, set down the suitcase, and leaned his elbows on the posts.

Through all the years of his boyhood he had played around that house of Lake's; later he had stalked past it going to or from his various vessels. And yet he could not have told anyone definitely what it looked like. He retained a dim impression of a grape-vine, that was all. Now he looked at it for the first time with eyes of interest, intense glowering interest. The vine, shooting thick and rough from the ground near the front door and sprawling haphazard over the dimming whiteness of the walls till it came to the semi-restraint of a pergola, touched the man's ponderous imagination and made him think of a snake, or a kind of guardian dragon.

"And them two are in there," he mumbled to himself. "Into the dark." He leaned still more heavily on the gate post, his garments melting into the luminous streak of the fence, his dark, working face invisible against a further hedge, only that monstrous exotic bloom of a hat hanging in the dusk, air-sustained.

"Tony! Oh—Oh, Tony Va Di!"

It came from the side of the house where a bay-window sheltered beneath the vine-strangled pergola, a low cry. Va

Di stood up rigid, leaning slightly backwards as if before a blow, his tongue running over his lips. He muttered: "Name of God!"

The low cry repeated itself, half in appeal, half-ecstatic.

"Ton'! Ton'!"

Opening the gate, careless now of who might see or hear him, he strode along the nasturtium-bordered walk and stood beneath the pergola, staring at the window slightly above the level of his head.

She was kneeling inside, so that no more than her head was visible against the interior darkness, and her forearms crossed on the sill, bare and brown and sweetly modelled. The last dim effulgence of the sunset warmed her right cheek, the other was chilled by the waxing power of the moon—like the two phases of a man's passion. Neither seemed to have any words, save those scared, triumphant articulations of their eyes. So they gazed at one another for a long time, while the knotted shadows of the vine established themselves upon the ground and the house-side, austere and grotesque.

A slow bewilderment took hold of Va Di; something began to flutter in the back of his brain, an intolerable, weightless thudding, and the pupils of his eyes dilated curiously. He could not understand. He had an instinctive desire to huddle down or to turn and run away, as a coral-islander might feel, put down miraculously in the midst of the Himalayas.

"Where—where is he?" he whispered by and by.

"He's dead, Tony."

"Dead!"

"Three days, Ton'."

The man took off his hat and stared into it; vaguely astonished at a jewel shining on the brim, he raised his hand to find tears rolling out of his eyes. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to pray.

"Old Lake's dead," he echoed in a shallow, vacant voice.

Sluggish visions tumbled through his mind as he stared at Mamie's dark, unmoving eyes.

"Wha'—what was ailin' of him?"

"I killed him."

The air about the open window grew dank and old, shot with a faint reek of never-opened rooms, unaired wall-paper, crumbs of funeral cakes and spilled wine, and a memory hanging about it of withered old dead limbs. Va Di shrank back till his shoulders touched an upright of the pergola. His face was yellow in the half-light and one yellow finger scratched a cross on his breast.

"You—y-y-you——"

"I killed him, Ton'—after I got your letter."

If she would take her eyes away for an instant, then he could run.

"You—got it—then?"

She nodded slowly.

"I didn't tell nobody. Why? I don't know, Ton'. But then I prayed to all the saints that he would die, and to the Blessed Virgin, and even to Christ Hisself—and three days ago he fell off Maya's wharf and drownded."

"O-o-oh!" It was not tears now that wet his cheeks, but sweat, released suddenly from its pores. "They can't git—you—for—*that.*"

"They can't. *They* can't. No. But——"

For all the frightful, occult implication of her words, her eyes were still level and unfrightened, full of a deep, transfigured calm. Va Di could not live up to that; without ceasing he crossed himself and looked out of the corners of his eyes, as though fearful of beholding in that moon-checkered nook the form of a black, relentless priest.

"Oh, Ton'," she called softly. He had to look at her, and even the cold exhalations of the night light could not kill the color sweeping her cheeks. He became aware of her hand

reaching out to him, wavering close before him; heedless of all things else, earthly and unearthly, he took it in his own and turned it over and kissed the palm—kissed it over and over again till it smothered him.

"Mamie!" he cried, searching her face with his reckless eyes. "You're mine, ain't you, Mame? Ain't you?" He came nearer and stood on tiptoe to draw down her lips, but she went white at that and pulled back, fluttering her free hand over her bosom.

"Ton'—Ton'! Don't! I—I ain't—smart—Tony."

He stood perfectly quiet for a moment, as if struck there in stone by a flash of some Medusa-head. After a time, becoming aware that he still held the girl's hand in his, he let it drop abruptly. He began working his lips, as if they were stiff from long disuse. His face was yellow and hard.

"The hell you say!"

Turning away he walked around the corner of the house, a singular woodenness in his knees. But he returned immediately to lean against the upright and confront her with his blighted rancor.

"You didn't waste no time, did you."

She did not appear to have grasped it yet. Once again he flung off around the corner, and this time he did not return.

When he came into his own lane, gated with clumpy willows and at the further end fading out into the blue-white slope of a dune dotted with rubbish, he saw that the news had run ahead of him and all the neighborhood was out-of-doors, hiding in the dusty thoroughfare, shouting, sobbing, squealing. His mother lunged forward at sight of him, an old, ragged-haired woman, full of fecund years, tripping over the torn hem of her skirt.

Va Di glowered at her, holding her off with his strong hands. She had been handsome once, too; even now there were fine foundation-lines which the folds of her cheeks, red

and rutted like a rooster's wattles, could not altogether hide.

"Ma!" he cried of a sudden. "Ma, I'm back." Folding her in his arms, he patted her back with a rough tenderness, and wept. Then all the others, who had come pattering, fell to weeping and screeching and pounding *him* on the back. They got, finally, into the house, a bleak, tall, narrow structure with peeling clapboards without and a pervasion of linoleum within; into the kitchen, full of all the essentials of life, a stove, a pump, a lithograph of the Virgin, a mahogany wardrobe leaking cornmeal and onions, a phonograph, cot bed, chairs and a table.

Eight brothers and sisters had to be heard; a ninth came running in from her husband's house up-street, her stolid velocity not in the least hampered by the protuberance under her shawl, understood to be a nursing infant, miraculously adhesive. "You'll git the house painted," she murmered with a hint of severity to Angelina, seventeen, and in high school.

"Yeh." Angelina had thought of that herself, having callers.

His mother busied herself in an oily nimbus above the stove, frying a *linguisa* and other things, watching her first-born all the while with convulsive tremors about her mouth which made her appear to grin, at intervals, idiotically. Va Di pounded the red table-cloth with the butt of his knife.

"Ma, git a move onto that. Ain't I told you I'm hungry?"

"Well, ain't I hurryin'?" The old woman made the *linguisa* crackle by poking it with a knife. Va Di rubbed the back of his hand across his lips and justified himself. "Well, I'm hungry."

He ate in silence, only once raising his voice, and his hands, to bid the company be quiet. "You make me nervous," he cried. After he had finished he got up and dusted the crumbs off his fine clothes, scratching an old spot with a thumb-nail and rubbing it with his coat-cuff, ran a hand through his

straight, black hair, and lounged to the front door. His mother called after him with a curious cluck in her voice. "Where you goin', son?"

"Aw, see the town."

But he got no further than the step to the gate, where he leaned on his elbows and gloomed at the roofs across the lane. Curious ones passed, turned back, cleared their throats, and, seeing his face, did not speak.

"A kid," he mumbled in his throat. "A kid off o' that crooked-legged old sow." And after another sour silence: "I never remembered what a good-looker she was. Say! And crazy about me. But . . . Hell!"

The moon swam high over the end of the lane, filling the dusty passage with its effulgent silver. The clear notes of Town Hall telling eleven floated across the huddled dwellings, and Va Di, wondering at the hour, looked about to find all the windows dark in the lane, save one toward the street end where a mandolin twinkled an Island melody. A solitary figure moved in the vista, coming nearer, a girl, dark-faced and with her dark hair piled on either side of her ears, wearing a white linen skirt and a crimson sweater. Opposite Va Di's gate she paused to kick a twig lying in the dust and discovered the man with a slight start.

"I heard you're back," she said, drifting easily nearer. "Glad t'see you."

The man smoothed his moustache. "Hullo, Mary. Didn't 'spect to see me again, eh, girlie? How's things?"

"Lookin' up, *now.*" She leaned against the other side of the fence, smiling and fussing idly with her hair, her eyes lowered demurely. By and by she raised them, nonplused by his failure to go on, and found him staring at the sky as if he had forgotten she was there. She drifted away, after a time, flinging her shoulders a little, and once looking back with a wounded, malignant expression. Va Di shook himself and

stared after her, moved by a faint sensation of regret. "I must be turnin' foolish," he muttered to himself.

For a moment he thought she was coming back, and straightened up with a not unaccountable thrill. But then he sank down again, recognizing old Baldy Minn by a faint flapping of soles, many sizes too large for her, on the dust. Baldy Minn had a wide, gelatinous person, forever billowing and breaking against the precarious dams of her clothing when she moved about; a silky gray beard blurred the contour of her chin; her small eyes floated in a brownish liquor, prying, inquisitorial, continually suspicious of women's figures, seeming to say: "Mmmm—so you're at it again. Don't lie about it, because you can't fool *me.*" A most horrible old woman. She came flapping through the moonlight and stopped in front of the gate.

"Ai, Ai!" she greeted in a strong, bubbly voice. "They telled me you're back, Va Di. Too much f' the devil, was y'u? Well, Blessed Saints take pity onto the maids, if they's any lef' . . . Is y'r ma up?"

"I dunno." Va Di was a little afraid of this woman, and disliked her accordingly. "I'll take a look," he mumbled, after enduring her eyes for a moment. He turned to the door and called: "Ma—hey there, *Ma.*"

A sudden faint crash sounded from the other end of the house, as if someone had started out of a doze and knocked something over.

"Huh, Tony! That you, Tony?"

"A'right," Va Di grumbled. "You c'n go in, Baldy Minn. . . . Say——" He peered at the bundle swinging in her hand, an old shawl stuffed full and exuding ragged ends of things. "Say, what you want, this time o' night?"

The old crone turned within the entry and winked a leering eye.

"That big kettle o' y'r ma's," she bubbled.

"Oh! O-o-oh, I git y'u. Who is it this time, Baldy Minn?"

The woman grinned and flapped a hand at him with a horrible coyness.

"None o' your beezness, *any*how."

After a time, driven by an unaccountable restlessness, he moved into the house, felt his way softly along a wall and stood in what had been meant for the dining-room. The air was heavy and sour with the sleeping of the three younger boys, but the door was open a crack into the kitchen, and in the lean, bright aperture he could see Baldy Minn's face with all its dewlaps shivering.

"I knowed it all along," she was saying. "I knowed she'd never carry it—ugh-ugh—not outa that old crook-leg."

The boards groaned ever so slightly beneath Va Di's heels.

His mother's voice came through the crack, heavy with the burden of ages.

"I've hear of seven-monthers livin'."

"I kep' one myself." The midwife's lips sucked in and exploded with a suggestion of defiance. "Mis' Deutra claims she kep' one oncet, but she never. Sam Raphael's boy 's a seven-monther an' *I* kep' *him,* and' don' you let nobody tell y'u diff'nt, Annie. . . . But a six-monther—Ugh-ugh. No."

Va Di's mother had borne sixteen and brought up ten. He heard her now, moaning gently through her apron: "Well, well, I don't know—I don't know. . . . I go long with you, Baldy Minn. Poor thing—poor thing. I put my shawl, go long with you, Baldy Minn."

"Naw, ain't no need, Annie. I got Angie Bragg up there now, an' Rosie Courier's there anyhow. Gimme the kittle. She ought to be comin' 'long now. Rosie come down two hour ago. " She stood for a moment ringing the huge kettle with a thumb nail. "Won'er what started her up. She ain't fell or nothin' *I* hear of. Well . . ."

She flapped away along the dark hall, not a yard from the

silent man, humming and bubbling between her gums. There was a long hush, broken only by the snores of the sleepers and the continuous, subdued moaning from the kitchen, like the chant of a vigil. Va Di went out as softly as he had come in, and stood by the gate, fanning his face with the big hat.

"Damn," he mumbled, and after a moment: " 'Tain't none o' *my* fun'ral, though."

Putting the hat on his head, he opened the gate, turned aimlessly toward the back country and mounted the clear, blue slope of the dune, picking his way mechanically amongst the scattered tomato cans and disemboweled bedticks and skeletons of barrels. Sitting down on the crest he became part of it, moon-colored and still. The night was so intolerably quiet that the ground-swell eating the beaches far off on the outside crept in to him, and he ruffled the sand with his feet because it made him think of his mother's moaning and her words: "Poor thing—poor thing."

"God, how that girl looked at me," he remembered out loud. "She l-l——"

He jumped up and shuffled around; rolled a cigarette, wetting it too much with his tongue so that it fell apart; threw it away. "She *l-l-loves* me," he came out, more racked by the word than ever a child by his virgin oath.

He found himself at the foot of the dune on the other side, his canvas shoes sucking up moisture from a bog. He climbed another hill, drawn back toward the town, and waded across it knee-deep in scrub and wild roses that tore triangular rents in his flannel trousers. Descending into the shadow of familiar trees, he hunched himself up to sit on the shingles of a pig-sty, and heard the sluggish animals, whose distant forebears he had beaten with furtive barrel-staves, grunt and roll over in the interior muck.

He took out his knife and whittled the shingles, trying not to look at the house. There was something incredibly fearful

about its being awake in the midst of all the sleepers, staring him down with its lighted windows, profligate of kerosene and tallow. The kitchen door was open; by and by a woman came and leaned in the bright rectangle, a silhouette of fatigue. This was Rosie Courier. She had been old Henny Lake's housekeeper as long as Va Di could remember. Sometimes she had served in the store. Va Di could think of her, immensely tall and tight-garmented behind the counter, her lean, brown face with its cheek-cords pressing in the corners of her mouth, hovering over his head, righteous and suspicious. Quite invisible as he was in the shadow, he could not keep from cringing a little against the roof as she stood there in the doorway, breathing and resting.

Town Hall clanged a single note, full and round, and as if in answer another note came and hung among the leaves, a high, unmodulated animal-cry, torn carelessly from the tissues of a throat. The austere silhouette in the doorway straightened and disappeared.

"Oh, my God!" Va Di breathed. As a boy he had always been sent to play with neighbor children on those days when brothers or sisters accrued to his family, and so he did not know. He had supposed he knew; he had had a leg broken once by a jibing boom, and he had seen plenty of men crushed or torn in the bad seconds of ocean fishing. But they had always screamed like human beings.

The distracted ululation was in the trees again.

"Don't," the man whispered. "For Christ's sake, M-a-m-i-e —d-o-n't!"

He got down and tried to walk away, but found himself back again, leaning his crossed arms on the sty roof. He had to be doing something, to dull the blade of that outcry, and so he made up an unearthly anger at those shadows moving against the window-squares.

"God damn you to hell!" he mumbled, shaking his white

fists, "Why don't y'u *do* somethin'? Why don't y'u *do* somethin'?"

He was aware of Baldy Minn's figure flapping out of the door, a yawling cat held at arm's length. He watched her slay the little beast, make some horrible business with a kitchen knife, and flap into the house again with the warm liver. He knew well enough that this would soothe the sufferer a little, tied with a cord around her neck, but he became more than ever furious at the shadowy transaction. He did not want Mamie's agony allayed a little; he wanted it stopped, definitely and forever. He stood up and bawled after the retreating midwife: "Ow! Ow! Ow!" Baldy Minn turned and peered into the night, wondering, shook the fleshy pendants of her head, crossed her billowy bosom with the hand that contained the liver and slammed the door shut.

Without any clear transition, his hate shifted from "them" to "it." It was "it" that was tearing and killing Mamie.

"Damn it—I'd like to——" The finger-nails ate into his palms. He hoped that "it" would die—that "it" would be a "six-monther," so there could be no possibility of its not dying. "Her and I would be——" His ravening speculations tumbled on into giddy chaos.

The night was laced with threads of agony, exquisite, racking, prolonged, still prolonged. Va Di reached out and gripped either edge of the roof, as if to keep himself from sliding. He pleaded with it to stop. The interstices among the leaves of the overhanging willows were filled with the gore of imminent day; Ma Deutra's rooster crowed in his hollow house away down a flushing lane. But still that haggard utterance hung over the world.

It ceased. A faint breeze came to life and wandered across the back yards, tumbling papers; a lark, as though bribed and timed, mounted into the sky and whistled his morning triumph; Va Di's head sank down on his arms, his

knees caved in to rest against the side of the sty, and his fingers fell out flat on the shingles.

He opened his eyes by and by to find Rosie Courier standing in the horizontal radiance of the sun, regarding him from the other side of the pen. Her face was the color of a dusty boot, lifeless and flabby.

"She wants to see you," she said.

"Who? *Her?*"

She nodded stiffly, allowed the thick, mottled lids to droop over her eyes, and turned back toward the kitchen door. Va Di followed. In the kitchen Baldy Minn sat beside the sink, her hands working in a huge blossom of suds. The tight little nubbin of hair had shaken down off the bald spot, lending her a curious expression of wildness.

"Was it—did——" Va Di groped for words. "Did it live, Baldy Minn?"

"Did it *live?*" Her eyes rolled in their liquor, her whole person quivered and dashed against its margins, and she grinned at him, closing the rent in her teeth with a meaning tongue-tip. "Did it *live?* Ho-ho-ho!"

He turned away and followed Rosie Courier through a dark passage, smelling of life and death, and entered a room full of sunshine. Within the door a profound embarrassment laid hold of him; he shifted from foot to foot and looked down at the great hat revolving in his hands. Mamie was so white and still and all eyes, and the eyes dwelt upon him with such a spent and inscrutable adoration. He was afraid to look at her; he felt curiously like a figure done in clay, destructible and worthless. Her hand, all the opacity burned out of it, lay on the flowered "comfortable," and remembering suddenly how it had come out to him from last night's window, he fell down on his knees and laid his cheek against it and wept the tears of weakness.

"Mamie," he sobbed in the wadding. "You're a good

girl, M-m-mamie."

After a little a sound of snickering behind him brought him to his feet, his face flaming. It was Baldy Minn, almost filling the doorway with her oceanic being, against which the bundle in her arms seemed incredibly tiny and helpless. She advanced, undulating and bubbling, to lay it across Va Di's hastily-crooked arms, laughing at his panic.

He held his chin stiff and his eyes desperately horizontal. "Naw, naw," he mumbled, "Somebody come." He turned to Mamie, appealing, and Mamie, moved by that irresponsible humor which is deeper than solemnity, smiled.

"Ton'," she whispered unsteadily. "It's killin', Ton'—how he favors you. It makes me laugh, Ton'—you without the moustache, *exactly*. I wisht you'd look, Ton'."

His knees were no good; he sat down in a rocker and looked around the room for mental help. Rosie Courier, standing, a black, unimpeachable spire, beside the bureau, gave him none. Her lids were lowered and her thoughts had turned inward for refuge. By an irony, he had to come to Baldy Minn. Dirty, evil-fleshed, full of matter prurient, there still endured in her a flicker of that essential fire that lives, somehow, through all the changing winds of orthodoxies. She had to express it, of course, in her own way.

"You old devil," she bubbled benevolently. "I might o' knowed . . ."

The bundle in Va Di's arms became articulate, demanding its primal planetary food. The man's muscles suffered a poignant sensation of combat, a gentle struggle with an infinitesimal kicking. His face became pink; his mouth-muscles contracted in that species of self-conscious smirk so hard for others to bear; he opened and closed his lips tentatively, as though they were quite new and uncertain of their powers.

"He's—he's—he's a *s-s-stout* little bastard," he stammered, in all innocence.

The Cloud-Ring

By Frederick Booth

THE daytime dreamer slept. The mixed rays of star, moon, and arclight hardly struggled through the unwashed panes of the window at the foot of his bed and gave the rough quilt that covered him nearly to his chin, the dun wall, the face of the daytime dreamer, the sort of dull shine that anything has in the light of dying embers.

The daytime dreamer lay on his back in a weary attitude just as he had first got into bed. His cheek rested in his right hand. His left hand was spread out on the quilt, a spray of wan color without substance that sometimes trembled a little.

His face was now calm and impassive: the weary and bitter look was gone. The forehead was smoothed out, until the morrow.

Far away, in a tall white tower, a large clock struck one. The sleeper stirred not. He had undressed in his lighted room, smoking his last pipe, wearily aware of his familiar furniture, the rattle of belated wheels in the street, the hissing of his hot gas lamp, the make and color of his worn garments, the lassitude of his flesh: weary of his long daytime dreams which bore little fruit of his soul, weary of his evening's accustomed fevered idling which bore a bitter fruit that somehow in its bitterness was like unto the bitterness engendered in his soul by the decay, the ceaseless and inevitable decay and crumbling of his daytime dreams, eager, resentfully eager to lie down in the arms of Sleep, the gentle, the ineffectual destroyer, he had turned out the light and crawled under that

old quilt, whose pattern, texture and color he hated as being too much like the diurnal habit and pattern of his life.

At first he saw the dim outlines of his room and the spots where played the night lights of the world outside. He saw the window and the crooked white shade, he saw beyond the dirty window panes the sky and its impenetrable garden of stars and the beautiful incomprehensible white clouds sailing nowhere. These things vanished. His eyes had closed but he knew it not: the earth and sky were gone from his knowledge and there remained only a certain wan light. Slowly, along the descending spiral of one nocturnal hour the soul of this sleeper descended amidst shades, went down to the temple of Sleep.

The clock in the tall white tower struck three more hours and for this long the soul of the dreamer stayed within that chamber where all was dark, where thoughts were black coals and white ashes and even the white ashes made not even a whitish spot in the darkness that ruled there. His soul bowed down in the darkness that ruled in that chamber where no tapestries of dreams or fancies were woven on the walls.

But at last the soul of the dreamer went forth, robed in the darkness of the inner chamber which was more than darkness; went forth robed in oblivion, knowing not where it went.

But the robe of darkness that is the mantle and sign of dreamless sleep dropped from the dreamer at last, and his soul, the daytime dreamer himself, saw that he was standing in a field. In this field it was an even twilight. The daytime dreamer thought he was awake. He saw the field. It was so wide he could not see its limits in any direction, for the twilight set a near limit on its horizons. The field was covered with little weeds that had died and shed most of their leaves. A wind ran and searched amongst their dry stalks and rattled them and whistled against them, making a sound that to the dreamer was a sound of enmity toward him and toward all

the world.

He looked abroad over the field first and about him on the ground, seeing the weeds and hearing amongst them the wind, which was a little wind, though it was hateful, and did not blow against him hard.

When he had seen all of this he lifted his eyes and looked toward the sky. He saw against the sky thick gray clouds of a leaden color, and they rolled as they rode on a wind that bore them swiftly and with power, a mightier wind than the little one that whined and searched amongst the little weeds in the field.

The dreamer wondered why he should be standing in this empty and cold place seeing nothing but black weeds and gray clouds and hearing nothing but a spiteful little wind. As if his thoughts had been heard, he saw under the gray clouds and far away in the direction from which the gray clouds came, a great white ring, a ring of cloud flying swiftly toward him, more swiftly far than the gray clouds flew. The cloud-ring was white, though no light shone upon it—it seemed to have the glow and brilliance of life itself that a white flower has. It flew with its circumference horizontal with the earth. The dreamer thought that it was like the aureole of some great god or spirit flying in the night time to him that should wear it in the morning. He looked with that kind of wonder one has in dreams upon this sprite of the darkness whose lacy edges fluttered so in the wind, which flew so swiftly and so straight and which he thought was beautiful and significant beyond its shape and whiteness, which he thought was supernally, strangely beautiful and significant, though it was only a cloud-ring. He thought it might even be a spirit, or the image and sign of a spirit. Already the cloud-ring was directly above him; it had come straight toward him and as it flew over his head and flew down the wind the dreamer thought that it saw him or that it knew he

was there: it seemed to have sought him: he seemed to have come here to the field to be sought by it. There seemed to be a message or portent in that magic white circle. He turned and followed the cloud-ring with his eyes. Where would it go? Whence had it come? It seemed to him that a good and kindly omen had dropped upon him from the cloud-ring as it flew over his head—a benediction had descended upon him from it. He looked with wonder and longing, with subdued joy, after this strange thing.

He wished that it might return again and let him look at it once more. He thought that if it came again some message that he could understand might fall from its magic circumference, from the shining band. He had a faint memory of his daytime troubles, his dying daytime dreams and the ashes they left behind, and he thought the cloud-ring might relate to that. He thought it might bring him light and happiness if it would only return again.

Then when the cloud-ring had gone far down the wind and was about to go out of sight he saw that it turned southward and went in a great circle and flew back against the wind as swiftly as it had flown with it so that at last it again rode in the sky where the dreamer had seen it first. And a second time the cloud-ring flew down the wind toward him.

The dreamer said in his heart, Now the cloud-ring, the mystic symbol, will tell me its secret, will let descend upon me as it passes a message from On High. He said that the cloud-ring saw him, it had a supernal vision, not of eyes. And it had sought him out, he was the chosen, the fortunate one. Now it would drop upon him its message, its good saying.

And the cloud-ring, whiter between the gray clouds and black earth than a lily on a troubled lake, came down again toward the dreamer to fly over his head. No message, no great saying, descended upon him, but he thought that it said,

The third time, when I pass the third time I will make clear unto you my meaning. And it flew swiftly down the wind as if to hurry upon the third circuit, as if to make haste to come to him again.

The dreamer looked after it, saying in his heart, I will wait until it comes again. And while he was thinking thus and while he marked how the cloud-ring grew fainter and smaller as it drew near to the place where it would turn to the southward he heard a great whistling in the sky over behind him. He turned about in order to look and see what made this whistling noise. He saw in the sky, high up under the gray clouds, a great flight of birds, a flock of birds vast in extent that made even darker the earth beneath as clouds darken the heavens and the earth. These birds were flying down the wind with a great whirring of wings.

The dreamer thought that there before him in the heavens were all the birds of the earth, flying before his eyes, flying down the wind with joy as if they flew on a journey of happiness. He saw them pass before him in seemingly endless flight and their wings whistled with the speed of their flight. There were birds of gay and birds of sober plumage. They were of all sizes, birds of all habits, all habitats. But they flew at the same speed, they flew together before the wind as one great cloud. And the dreamer saw that a great ostrich flew with the rest, his plumes fluttering, and though he knew even in his dream that this was an incongruous thing he was not astonished for he thought that this was an ordained flight of all the birds.

He thought that this universal flight of birds was a wonderful thing, coming to pass in a night of wonders. His soul was beguiled by these birds whistling down the wind like arrows and he forgot the cloud-ring. He was lifted up among the birds, his head was in the midst of them and he saw their flight near at hand. But they looked not at him: they flew

as birds fly, they were as birds are, mere wanton creatures of the air and earth, intent on flight and their happy destination and they only made a great whistling in his ear. The dreamer, wondering, was disappointed for that they were only as other birds and had no supernal qualities. The last two birds flew past him and away. The sky was empty where they had flown, save for the gray clouds.

The dreamer stood again on the ground where he had stood when he first saw the cloud-ring, and he bethought him again of it, saying, Now I will see the cloud-ring the third time and know what it has to tell me.

But he saw only the gray clouds rolling on a great wind that bore them with power, in the east and the west and the north and the south. He stood alone in the field.

Then the dreamer in his dream grieved and said in his heart, I looked at the birds of all plumages and whilst I looked at them and was beguiled the cloud-ring came the third time and I saw it not. Now it is lost to me.

Darkness came again upon the soul of the dreamer, the darkness that descends upon man when he sleeps and dreams not.

When he awoke he hailed the day with bitter thoughts. He thought of all the other days, full of dreams that came and went empty—this day would be like them. He reminded himself, too, of the evening that would follow the day, and the night that would follow the evening, like other evenings, full of the merriment of fools and hypocrites, those who laugh when they are unhappy; and like other nights, full of black thoughts and black sleep.

Then he remembered the dream he had had, the cloud-ring; it came again and filled the chambers of his mind. He thought to himself that there must be something in that dream, a meaning. So he made an interpretation of it according to his own lights, for and against all the contrarieties

of his nature. When he had done so he resolved soberly to change the pattern of his life according to his interpretation of the dream: he became earnest and set about to fill his daytime dreams with life. So he did many fanciful works, which were according to the pattern of his daytime dreams and beautiful. He wrote poems, prose poems and poems that were set to rhyme and regular meter; he wrote plays; he wrote prophecies, for he was an ascetic sort of dreamer and dwelt much on immortality. His days were filled with writing. And like many of those who work in earnest and who are ascetic, when each day's work was done he made a prayer to the morrow and went to bed, under that old quilt. Many days he worked and as long as he worked he drank, as they say, water out of a wooden bowl. All of this was according to his reading of the message in the cloud-ring.

There came a time when the last fancy and the last prophecy that he had in his head were put down on paper. Now for a time his head would be empty of those things that delight poets, prophets and dreamers. For a while he would be satisfied like a man who has drunk his fill of a spring. He would thirst again, soon, for the volatile crystals of dreams and poetry, but not yet. So he sat down to rest from his labors.

He sat before the window in the spring evening and looked out into the little street. The sunlight cast a ruddy glow on the red brick houses and the daytime dreamer looked at this with pleasure; he heard with pleasure the cries of the children and the ring of feet on the pavement.

Now within his soul memory awoke and showed forth her specious treasures to the dreamer, for such a long time kept hidden. For so long now he had lived like an old hermit and during the time of his hermitage he had seen people, even his friends, as shadows, and voices as a faint wind. Now again, memory made him see faces, made him hear

voices. These were of old associations, old times. In his mind's eye he saw a certain woman. He saw her as a cameo set in a plaque of gold lightly carven and inlaid with more than one rich color. Thoughts of all that had once burned him with its fire stirred him much though at one time these things had wearied him; and passion again made his temples hot.

He had done much work. Now he would go again amongst people, he would know again life and love, he would go again amongst the people, the sad and happy people, those who hate and love, who laugh and cry, who tremble and are glad, and who are forever living and forever dying. Said the dreamer to himself he would go again amongst them, the happy dying people . . . birds flying down the wind.

A Modern Accident

By Peter Minuit

I WAS impanelled a few weeks since as juryman in an accident case. I confess I served willingly. The opportunity to observe legal procedure from the safe and impersonal point of view of the jury box seemed most attractive. And so I obeyed the summons gladly, and rendered myself shortly before ten o'clock in the part of the City Court presided over by Justice Harold Rabinowitz.

To my surprise, the courtroom was crowded. There were present when I arrived men of all ages and all degrees, and others filed in continually. A neighbor informed me that all these citizens had been called for jury duty. And for several minutes I reflected on the extreme wisdom of the law, that summoned all ranks and all conditions of men, and made use of their varying experiences and understandings in order to obtain justice. How superior, I thought, is our free and democratic system to the autocratic legal institutions of France and Germany! However, I retained my sentiment of pride but a short while. Hardly had the judge seated himself behind his high desk, when a clerk announced that all jurors who held positions of trust and responsibility, all who were managers of large business enterprises, all who had distinguished themselves in the conduct of affairs of whatever character, in fact, all jurors with ability, energy, and sureness of judgment, would be excused from duty without question. No sooner had this announcement been made than the major portion of those present quit the courtroom, leaving only a

handful of timid and depressed men. I and eleven others were impanelled, and sworn in on a small block of wood.

Directly before the jury box there stood a lengthy table. Several men came and seated themselves at it. One of them arose and addressed us, explaining the nature of the case about to be tried.

It was what is termed an "accident case." Suit was being brought by a lawyer against a certain Mr. Napolitano, alleged to be an owner of real estate in the City of New York. This lawyer, whose name was Apponyi, I believe, claimed that a certain Mrs. Peter O'Toole lived in a tenement house, and that this house belonged to the said Mr. Napolitano. He further claimed that, owing to the negligence of the landlord, there was a staircase in the said house, and that one evening Mrs. O'Toole had fallen down it. As a result of this fall, the lawyer claimed that his own wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Apponyi, had suffered severe injuries, had had a miscarriage, was forced to keep her bed for days in succession, and could give him neither her society nor her services, to both of which he was rightfully entitled. Therefore, he brought suit against Mr. Napolitano, charging him with negligence, and demanding a monetary indemnity.

After the jury had been examined and found satisfactory, witnesses were called. The array of evidence was truly imposing. First, several persons were introduced to prove that there was a staircase in the tenement of Mr. Napolitano. This was a grave point, hotly contested by the defence. Then, it was conclusively shown that in order to get from one floor to another, it was necessary to make use of the staircase, and that in descending the steps, it was advisable to hold on to the bannisters. After this evidence had been produced, three physicians appeared in succession. They testified that Mrs. Apponyi had suffered grievously through her miscarriage, that she was ailing, and scarcely able to resume her duties.

When asked whether this condition was induced by Mrs. O'Toole's accident, they swore roundly that there could be no doubt of it. At this point, the plaintiff rested his case.

By order of the Justice, counsel for the defense then rebutted.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "my learned opponent has endeavored to persuade you that my client, Mr. Napolitano, owns this tenement. In other words, gentlemen, he wishes you to believe that he owns real estate in the City of New York. Gentlemen, in the name of all fairness, I resent that imputation! There is nothing before you, gentlemen, to prove my client guilty of anything of the sort. In fact, had I thought it necessary, I would have brought before you any number of witnesses to prove that he is in all ways an honorable man, fair in business and upright in all his relationships. The accusation that my learned opponent has levelled against him is absolutely without foundation! Gentlemen, this man does not own real estate! On the contrary, he is in every way worthy of your respect and admiration, and I beg you to dismiss from your minds all prejudice that my opponent's insinuation might have lodged there. Gentlemen, I do not deny that Mrs. O'Toole fell downstairs, nor do I deny that in consequence Mrs. Apponyi came to misfortune. But I do deny that it has been proven that my client owns a house in this city, and, therefore, gentlemen, I ask you to find a verdict in his favor."

When he had concluded, and seated himself, counsel for the plaintiff arose.

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," he began, "I will not affront your intelligence by pretending that my client, Mr. Apponyi, has a case. I am positive that it would be useless to attempt to mislead you into believing that he has. I see that you are surprised by my candor. Doubtless, you are wondering why I should confess as much to you, and not permit your natural distrust of the propertied classes, your

pity for the sufferings of the poor, and especially for those of women, to influence you in favor of my client. Well, the truth is, that I am quite sure that if I tell you the actual facts, you will award him a larger damage than if I suppressed them. Gentlemen, these are the facts:

"The father of Mr. Apponyi, my client, was a bricklayer. Now, as you know, bricklaying is neither a richly paid nor a highly respected trade. The father of Mr. Apponyi often regretted his occupation. And he determined that his son should not have to follow in his footsteps, that he should have a more profitable and respectable business. And so he made him a lawyer.

"Gentlemen, the tragedy of it is that Mr. Apponyi has not the slightest talent for practising law. He has neither the astuteness, the personal presence, the business sense, nor, wanting these, the influential connections that make for success in it. Perhaps, were the profession less crowded, he might be able to perform a certain amount of service valuable to the community. But, since it is so unfortunately overcrowded, he, and all others in his situation, instead of being called upon to serve the purposes of the law, call upon the law to serve their own purposes. And so they bring actions of this kind. What else are they to do? It is too late for most of them to learn a trade, or enter a business house. Most of them have wives and children to support, and cannot begin life anew. Their one means of livelihood consists of whipping up processes of this sort.

"I do not blame them. In fact, I am always glad to accept their cases for very small remuneration. For, after all, it is society that put them into the positions they now hold, by underpaying the skilled trades, by giving such valuable occupations as bricklaying scant respect, and by permitting parents to do with their children as they will. And, in the last analysis, it is society that pays for the wrong it has done. The

property owners who are sued to keep this man and his family alive are well insured with insurance companies. In order to cover their premiums, they raise the rentals of their tenements. Their tenants, forced to give more for housing, join unions and so increase their wages. And the public at large pays their wages. In this way, justice is done, and society makes good again its errors. Therefore, gentlemen, I ask you to make use of the power that is yours, and right the wrong done my client by an inefficient state, by returning a verdict in his favor."

After he, in his turn, had seated himself, the Justice arose and addressed the jury. He told us that the question before us had nothing whatsoever to do with the evidence. The question before us—in fact, the only question before any jury —was whether we wished to remain in the jury-room in the interests of justice. He reviewed the aspects of the question. There was much to be said on both sides. If, on the one hand, we wished to remain in the jury-room, we would probably have to go without our dinner, and might even be locked up for the night. If, on the other, we did not, we would be able to reach home well in time for the meal. He left it to the insight of the jury to see the truth of the matter. As for the case actually before us, he begged us not to worry unnecessarily over it. He had fully weighed the evidence, and had quite firmly decided the merits himself. He was not to be shaken in his opinion that we ought to find a verdict in favor of the lawyer for the plaintiff, who was personally sympathetic to the court. He was obviously a gentleman, never intricated the court in difficult situations, quoted the choice legal axioms gracefully, in fact, was the very type of man the court was most anxious to see at the bar. In the light of his personal opinion, the Justice asked us to return a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

This we did. We filed into the jury-room, put our feet up

on a table there for that purpose, and listened to several of the more experienced members of our little group of serious thinkers recount some of the cases on which they had sat. From their stories it was easy to glean that General Sessions was the only court in which it was at all amusing to serve, for there alone cases of rape and murder came to hearing. Finally, when it became late, we decided to find a unanimous verdict in favor of the judge. The court had adjourned at three o'clock. So we handed in a sealed verdict, were presented with twenty-five cents, and returned home proudly as servants of the City of New York, and engines of human justice.

Some Little-Known Poems

By Heinrich Heine

(Translated by Louis Untermeyer)

Prologue

GOOD-FORTUNE is a giddy maid,
Fickle and restless as a fawn;
She smoothes your hair; and then the jade
Kisses you quickly, and is gone.

But Madam Sorrow scorns all this,
She shows no eagerness for flitting;
But, with a long and fervent kiss,
Sits by your bed—and brings her knitting.

From the Window

WELL, this is awful weather;
Storming with rain and snow!
I sit at the window, staring
Into the darkness below.

A little glimmering brightness
Goes down the uncertain street—
A lantern, and a mother
With tired and stumbling feet.

I think it's eggs and flour
  That the old lady has bought
To bake a cake for her daughter,
  The lazy good-for-naught.

Yawning at home on the sofa,
  She lies in front of the blaze—
The golden hair is falling
  About her golden face.

Doctrine

BEAT on the drum and blow the fife,
  And kiss the *vivandiére,* my boy.
Fear nothing—that's the whole of life;
  Its deepest truth, its soundest joy.

Beat reveillé, and with a blast
  Arouse all men to valiant strife.
Waken the world; and then, at last,
  March on....That is the whole of life.

This is Philosophy; this is Truth;
  This is the burning source of joy!
I've borne this wisdom from my youth,
  For I, too, was a drummer-boy.

A Warning

YOU will print such books as these?
  Then you're lost, my friend, that's certain.
  If you wish for gold and honor,
Write more humbly—bend your knees!

Yes, you must have lost your senses,
  Thus to speak before the people,
  Thus to dare to speak of preachers
And of potentates and princes!

Friend, you're lost, so it appears:
  For the princes have long arms,
  And the preachers have long tongues,
—And the masses have long ears!

Angelique

ALTHOUGH you hurried coldly past me,
  Your eyes looked backward and askance;
Your lips were curiously parted,
  Though stormy pride was in your glance.

Would I had never tried to hold you,
  Nor seek your white and flowing train!
Would I had never found your footsteps,
  Or seeking them, had sought in vain!

Now, all your pride and wildness vanished,
  You are as tame as one could be;
Gentle, and sweet beyond endurance—
  And, worse, you are in love with me!

Losses

YOUTH is leaving me; but daily
  By new courage it's replaced;
And my bold arm circles gaily
  Many a young and slender waist.

Some were shocked and others pouted;
Some grew wroth—but none denied.
Flattery has always routed
Lovely shame and stubborn pride.

Yet the best is gone. Too late, I'd
Give my soul for it, in truth.
Can it be the blundering, great-eyed,
Sweet stupidity of youth?

To George Herwegh

HERWEGH, you lark of iron!
You rise on a swift and jubilant wing,
Toward sunlight and freedom, Liberty's lover!
Is the long winter really over?
Is Germany really awake to the Spring?

Herwegh, you lark of iron,
Because your passionate flight is long
You have forgotten earth's condition.
The Spring you hail with such a vision
Has blossomed only in your song.

From the Seas

By Kaj Klitgaard

I.

THE whale goes in the Northern waters. It dives up and looks into the sunset.

And the moose in the woods of Canada. He looks over the lake—great and calm. He hears men speak three miles away.

I will lose myself in Nature: I will become a cry, and lose myself as echoes among the Mountains.

No one can hurt me.

The fire can embrace me; the water can close itself above me; or I can crush myself against the earth; and I only resolve into air, water, and earth: from which I am taken.

Oh, to know oneself immortal! To think that I shall fly into Space as heat, motion, or a bundle of light-rays.

Or perhaps spring out of the earth again as daisies. And perhaps my daughter in the fourth generation will pluck me and tear off the white leaves to see if she is loved. Perhaps I'll be eaten by a roe, and become gracious motions.

Possibly I'll fall in battle and die in a wheat field; and my substance will be sucked up through the straw and into the fat grain.

Maybe I then will be eaten by a man and become a murder, a genial thought, or a love poem.

Or be boiled or brewed and be poured in a bottle and drunk by a laborer and become a hiccough in the sunshine. Or poured on rose-leaves that once were a young virgin, and we

together rise like sweet scent to delight little girls or an old lady.

Oh, the infinity of these thoughts! Like millions of flowers they shoot out in my brain and heart.

Possibly I shall, as the green color in the Italian flag on a battle painting, through hundreds of years be looked upon by people, who, seeing the battle, do not see the beautiful relation in which I stand to a red color in the picture: a red color which maybe once was the woman I loved.

Imagine dying in a ditch and becoming part of the multitudinous life therein! Becoming beetles, caterpillars, butterflies, grass, and dandelions!

Or becoming a line in the chart from Cape Agulhas to the Equator.

Behold the great French sailing ship gliding through the seas at Cape Horn.

Behold these motions: have they not once been dancing Greek maidens?

Shall I possibly become two seconds?

Or can I possibly become Nothing?

II.

Music (*piano, pianissimo*)

Now:

God strikes a match in Heaven and a soft glimmer of rose-red lays itself new-born upon the clouds.

Sunrise!

Unquenchable shafts of light hurl themselves over the horizon; fanfare of a thousand trumpets; the Heavens are afire; the sun-ball rolls out.

The little crescent runs over the sky in the North like a flying Mohammedan.

The meridian on 72° West-longitude awakes and trembles.

Equator chuckles; he sleeps with one eye and is awake with the other the whole day.

Then lies the day delivered . . .

This is intended as a letter from the Panama Canal, but since I have been there I have sailed through 2,000 miles of Pacific Ocean, and what is the Panama Canal compared with 2,000 miles of Pacific Ocean?

Down along the volcanic west coast of South America I have sailed, and it was like sailing along the edge of the Moon.

The Panama Canal is like the handle of a fan that unfolds itself toward the West as the nearest way to the East.

Its long ribs are the steamship lines to San Francisco, Yokohama, Hongkong, Melbourne, Valparaiso.

And Uncle Sam smiles and fans himself, and the gold eagles fly into his coffers.

Along the banks of the Gatun Lake remain dead trees, gray-white ghosts in the sunshine. They drowned when the Gatun Dam was blown up, and the Atlantic surged into the trough. When the waters settled white men rowed about in boats and plucked orchids from the tree-tops—think of that!

Those men I envy.

The boss of the Canal gang that came on board was a negro. But far away back among his ancestors grins a Chinaman; I can see it by his cheekbones and his almond-shaped eyes: his almond-shaped eyes which make me think of an Idol I once saw.

He is afraid of the dead woods. He says someone speaks within.

Yes—perhaps someone speaks within. Perhaps in French. Perhaps it is the green bronze man from Port Said who walks within and strokes his beard and looks upon his old canal.

From behind the woods towered a crane, an enormous crane. It eclipsed in size everything I hitherto had seen. Quite co-

lossal it designed itself against the sky; like a prehistoric monster it stuck its neck above the naked trees.

I heard the Canal pilot tell there had been two. They had arrived from Germany.

And they quite looked as if they had swum across the Atlantic—aye!—I suppose they swam over energetically, in a tempest, to be along where other giants worked.

They would lift the gate-locks to their places.

But under the test collapsed the female, carrying a weight of 150 tons.

I stood on the bridge and looked toward the coast.

Then came the Captain's fair daughter and told me about a book she was reading: "Ships That Pass in the Night."

But although women are fascinating I couldn't bear to listen, and turned my head away and looked out at the seagulls. And I observed that they sometimes dipped the end of one wing in the water to quicken a turn.

And I thought they had discovered this recently. And I composed a myth wherein Darwin was the chief character. Something about a little hand or an oar.

I went ashore last night to write about this Canal.

I went up a mountain and looked out over the many lights of the City.

Then I heard a voice saying: "All this shall be thine if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

I laughed.

"My friend," I said, "I just came here to worship you."

And I went down to the temples.

Arrived there I sat down before a table whereat already was seated a Catholic priest.

He smiled at me.

I told him about my meeting on the mountain, and in return he wrote three little verses on the table.

Their thought and rhythm might perhaps be rendered in English thus:—

God's greatness greatest is
The Sunrise hour;
His standards red upon the mountains tower.
Yea—God is great.

Benign too;
And next to Primal Thought,
The Earth-Idea with Man and Sun is fraught.
Benign, yea.

And God is wise.
At even-tide he hangs
The lamp of Sun into another land.
Yea, God is wise.

Then he mentioned something about the Saints which I didn't understand, and he spoke of the Virgin Mother.

I was freezing, and I got up and went away.

I thought, How queer it is—here sits this man, and his soul is, no doubt, a beautiful crystal, but he bepeoples the Great Unknowable with holy images and three gods. He is not even their father, he has not made them himself.

And I thought further, as I went up to my lodgment, I thought sometime I would create a flock of Gods, and I should over-reach Michelangelo, El Greco and Jehovah in power, beauty, and malevolence.

I shall make them worthy of the Heavens, I shall not mould them gently between my hands—I shall pound them, kick and terrorize them into shape, shout life into them; like an enormous star-fog they shall traverse the Milky Way: they shall kill me when I have created them . . .

O! I were satisfied if God pulled Aconcagua out of the earth, pulled it out with its root. Sucked fast in the center of the earth it has been, and is glowing and dripping.

And where the drops fall in the Pacific it sizzles and boils.

Aye! then let him take this long root and strike the Moon a red streak right across the face.

I look about me and I observe that I am alone in the beginning of Time, and between my hands I have Allfoldness; but I make not suns, planets, moons, asteroids, ether—no! I make a bewinged man!

Ha-ha! and I make him glowing and radiant like the Sun.

What then would there be beside him?

Nothing—nothing.

And he shall feel so lonely that he breaks off his fingers and sows them in Space and starts to search for them again.

I woke up . . .

I heard a drop of water fall from somewhere down into my spittoon. By and by fell another: "Two," I counted.

"Three."

I waited.

"Will it never come?"

I waited. I began to walk.

"If I walk quite slowly I'll hear it fall."

Suddenly I am grasped by the neck and shaken furiously, shaken quite furiously.

I struggle; but after a while I slacken down.

When the Power feels I cease to fight, it lets me fall.

I fall, and fall. I look downward, but see nothing but the empty space.

Then I bend my head back and behold a telephone.

I take the receiver, and hear my name spoken, far away. And I whisper into the tube:

"You are so little and dear,
You are just like a rose in the rain.
You open yourself up toward me,
And bend yourself down before me:
You are just like a beautiful red rose."

For a long while I listen.

Then I hear—it is as if you looked tenderly at me. It is as if your arm were around me and your left hand around my neck . . .

Then I understand that I am listening to a conversation, and a feeling of sorrow goes through me, so blood-raising and thick that my slumbering brain cannot hold it. I wake up again.

Thus plots the fever in me.

And I arose and threw the shutters from the window.

It was still night. High above Cordillias stood the Southern Cross.

And humbly I thought into it:

"Before the mountains were and You made the Earth,
Yea! though a thousand ages of Sun,
Art Thou! God."

Once, far away from here, forty million miles from here, when the earth was on the other side of the Sun, did I look over the Southern European Alps into Cassiopeia and thought the same.

Thus diverge these two thoughts from each other more and more,—until once again they meet.

Thus does the distance between these two thoughts become greater and greater—until once again they meet.

Orange of Midsummer

By Amy Lowell

YOU came to me in the pale starting of Spring,
And I could not see the world
For the blue mist of wonder before my eyes.
You beckoned me over a rainbow bridge,
And I set foot upon it, trembling.
Through pearl and saffron I followed you,
Through heliotrope and rose,
Iridescence after iridescence,
And to me it was all one
Because of the blue mist that held my eyes.

You came again, and it was red-hearted Summer.
You called to me across a field of poppies and wheat,
With a narrow path slicing through it
Straight to an outer boundary of trees.
And I ran along the path,
Brushing over the yellow wheat beside it,
And came upon you under a maple-tree, plaiting poppies for a girdle.
"Are you thirsty?" said you,
And held out a cup.
But the water in the cup was scarlet and crimson,
Like the poppies in your hands.
"It looks like blood," I said.
"Like blood," you said,
"Does it?
But drink it, my Beloved."

Fee Fo Fum

By John Chapin Mosher

Persons in the play:
Rapunzel.
Curdken.
Fee Fo Fum, *the giant, who, however, does not appear in person.*

SCENE: *A room in the palace of Fee Fo Fum. The hangings suggest great luxury and spaciousness. In the center lies an immense divan covered with rich draperies and pillows brilliantly colored in scarlet and orange and purple, and especially cloth of gold. The divan is so low that when Rapunzel and Curdken lounge upon it they have no difficulty in reaching the fruit, held in a golden salver on the floor, or the cups of wine.*

Rapunzel and Curdken are dressed in the garments that the poor heroes and heroines who were not princesses wore in the days the Brothers Grimm describe to us.

The action takes place only at the front of the stage.

As the curtains are drawn, Rapunzel and Curdken are feasting on the fruit and wine.

CURDKEN

I like fat black grapes.

RAPUNZEL

What rich brown loaves of cake Fee Fo Fum gave us to eat last night! How good they were . . . with raisins in them!

CURDKEN

Seven days ago we were starving.

RAPUNZEL

(*Biting a large grape.*)

Seven days ago I scratched my hands searching for blueberries in the forest. How white my hands are now! Don't you think I have beautiful hands?

CURDKEN

Your hands have always been beautiful to me.

RAPUNZEL

Now they are like a queen's. I am of a queen's race. My aunt was that Rapunzel whose red gold hair made a ladder for her lover.

CURDKEN

We have always been poor folk. Though my step-mother told me once my great-great grandfather wore for a whole day the seven league boots.

RAPUNZEL

Fee Fo Fum must give me rings for my hands.

CURDKEN

Do you not sometimes wonder that he gives us anything at all? No one used to give us anything . . . when we starved in the city.

RAPUNZEL

In the city they give only to the rich, because they know the rich alone can do the same unto them.

CURDKEN

(*Moodily putting down his cup of wine.*)

I am afraid of the giant.

RAPUNZEL

He knows what we are worth. He appreciates us. That is why he gives to us.

CURDKEN

They say he eats gnomes.

RAPUNZEL

He spears them with his three-pronged fork.

CURDKEN

The goosegirl who married a prince was afraid of Fee Fo Fum. Why was she afraid?

RAPUNZEL

Because she was a goosegirl. Queens are never afraid.

CURDKEN

Are you a queen now? Seven days ago you were only a cobbler's daughter.

RAPUNZEL

Could a cobbler's daughter have hands like that?

CURDKEN

Because the giant has given you rich wine and silk robes, have you become a queen? Are those the things that make a queen?

RAPUNZEL

I have always been a queen. But the world does not know you are a queen unless you wear jewels and eat cakes. You do not even know it yourself.

CURDKEN

Are the high places of the world built only on such things?

RAPUNZEL

On what else?

CURDKEN

Why should we bow down to kings, and fight for them, and guess riddles for them, only because they eat cakes and wear cloth of gold?

RAPUNZEL

Because they may give us cloth of gold and make us kings too. It is very simple.

CURDKEN

When Fee Fo Fum saw us come from the city into the forest in search of blueberries, why did he urge us to come to his house?

RAPUNZEL

He saw the stupid city did not perceive what we were worth. He has merely given us our rights.

CURDKEN

I do not understand it, but I am afraid of my rights.

RAPUNZEL

(*With a laugh, and pouring him a cup of wine from the flask.*)

Drink more wine. Eat grapes. Then you will fear nothing. Soon you will be a prince.

CURDKEN

I should rather be a poet than a prince.

RAPUNZEL

When you were a poet, you starved.

CURDKEN

It is easy to understand starving. But precious things have something terrible about them.

RAPUNZEL

Hunger is the only terrible thing in the world.

CURDKEN

When I was hungry I wrote songs. Now I have everything I can only be afraid.

RAPUNZEL

(*Snuggling luxuriously back on the couch.*)

I cannot live now without everything. Since I have learned I am a queen that would not become me.

CURDKEN

(*Who has put aside the fruit and the cups; the poet in him coming to the fore begins to seek some meaning in it all.*)

When I was poor I laughed at poverty. Now that I am no longer poor, I am afraid of it. Is that not strange?

RAPUNZEL

(*Rather bored.*)

Only the rich fear poverty.

CURDKEN

I cannot bear to think now of the water of the well. I hate the memory of pieces of black bread. But until seven days ago I ate nothing but black bread, and drank always of the water of the well.

RAPUNZEL

Until seven days ago I stitched leather in my father's shop. When I walked barefooted in the streets, the hired soldiers from other countries called after me from the inns. And I was to wed a poet. Now I am a queen.

CURDKEN

But will you not wed me now?

RAPUNZEL

When you cease to be afraid and become a prince, then I will wed you.

CURDKEN

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, are you not mine more than you are a queen?

RAPUNZEL

A queen cannot live in a garret. Whoever heard of a queen in a garret?

CURDKEN

But the giant who gives us all things will not allow us to live in a garret.

RAPUNZEL

Since he has taught us how to live as befits our dignity, he will expect us to do so. I must wed a prince.

CURDKEN

If you are a queen, am I not a prince?

RAPUNZEL

You are afraid.

CURDKEN

But I will not ask you to live in a garret. I will give you all a queen desires.

RAPUNZEL

How shall you do that?

CURDKEN

(*Eagerly building his point.*)

My dear, I know why Fee Fo Fum feasts us with cakes and wines.

RAPUNZEL

Why?

CURDKEN

Because he knew you had the hands of a queen . . .

RAPUNZEL

That is true.

CURDKEN

And because he had read my poems. (*Triumphantly.*) He will buy my poems.

RAPUNZEL

The things you wrote in your garret!

CURDKEN

I wrote them in a garret in the city, but they were always of beautiful things. I wrote of the carved jewels of kings. I wrote of the broad streets of capitals, of feasts, and of fair women who dance because they love life so. I wrote too of gallantry and soft-spoken words, of young boys and girls who had never been struck across the face or thrown into the gutter to sleep at night. Those things never happened to the people I wrote about.

RAPUNZEL

Tell me a poem.

CURDKEN

It is about the gardens of the very rich.

RAPUNZEL

Yes . . . I should know about them now.

CURDKEN

(*Reciting with all the glow of the creator. Rapunzel watches him a moment, then smoothes her hair, stares at the fruit dish, and examines her nails.*)

I like well-tailored gardens best,
With smart stalks of asters and striped lilies . . .
Smooth strips of close-clipped lawn,
Foxgloves and violets and marigolds;
One crisp red rose,
Assured as is a woman of the town,
Who has saved money;
Hydrangeas cowled with lace as rich
As wore those nuns of old,
Who polished altar floors so bright,

They saw their faces in them when they kneeled to pray.
In such a starched and well kept garden,
I know I could walk naked,
And in courtesy each blade of grass would turn aside.

RAPUNZEL

(*Laughs heartily.*)

I cannot marry you.

CURDKEN

(*Terribly hurt.*)

Rapunzel!

RAPUNZEL

No one will buy that. We should starve.

CURDKEN

But may not a princess love a poet?

RAPUNZEL

I may love you . . . yes. And when I pass by you with my ladies in the garden of the palace, I shall sigh and toss you a rose.

CURDKEN

What shall I do?

RAPUNZEL

You will press my rose to your lips, and take it with you to your garret, and write a song about it. And the people who sing your song in the streets will wonder who the lady is you love so much.

CURDKEN

And you?

RAPUNZEL

I shall wed a prince. It will be arranged for me. He will come from the far country where they hire the soldiers. He will be old but very great. Our countries will rejoice, but I shall weep a little in secret and think of the rose I flung you.

CURDKEN

Is that all life will hold for us?

RAPUNZEL

Of course if you were a prince . . .

CURDKEN

Then you might wed me?

RAPUNZEL

At our wedding I fear I could not grow very pale, or fall in a swoon when you kissed me.

CURDKEN

You will laugh. The world will call you the laughter-loving bride.

RAPUNZEL

The whole world . . . yes.

CURDKEN

The laughter of our life together, and the feasting, and the dancing will spread abroad throughout our kingdom. The black gnomes will fly to the mountains, and the princesses held captive in the stumps of trees will escape and throng to our court.

(*In the exuberance of his vision he seizes Rapunzel in his arms. She pushes him aside and rises majestically.*)

RAPUNZEL

That is not how a prince must love.

(*She pulls from the couch a long drapery of cloth of gold and arranges it about her, Curdken watching her puzzled.*)

RAPUNZEL

Now, Curdken, I shall show you how a prince woos a queen.

CURDKEN

I shall woo you all ways.

RAPUNZEL

But I must make you a prince first.

(*She hesitates a moment, uncertain how to perform this feat, then rips a strip from the cloth of gold and binds it about Curdken's forehead.*)

RAPUNZEL

Now you have a crown. You should have a sword.

CURDKEN

We will say the armor bearer is polishing it.

RAPUNZEL

Yes . . . cleansing it of the blood of your enemies.

CURDKEN

(*Concealing a slight tremor at this possibility.*)

And I come to you . . .

RAPUNZEL

In solitude I walk, up and down my palace colonnades.

(*Magnificently she enacts the scene, pausing now and then to peer back at the train of cloth of gold.*)

The heralds announce your coming. I hear the cheers of the multitudes in the streets: "Rapunzel, our queen"!

CURDKEN

(*Enraptured with the picture.*)

The doors swing open. The court assembles: the generals, the soothsayers, the ladies-in-waiting in velvets . . .

RAPUNZEL

But my velvets shall be richer . . .

CURDKEN

Then the court makes way. I come to you . . .

(*He stands before her. For a moment she forgets the play in the allure of his charm.*)

RAPUNZEL

You come to me . . .

CURDKEN

Then the great doors close. We are alone together, as we are now.

RAPUNZEL

(*Dreamily.*)

My prince.

CURDKEN

I take you in my arms . . .

RAPUNZEL

(*Quickly.*)

No.

CURDKEN

What shall I do then?

RAPUNZEL

You kneel . . . So . . . I give you my hand . . . Yes . . . You raise it to your lips.

(*Curdken, a little awkward on his knees, laughs up at her.*)

CURDKEN

Is this all?

RAPUNZEL

You say . . .

CURDKEN

I am to talk now?

RAPUNZEL

A prince must not forget his duty to his people. Our betrothal makes two kingdoms one. It brings wars to an end and starts a new era in our commonwealths. You must speak of government, of the problem of the poor, and of taxes . . .

CURDKEN

Taxes?

RAPUNZEL

(*With dignity.*)

The new laws of trade, and what countries we shall make war on next.

CURDKEN

(*Rising, but still keeping her hand, and speaking with much ceremony.*)

Princess Rapunzel, I have come from the far country where they hire the soldiers to ask your hand in marriage. If you do me such honor we will remove all taxes and end all wars; we will make goosegirls ladies of honor, and teach high ministers to stitch leather for your father the cobbler. Only when the proud lords and ladies of the court beg that we let them be cobblers and goosegirls and live in garrets will we refuse them sternly. Such honors are not for them.

RAPUNZEL

(*Drawing him up to her.*)

Curdken, I thought you were a prince . . . a real prince . . . that night you kissed me by the city gate.

CURDKEN

Sh . . . you must not say that. Say rather: "Royal Curdken, let the heralds proclaim throughout our land . . . and the provinces . . . that I will be your queen."

RAPUNZEL

(*She starts with a majestic gesture, but suddenly becomes embarrassed.*)

Heralds . . .

I can't remember all that, Curdken . . . Let us ascend our throne.

(*In state he hands her to the divan, and seats himself beside her. Both sit stiffly upright.*)

CURDKEN

The court passes before us . . .

RAPUNZEL

Our vassals bow . . .

(*She bows her head proudly as though acknowledging the homage of the court. Suddenly her attention is caught by an unusually tempting apple in the dish before her; forgetting her majesty, she stoops for it.*)

What a bouncing apple.

CURDKEN

(*Solemnly to the court.*)

The tributary princes (*with a wide gesture as though acknowledging their presence*). Great dignitaries of the realm. And now the embassies from other kings . . . with their retinues. Think, Rapunzel, of their retinues.

RAPUNZEL

(*Suddenly.*)

Oh, this apple (*she stands*) . . . it has rotted at the core.

(*With a cry of disgust she hurls it from her, watching it roll along the floor.*)

(*Curdken, jarred out of his mood, can say nothing. Suddenly Rapunzel claps her hands together.*)

RAPUNZEL

Curdken . . . !

CURDKEN

Your majesty?

RAPUNZEL

The apple was rotted at the core. Curdken, how dared the giant offer to the queen an apple rotted at the core?

(*The idea amazes them both. Rapunzel stares ahead, her color mounting at such an insult to her rank.*)

RAPUNZEL

How did he dare to do it?

(*In all the majesty of her outraged dignity some sound above causes her to look up. The hand Curdken still holds suddenly trembles. When she speaks, her voice is low with a new note.*)

Curdken! . . . Curdken, what do I see?

CURDKEN

(*He follows her own gaze upwards, and waits a long moment, clasping her hand ever faster, before he speaks in a quiet unemotional voice.*)

It is the fork of Fee Fo Fum.

RAPUNZEL

The fork of three prongs . . .

(*She suddenly gives a terrible cry, then, covering her face with the hand that Curdken does not hold, stands motionless with fear. Curdken crouches beside her. Slowly from above them descends the fork of the giant.*)

CURDKEN

Now I must not forget that I am a prince.

(*The curtains are drawn quickly from the sides.*)

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Young Japan

By Seichi Naruse

(Ed. Note: *Mr. Naruse is the former editor of Shin-Sicho, "The New Tide of Ideas," a monthly magazine published in Tokio which, he tells us, corresponds in general purpose with* The Seven Arts. *He is the author of plays and stories expressive of the new spirit in Japan and has translated a number of the works of Romain Rolland into Japanese. Mr. Naruse is at present in America and this paper is his first work written in the English language.*)

WHEN a spiritual creed or tradition, which has ruled the soul of man for a certain length of time, comes to be questioned and threatens to dissolve, a period of transition more or less anarchic in its aspects inevitably comes about before the establishment of a new order. The awakening of the contemporary younger generation in Japan, of which I am going to give a short sketch in this essay, may serve as a remarkable example.

It is natural that the more sudden and sweeping the change, the more terrible and intense will be the disorder. Prior to fifty years ago when their country was at last forcibly opened to the world, no science worthy of the name was known to the Japanese people. Their total possession was a small stock of experiential knowledge, objective, primitive and inadequate, accumulated and handed down through the generations. On their spiritual side the Japanese were even poorer. Buddhism and Confucianism were the prevailing religions; but they had gradually been Japanized in their transmission from India and China, and were almost totally different from the original forms. The Japanese were too caught up in them-

selves to have gone out and discovered the realities of life and nature. Thus, it was not the theological aspect of Buddhism, not the consequence of a serious and ardent quest for the truth, which commended that religion to the Japanese. Rather they took that direction as the result of some temporal unhappiness or calamity which made the renunciation of pleasure and the retirement to a convent the natural reaction. People became Buddhists because they were disappointed in love or because they had lost a parent or because they had failed to rise in the world. They did not care for the high and unattainable ideal of Nirvana; religion was for them a simple means of escape from present suffering. Confucianism in Japan became formal and artificial. The criteria of good and evil were looked on as purely external and absolute. The nature of the individual mind was not considered. In other words, virtue and vice alike were founded on objective behavior. Loyalty and filial piety were in all cases looked on as the loftiest things in the world, even as their contraries were in all cases looked on as vicious. It was a primitive morality little concerned with subjective motive or personal character. And the literary productions of Japan, although valuable in their own way, were for the most part the expressions of this attitude. Of course there was much writing that did not deal with religion or morality. But this sort also did not seek beyond the actual world. It was the surface expression of calm and contented minds. Even fantastic and romantic works, which are very rare in Japanese literature, were unmistakably matter-of-fact. The prevailing note of all Japanese life was a contentment with the superficial aspects of reality.

It would be wrong to give the name of realism to such an attitude; for it was nothing like a conscious creed. It was a simple tendency of mind. The Japanese had not even taken positive steps to justify their state or to compare it with pos-

sible alternatives. This may seem strange to you. But the explanation lies in the national isolation which had been maintained for so many centuries and which had prevented spiritual contact with any of the civilized nations of the world. The Japanese lacked a measure to put their thoughts to the test and to stimulate deeper thinking. They were self-sufficient in their own culture.

What confusion must necessarily follow the sudden opening of a country under such conditions! Naturally Japanese civilization could not cope with that of Europe, which had been tempered to its present state after incessant test and exercise. There was a tremendous distance between the intellectual development of the Japanese and the Occidental mind. It was obvious that even if the younger men wished to keep their own traditions, they would need some standpoint that was less dogmatic and less hostile to their new demands. But the power of foreign civilization was too great for such a compromise. The conflict with their fathers' creed was inevitable at the first contact of the two cultures, and at once some of the old real treasure of Japanese thought was swept away.

Of course, the old modes of living had enclosed the people's souls for many centuries. However absurd they seemed in the new light, they were still powerful. And since absolute obedience to elders was of the very stuff of Japanese culture, the struggle rose to a quick intensity. Both new and old believed too blindly in their own point of view to go out and study that of the opposition. There was a deep gap between the two, over which neither side attempted to build the bridge of mutual understanding.

The first state was one of extreme chaos. The two factions were content simply to abuse each other. It was the prelude to revolution. For the young people, Occidental culture was something like a star in heaven. They admired it without really knowing what it was. And their rejection of past

authority was like the insubordination of self-willed children, emotional yet not entirely without reason.

But it was not long before the stage of chaos was lived through; and the first period of conscious reformation followed. With the importation of concrete examples of western culture came an advance in mental understanding. The classic authors of Europe were translated; and books on spiritual subjects entirely new to Japan began to appear. The inevitable change took place in the spiritual tendency of the young men. For a sound appreciation of things one must have a definite axis of one's own, an established individuality on the basis of which the new knowledge may be related up. This of course was lacking in the Japanese. The young men took to reading everything without preference or judgment. The result was a confusion of mind caused by the blind appreciation of many great works which, although very impressive, were apt to be contrary in teaching and in nature.

Still no conclusions seemed achievable. The chaos became more intense, more terrible because a new enemy had appeared in the Japanese soul—a bitter scepticism. As they became aware of the unfathomable depth and remoteness of the Truth they sought, a profound oppression stole over the Japanese like that of a traveler lost in the desert who after a weary walk finds at the day's end that he has not reached the longed-for oasis. Doubt was their enemy from within; and from without, to heighten their misery, they had to suffer the tyranny of the past which weighed all too heavily upon them. Desperate pessimism, which is the strongest note of young Japan, had invaded their souls.

This pessimism, the first known to the Japanese people, broke out at last in the suicide of a young student of philosophy at the Tokio High School. A young man named Misao Fujimra jumped down from the high cliff of the Kegon waterfall after carving the following words on a tree-trunk

at the edge of the precipice:

"How mightily and steadily go Heaven and Earth! How infinite the duration of Past and Present! Try to measure this vastness with five feet? A word explains the Truth of the whole Universe—*unknowable.* To cure my agony I have decided to die. Now, as I stand on the crest of this rock no uneasiness is left in me. For the first time I know that extreme pessimism and extreme optimism are one."

These words, written in 1903, found their way into many young hearts, even as the act of the suicide brought to the surface many smouldering emotions. To the older generation this suicide was not a call but rather a sudden peal of thunder. To kill oneself because of a philosophical dilemma or a view of life was beyond the reach of their imagination. The episode was taken up by the conservatives. Grave fears were expressed for the spiritual welfare of the younger men. It was pointed out that western culture was poisonous and that there was need of returning to the ancient soul of Japan. But the outcry was too feeble to turn back the powerful trend of the times.

The suicide was only too symbolic of the spiritual state of the Japanese youth. The heavy flood of European culture was too overwhelming. It laid bare the vacancy of the old way of living and at the same time supplied no concrete ground for the building of the future. The ignorant goodwill of the older generation only made matters worse. Young Japan had learned too many things, had become too intellectual to seek the solaces of the ancient order.

Meanwhile, suicides increased. Death was exalted. The Kegon waterfall where Misao Fujimra killed himself became a popular sanctuary and the name grew to be a slogan for spiritual revolt. At last, however, the light of faith began to dawn. One writer declared that there were but three ways open to the Japanese:—madness, suicide and faith. The

laisser-aller of traditional Japan was rigidly condemned. But more and more, madness and suicide were passed by and faith was looked on as the goal.

From this situation emerged the two main currents of contemporary Japan. The first is aspiration for religion and philosophy; the second is an extreme dilettantism and decadence. The hunger for philosophy and an adequate religion was sincere and serious, although of course rudimentary. The youth of Japan sought a key to release them from their agony, a fulcrum to support them. But they were too ardent to care for purely scientific philosophy, which seemed to them, to use their own term, as a play of logic. What they really aspired for was not the system itself, but metaphysical emotion. Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Pascal, Leopardi, the Bible, the Buddhist gospel, and the Koran were read with passionate love. It was in this epoch that all the great names of Russian literature were introduced. The somber, heavy touch of these masters was entirely in harmony with the tendency of young Japan.

On the other hand there were those who quickly tired of the quest for authority and truth. These denied the cogency of religion and insisted on the impossibility of knowledge. They were the decadents and the a-moralists. The most remarkable trait of this group of writers was their devotion to the dark side of human nature—a side which had been entirely absent up to this time in Japanese literature. The *fin de siècle* culture of Europe found its way to Japan. Wilde and d'Annunzio, Baudelaire and other French writers of the sort were prevalent at this time.

The old morality of Japan had been pragmatic. The one spiritual activity it had recognized was that which served the needs of sheer existence. Japanese religion, morality and literature were largely utilitarian. But now all this was changed. These qualities ceased to be regarded as merely

useful things. Their intrinsic value, their power of exalting man to a wider life came to be recognized. In the old times religion, morality and literature were subordinate to tradition; now they were regarded as guides by which tradition could be measured. Another remarkable change was the individualistic tendency. The old heteronomic conceptions were cast aside. Thinking became subjective; and its emotional impulse was heightened by the great mental suffering which clouded Japan. The young men seemed to find no energy for thinking of the past; nor for planning the foundations of the future. Doubtless, the tyrannical oppression of past authority was responsible for this. But this double side of the struggle in which the young men were engaged, destruction and construction, gives a vivid picture of the revolution.

Finally several theaters were founded in which plays of the new tendency were to be produced. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, and Shaw were among the favorites. Of course, these plays were directly subversive of the old authority of Japan, and it is quite natural to find the censor active. An interesting example is the episode that took place on the production of Sudermann's *Heimat*. The teaching of this play is of course opposed to the ideal of filial piety. It was suppressed and only permitted to go on, with Magda repentant of her revolt in the last act. The subsequent prohibition of the publication of many European and Japanese works intensified the struggle. So that today the young men are openly hostile to the government censorship. This is carried so far that many writers intentionally publish work which they are sure will be suppressed. For it is known that if an issue of a magazine is confiscated the demand for the following number will be very great.

Unfortunately this same tone of distrust and complete isolation is found in the relations of the young men among themselves.

They are split up into various hostile groups and their polemic is often shafted against each other. It is the custom today for each little company of men to publish a magazine of its own. The majority of the Japanese cultural papers are on this order. And they seem to have overlooked the great kinship which ought to unite them. They struggle not only against their elders but equally against all the young men outside their group.

This condition of revolutionary chaos may be called the second stage in the awakening of Japan. Its notable characteristic is the elevation of philosophy, religion and literature to something higher than utilitarian aims; to the recognition of them as valuable in themselves. This moralistic tendency has a deep resemblance to the movement in France of "art for art's sake." It may have been a necessary stage, but obviously it could not stand for long.

A new spiritual basis—the realization of the need of spirit in actual life—was not slow to come. We find a remarkable example of this development in the new appreciation of Tolstoi, who was previously regarded simply as a great writer. Now his admirers, who are increasing more and more, have begun to transfer his doctrines into real life. The eccentric and absolutist literary tendency is slowly passing away. Similarly, in religion, transcendentalism has come to be justified only in so far as it is deeply rooted in reality. The individualistic and philosophic tendencies remain; but now the young men of Japan are exerting themselves to carry their ideals over into action. And this effort has made the struggle still more tragic. They were already at grips with all the emotional and ideal tenets of Japan; now they are at grips with daily life.

The revolution has reached the stage of practice. Evasion of military service is becoming more and more prevalent; opposition to family life is becoming more and more bitter.

The serious younger men are bewildered with their quandary: whether to be true to their convictions or to the affection of their parents, whether to devote themselves to truth or to love. The literary productions of the day are steeped with this dilemma. The new ideal and the old morality which requires them to sacrifice even their ideal out of loyalty are in constant struggle.

Out of this conflict have been born the socialist and feminist movements of Japan. The sudden appearance of a group of extremely violent socialists in 1910 threw the nation into a panic. An attempt was made to do away with the great Figure whom all the people had always worshipped as a demi-god—the Figure for whom the language provided a special pronoun. How the undertaking was received may easily be imagined. It was called *Dai-Gyaku*—great treason. With no discussion, all the socialists were put to death. Their execution, however, did not end the life of socialism in Japan. It is impossible to deny its ever increasing power over the younger generation. The young men are becoming more and more democratic and cosmopolitan. An interesting result of this may be seen in the social position of the nobles, once looked upon with envy and now regarded with contempt.

The feminist movement, another remarkable phenomenon of the reformation, aims at the individual freedom of women who, in the old regime, were confined strictly to home life. The Bible of this revolt is Ibsen's *Doll's House*. What distinguishes it from similar movements in Europe and America is the stress on women's free growth as personalities and human beings, rather than on their political and economic rights. This propaganda also has its magazines, but it must be said that the women have had a hard battle to fight, for they are pitted against society and against the time-worn custom which demanded blind obedience to men. Some of the women have taken extreme steps. The marriage laws have

been disregarded and the idea of chastity scoffed at. Although their progress has not been great, the mere birth of an idea of this kind marks an amazing change in Japan.

This is the present transitional stage. Its keynote is the passionate effort to place the new ideals in complete harmony with life. It is difficult to foretell the end. The reactionary and conservative tyranny is gradually dying down. The younger men are being left more to their own faith. But it is safe to say that any new authority which would become strong enough to prevail in the future must, as its necessary condition, regain a deep intimacy with Japanese and Oriental culture. This must be the basis of any permanent assimilation of European thought. For, after all, the Japanese are the Japanese. It is impossible to change the color of their hair and skin; it will remain impossible to change the constant fundamental quality of their souls.

A great leader must appear to bring about this marriage of Occidental and Oriental cultures. Indeed the tendency has already made itself felt. Indian, Chinese and Japanese learning is regaining its hold and the comparative study of these cultures with those of the West is being taken up. The latest germination of humanism among the young men of Japan is in this direction. The strong note of pessimism still prevails among them; but at least the new feeling for internationalism no longer assumes the exclusion of their native culture.

It may, then, be said that the first step of preparation has been achieved; that the real awakening of Japan, a renaissance in the true sense of the word, is at hand. Of course, the way is still long, but, if my opinion is right, and I am not too patriotic in saying so, the future rôle of Japan in the spiritual life of the world will be great indeed. For it is the Japanese who are in the most favorable position to understand

the two great currents of world-civilization—that of the West and that of the East; it is they who must harmonize these currents into one great life. I have the firm belief that this vision will come to them before long. And it is my great wish to live to see it.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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JEFFERSON'S dream—that of peopling a continent with Americans—has become a reality. The epoch of expansion, whose beginning he magnified with a vision, has come to an end. A group of practical business colonies suddenly discovered through him that they were here for the purpose of making a nation unlike all others—a nation of free, equal people, unkinged, untraditioned, refuge of all slaves and serfs, a level prairie of humanity. All that was needed to keep this illusion alive was immense new territory, a boundary line ever beyond, and untapped resources. But now "Westward Ho!" is over, and Jefferson's vision, which was a vision for a migrating race, a nation on the march, a nation in

schooner-wagons, trails behind us like a dying smoke. We are left, temporarily, without a future.

UNDOUBTEDLY Jefferson was our first national poet, and the Declaration of Independence was our first national poem. There was needed some fire to fuse the Colonies in a nation; to take a lot of separate states with nothing in common except speech and trade, and no rich tradition, no past, and make of them a land, a united country. It was an integration impossible along merely physical lines. Jefferson came then with his grandiose rhetoric, and presented America with a future. Lord Charnwood speaks of this in his "Abraham Lincoln":

"The patriotism of an older country derives its glory and its pride from influences deep rooted in the past, creating a tradition of public and private action which needs no definite formula. The man who did more than any other to supply this lack in a new country, by imbuing its national consciousness—even its national cant—with high aspiration, did—it may well be—more than any strong administrator or constructive statesman to create a Union which should thereafter be worth preserving."

AFTER Jefferson came two other poets to reaffirm, if not to bear witness to his prophecies. Lincoln's highest expressions brought to the Jeffersonian phrases a reality that they lacked before: for Lincoln was engaged in the task of saving a country dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal, and in this victory, and in the freeing of the slaves, and in the very fact that he was born poor and low and now was President, he seemed to live out the strange doctrine of freedom and equality. The same epoch produced Walt Whitman, who caught the national destiny up in the

evolutionary process of the race, and who logically developed the Jeffersonian free individualism into the celebration of the divine average, the powerful uneducated person, and the untrammeled ego. The picture of the American scene as Whitman presents it would be chaos itself if it were not for the fact that he gives this chaos a center and a main-drive. The main-drive was the abstract principle of democracy: the center was the individual. He preached that the United States (if not the universe) revolved about any American like a wheel round its axis.

JEFFERSON, like Lincoln and Whitman, then, are our national poets of the first order. They held in common one body of social theory, one American vision, and at their best they were all prophetic. So long as the physical condition out of which they sprang was maintained, just so long did their faith and fire keep America fused. The loose flow of individuals, the equality of possessions, the practically equal opportunity for all, the set of values in use—values dealing mainly with personal rights—really did make each man the center of the national life, and in his own expansion his country expanded, and he could feel that he was helping forward a grand scheme for creating a super-nation.

NOW that is over: and that America, the old America, exists no longer. We have gone through a hiatus, a terrible pause of disillusion and aimlessness. In this juncture the last of the Jeffersonians has become President. He began bravely enough with the old reiterations, and we have seen how swiftly he has had to abandon one position after the other. Not only has he awakened to the internal change, but the international situation has compelled, to use Nietzsche's phrase, "a transvaluation of all values". Almost

simultaneously we realize that America is becoming not so unlike every other nation and also that we are no longer isolated, but merely a fragment of a world, a state in a greater federation. We are merely another part of the civilization of Europe, and the role of Messiah-nation is ours no longer.

WE stand at the faint beginnings, the trembling dawn, of our second great epoch. There is no doubt of that. And throughout our country there is a great desire, an overwhelming need. It is well that we may revive in ourselves the memories of Lincoln and of Jefferson, and call up again the tale of the pioneers. All this is well. It gives us a sense of common rootage. But more is needed. What poet and prophet shall clarify for us and project a vision which shall lead us on to a new nationality? It remains to be seen at this time whether Woodrow Wilson has the stuff of prophecy in him. His January speech to the Senate on the League for Peace flung out a thin outline of promise; and the test of great events, which is even now progressing, may send into such an outline a genuine fire of inspiration. But the time has come. A new poet must appear among us.

J. O.

The Puritan's Will to Power

By Randolph S. Bourne

TO THE modern young person who tries to live well there is no type so devastating and harassing as the puritan. We cannot get away from him. In his sight we always live. We finish with justifying our new paganism against him, but we never quite lose consciousness of his presence. Even Theodore Dreiser, who always revolted from the puritan clutch, finds it necessary now and then to tilt a lance against him. If there were no puritans we should have to invent them. And if the pagan Mr. Dreiser has to keep on through life fighting puritans, how much more intrigued must we be who are only reformed puritans, and feel old dangers stirring at every aggressive gesture of righteousness? For the puritan is the most stable and persistent of types. It is scarcely a question of a puritanical age and a pagan age. It is only a question of more puritans or less puritans. Even the most emancipated generation will find that it has only broken its puritanism up into compartments, and balances sexual freedom —or better perhaps a pious belief in sexual freedom—with a cult of efficiency and personal integrity which is far more coercive than the most sumptuary of laws. Young people who have given up all thought of "being good" anxiously celebrate a cult of "making good." And a superstition like eugenics threatens to terrorize the new intelligentsia.

Every new generation, in fact, contrives to find some new way of being puritanical. Every new generation finds some new way of sacrifice. Every new triumphant assertion of life

is counterbalanced by some new denial. In Europe this most proud and lusty young generation goes to its million-headed slaughter, and in America the social consciousness arises to bewilder and deflect the *essor* towards life. Just when convention seemed to be on the run, and youth seemed to be facing a sane and candid attitude towards sex, we find idealistic girls and men coming out of the colleges to tell us of our social responsibility towards the race. This means not only that our daily living is to be dampened by the haunting thought of misery that we cannot personally prevent, but that our thirst towards love-experience is to be discouraged and turned aside into a concern for racial perfection. That is, we are subtly persuaded against merely growing widely and loving intensely. We become vague and mystified means toward nebulous and unreal ends. This new puritanism will not let us be ends in ourselves, or let personality be the chief value in life. It will almost let us sometimes. But it always pulls us up somewhere. There is always a devil of inhibition to interpose before our clean and naive grasping of life. (You see, my puritanism takes the form of a suspicion that there may be a personal devil lurking in the universe.)

This is why the puritan always needs to be thoroughly explained and exposed. We must keep him before our eyes, recognize him as the real enemy, no matter in what ideal disguise he lurks. We must learn how he works, and what peculiar satisfactions he gets from his activity. For he must get satisfaction or he would not be so prevalent. I accept the dogma that to explain anybody we have to do little more than discover just what contentment people are getting from what they do, or from what they are permitting to have happen to them, or even from what they are flinging their will into trying to prevent have happen to them. For, if life is anything positive, it is the sense of control. In the puritan, of course, we have the paradox how he can get satisfaction from rug-

gedly and sternly subjecting himself and renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil. There is a popular superstition that the puritan has an extra endowment of moral force, that he reverses the natural current of life, that he resists the drag of carnality down toward hell, that his energy is thrown contra-satisfaction, that his control is a real straddling of the nefarious way. But, of course, it is just this superstition that gives the puritan his terrific prestige. In the light of the will-to-power dogma, however, this superstition fades. The puritan becomes just as much of a naturalistic phenomenon as the most carnal sinner. Instincts and impulses, in the puritan, are not miraculously cancelled, but have their full play. The primitive currents of life are not blocked and turned back on their sources, but turned into powerful and usually devastating channels. The puritan is just as much of a "natural" man as you or I.

But we still have to explain how this lustful, headstrong creature called man, spilling with greed, could so unabatedly throughout the ages give up the primitive satisfactions of sex and food and drink and gregariousness and act the ascetic and the glumly censorious. How could an animal whose business was to feel powerful get power from being in subjection and deprivation? Well, the puritan gets his sense of power from a very cunningly organized satisfaction of two of his strongest impulses,—the self-conscious personal impulses of being regarded and being neglected. The puritan is no thwarted and depleted person. On the contrary, he is rather a complete person, getting almost the maximum of satisfaction out of these two apparently contradictory sentiments,—the self-regarding and self-abasing. The pure autocrat would feed himself wholly on the first, the pure slave would be only a human embodiment of the second. But the pure puritan manages to make the most powerful amalgam of both.

What we may call the puritan process starts with the satis-

faction of the impulse for self-abasement, (an impulse as primitive as any, for in the long struggle for survival, it was often just as necessary for life to cower as it was to fight.) It is only the puritan's prestige that has attached moral value to self-sacrifice, for there is nothing intrinsic in it that makes it any more praiseworthy than lust. But its pragmatic value is immense. When the puritan announces himself as the least worthy of men, he not only predisposes in his favor the naturally slavish people around him, but he neutralizes the aggressive and self-regarding who would otherwise be moved to suppress him. He renounces, he puts on meekness, he sternly regiments himself, he makes himself unhappy in ways that are just not quite severe enough to excite pity and yet run no risk of arousing any envy. If the puritan does all this unconsciously, the effect is yet the same as if he were deliberately plotting. To give his impulses of self-abasement full play, he must, of course, exercise a certain degree of control. This control, however, gives him little of that sense of power that makes for happiness. Puritan moralists have always tried to make us believe in this virtue of self-control. They forget to point out, however, that it does not become a virtue until it has become idealized. Control over self gives us little sense of control. It is the dreariest of all satisfactions of the will-to-power. Not until we become *proud* of our self-control do we get satisfaction. The puritan only begins to reap his satisfaction when the self-regarding impulse comes into play.

Having given his self-abasing impulse free rein, he is now in a position to exploit his self-regard. He has made himself right with the weak and slavish. He has fortified himself with their alliance. He now satisfies his self-regard by becoming proud of his humility and enjoining it on others. If it were self-control alone that made the Puritan, he would not be as powerful as he is. Indeed he would be no more than the mild ascetic, who is all abnegation because his self-regard-

ing mechanism is weak. But in the puritan, both impulses are strong. It is control over others that yields him his satisfactions of power. He may stamp out his sex-desire, but his impulse to shatter ideas that he does not like will flourish wild and wanton. To the true puritan the beauty of unselfishness lies in his being able to enforce it on others. He loves virtue not so much for its own sake as for its being an instrument of his terrorism.

The true puritan is at once the most unselfish and the most self-righteous of men. There is nothing he will not do for you, give up for you, suffer for you. But at the same time there is no cranny of your world that he will not illuminate with the virtue of this doing of his. His real satisfaction comes not from his action of benevolence but from the moral of the tale. He need not boast about his renunciation or his altruism. But in any true puritan atmosphere, that pride will be prevalent. Indeed, it is the oxygen of that atmosphere. Wherever you come across that combination of selfless devotion with self-righteousness, you have the essence of the puritan. Should you come across the one without the other you would find not the puritan but the saint.

The puritan then gets the satisfaction of his will-to-power through the turning of his self-abasement into purposes of self-regard. Renunciation is the raw material for his positive sense of power. The puritan gets his satisfaction exactly where the most carnal of natural men gets his, out of the stimulation of his pride. And in a world where renunciation has to happen to us whether we want it or not, the puritan is in the most impressive strategic position. In economy of energy he has it all over the head that is bloody but unbowed. For the puritan is so efficient morally that he can bow his head and yet extract control both out of the bowing and out of the prestige which his bowing gives him, as well as out of the bowing which he can enforce on others. The true puri-

tan must become an evangelist. It is not enough to renounce the stimulus to satisfaction which is technically known as a "temptation." The renouncing must be made into an ideal, the ideal must be codified, promulgated, and, in the last analysis, enforced. In the compelling of others to abstain, you have the final glut of puritanical power. For in getting other people to renounce a thing, you thereby get renewed justification for your own renouncing. And so the puritan may go on inexhaustibly rolling up his satisfactions, one impulse reinforcing the other. The simultaneous play of these two apparently inconsistent personal impulses makes the puritan type one of the stablest in society. While the rest of us are longing for power, the puritan is enjoying his. And because the puritan is so well integrated, he almost always rules. The person whose satisfactions of control are more various and more refined is on the defensive against him.

The puritan gets his sense of power not in the harmless way of the artist or the philosopher or the lover or the scientist, but in a crude assault on that most vulnerable part of other people's souls, their moral sense. He is far more dangerous to those he converts than to those he intimidates. For he first scares them into abandoning the rich and sensuous and expressive impulses in life, and then teaches them to be proud of having done so. We all have the potentiality of the puritan within us. I remember suffering agonies at the age of ten because my aunt used to bring me candy that had been wickedly purchased on the Sabbath day. I forget whether I ate it or not, but that fact is irrelevant. What counted was the guilt with which the whole universe seemed to be stained. I need no other evidence for the irrational nature of morality than this fact that children can be such dogged little puritans, can be at the age of ten so sternly and intuitively righteous.

The puritan is a case of arrested development. Most of us do grow beyond him and find subtler ways of satisfying our

desire for power. And we do it because we never can quite take that step from self-abasement to self-regard. We never can quite become proud of our humility. Renunciation remains an actual going without, sacrifice a real thwarting. If we value an experience and deliberately surrender it, we are too naive to pretend that there are compensations. There *is* a loss. We are left with a vacuum. There is only depression and loss of control. Our self-regard is not quite elemental enough to get stimulation from wielding virtue over others. I never feel so degraded as when I have renounced. I had rather beat my head rhythmically and endlessly against an unyielding wall. For the pagan often breaks miraculously through the wall. But the puritan at his best can only strut outside.

Most of us, therefore, after we have had our puritan fling, sown our puritan wild oats as it were, grow up into devout and progressing pagans, cultivating the warmth of the sun, the deliciousness of love-experience, the high moods of art. The puritans remain around us, a danger and a threat. But they have value to us in keeping us acutely self-conscious of our faith. They whet our ardor. Perhaps no one can be really a good appreciating pagan who has not once been a bad puritan.

A Prophet in France

By Waldo Frank

THE War has done away with the swarms of literary schools that in time of peace make a battlefield of Paris. With the War, the source of most of them died out. They sprang from the intellectual surfeit, the emotional groping and indirection, all the cultural ease that a fertile race produces as by-products of its future. They went like flowers in flame. And when the War is over, new swarms of them will rise—their number limited alone by the ingenuity of their leaders to find names for them. But there were exceptions to the general death. As the combative genius of France shook down to its widest levels, some of the groups that had been lost with their fellows appeared to be looming up. It became evident that they were not, like the others, mere cerebral mists, incidental births of excess energy. They, and the social movements below the War, rested on the same foundations. So that, when the War bared these seismic structures, their impulse came into the light.

Among these exceptions, two movements stand out. The men banded together by the *Nouvelle Revue Française* are perhaps the greatest in accomplishment. The varied works of the late Charles Péguy, of André Gide and Paul Claudel—to mention only three—are a superb expression of the present experience of France. But another group, although far poorer in achievement, is perhaps more closely quickened with the future. *Unanimisme* is still a sketched, rather than an elaborated art. But perhaps this is to be expected of a move-

ment wilfully nourished by an ideal tendency.*

The founder of this school is Jules Romains. In 1908, when he was a recent graduate in philosophy at Paris, he brought out the volume of verse that established it and named it: *La vie unanime.*† Since then he has written novels, poems, plays and a manifesto which met the French passion for classifying art. But it is apt that the first book of this essentially prose writer should have been a poem; for 1914 left him still at the threshold of his work; and despite the vista of its promise, its accomplishment is still no more than a sharp lyric note.

The striking feature of the art of Jules Romains is that his characters are not individuals, but collective groups: complex and dynamic units created out of the stress and passion of society. He pictures the soul, not of the occupants of a room, but of the room itself; not of a soldier but of a regiment; not of travellers but of their railway-carriage; not of rebels but of the riot. He is concerned with the new creatures of the new age: with the group-individuals molded by economic forces and endowed with sense and nerves, direction and temper like the more simple organisms that compose them.

The most compelling revolution in an art, when it has won its place, appears as the logical next step. If we regard human endeavor since the Renaissance as a single march, the effort of Jules Romains is simply a most recent outpost. Individualism was the swing away from the anonymous group-culture whose soul still stands expressed in the Gothic cathedral and the Gregorian chant. Since this revolt, Europe has sought to right its balance. Individualism has had the constant

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*The recent productions of Verhaeren and of several of the *unanimistes* have appeared under the imprint of the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* suggesting an essential rapprochement of the groups.

†An English translation is soon to be issued by the Yale University Press.

impulse to broaden out and to include the group. But there has been a deep reluctance against this need. It is almost as if a racial memory existed of how the older group-cultures had been achieved: a profound resolve that a community of such undifferentiated mass, made at such individual sacrifice, must not re-appear. The ideal group toward which individualism tended was to be one composed of highly conscious, self-active parts. With it, all of the individual—nourished through the last centuries—would have to fuse: and during the process all of the individual must be kept alive.

This dual activity has often blinded us to the deeper unifying movement. On the one hand, was the passionate cult of the individual; on the other, such gross impersonal programs as those of the old socialists who seemed to be merely paraphrasing the Roman Church. It has been hard to see these two developments as factors in a single birth: one in which the newly organized individual would create the transfigured group. Man and men were working toward an amalgam. But the process was still being carried out in separate chambers. It was as if the two component parts needed intensive tempering and perfection before they could be brought together. The laboratory of the Group was, broadly, that of science and economics: the laboratory of the Individual was left to art. But now, we find each movement eyeing the workshop of the other: studying more and more the profound purpose that underlies the two. In the experiential field of literature, however, there was no aesthetic based on a consciousness of the new Group, before Jules Romains.

But we can trace the antecedents of his art without leaving France—almost without leaving the modern novel which, in my judgment, the vision of Jules Romains will revolutionize. The eighteenth century built up a mass-architecture of the intellect; and romanticism was a revolt from it. The standard

was in Rousseau; the enemy was in Voltaire. Benjamin Constant and Châteaubriand were individualists to the extent that the heroes of their novels appear to float about in a sort of ether. And yet, no sooner did the romantic novel take to itself substance and reality than the tendency swung back to a group and social consciousness. The very program of Balzac's *Comédie humaine* makes this clear: his absorption in the scientific studies of men like Buffon, Bonnet, Saint-Hilaire and Lamarck. He looked on the human order as an exalted and complex zoology. We feel behind his gigantic individuals the brilliant and brutal stirrings of real group movements: the palpable inter-action of the modern guilds and the economic castes. In Stendhal, the movement is gaining consciousness. Julien Sorel, hero of "Le Rouge et le Noir" and Fabrice of "La Chartreuse de Parme" are in reality mere individual grains ground slow but exceeding small in the mills of the new social structures. The picture of the Battle of Waterloo in this latter book—and of Fabrice as a mere molecule within it—is a direct harbinger of the technique of Jules Romains.

With Zola we have progressed still further. What is true today—and immortal—in his twenty-volume history of *Les Rougon-Macquart* is not the decadent family and the false naturalistic method, but the tide-like human floods that move beside his Seine, the rich, sluggish peasant streams that he makes flow in the valleys of Beauce.

Still, these mass-creations were largely unconscious. The preponderance was personalistic, although it was a preponderance that dwindled. In Constant's "Adolphe" the group is nonexistent; in Balzac the group is mastered by the individual; in Flaubert and Goncourt, the individual goes down before the group—but unconvinced; and in the later novel, we find the individual saving himself by a complete withdrawal. The group is either passive, a thing to be transcended; or it is de-

structive, a thing to be avoided. With Jules Romains, it becomes, for the first time, the Hero.

But we are still at small beginnings. A thousand spectators of a play have become one theater; a thousand neighbors have become one street; ten thousand toilers are a town. Jules Romains has blocked out his Paris, almost his France, in these moving masses, small and large—and each complex with its own varied impulse. But he has not organized his masses, not endowed them with their complete social functions, not fitted them one into the other. He has merely inaugurated a technique—or rather, he has sprung a source of vision that for a long march of time may lead the way.

II.

How Jules Romains came to this consummation may be felt in the development of his older contemporary, Maurice Barrès. M. Barrès began with that type of individualism that conserved itself by withdrawing from reality. His first three novels are grouped under the title, *Le culte du Moi.* Thence, his egoism spread forth until at last it had become the nationalism of his later group of novels, *Le roman de l'énergie nationale.* Consciousness had wreathed out from Maurice Barrès himself, to Lorraine, and thence to France. The evolution was simply from a unicellular to a multicellular state.

We find the same adumbration in the one book of Jules Romains that exists in English. "The Death of a Nobody"* is perhaps the most perfect and the least advanced of his novels. The author had not got too far afield in it, with his experimental method. The hero of the book is still an individual. But the tendency is clear in his choice of a person so insignificant that his life apart from the group counts for nothing. The narrative is the gradual infiltration of this individual into

*Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

the anonymous life of France. Jacques Godard is dead on *page* 17; and with this barrier of his body once removed, the process begins. We follow the *concierge* big with the news of his lodger's death, dripping his secret into the life of Paris. As the funeral procession moves through the serried streets, all who observe it are enlarged by it. Godard becomes a portion of life. And his peasant father, striking through the packed communities of France to attend the funeral, gives of his news and of his son to each absorbent group that blocks out his way.

France is a unanimous land indeed: the logical birthplace of this aesthetic. Even its dissensions bear the marks (and bitterness) of family quarrels. We feel the luminous complexity of France in this novel: we understand how the dead Jacques Godard shreds and drifts and is absorbed into the emotions of a people. And in this picture of the creativity of experience, we understand as well why the creed of Bergson should have sprung from the same nation.

"La mort de quelqu'un" is a novel of departure. As the dead hero filters through the infinite conduits of existence and so disappears, it is as if Jules Romains were bidding farewell to the narration of such mere fragments of life. Henceforth he will deal with wider units. But he is not quite successful. In "Les copains," the group-characters are heightened, the individuals are dimmer and more caught up in larger rhythms. But organization is lacking. All that is really alive is the lusty, fallow background: the long breathing of landscapes, the plethoric closeness of cafés, the avid discomfort and fertility of crowds.

It is not until his later volume, "Sur les quais de la Villette," that Jules Romains abandons altogether the conventional and individual plot-narrative of the older novel. And it is interesting to note that, having abandoned it, he has not yet gone

so far as to create its successor. The volume is not a novel at all. It is a series of recitals of which the heroes are dynamic and conflicting group-individuals. The manifest personalities of the book merely tell the story. These sketches are at once so diverse and of such parabolic line that I almost suspect M. Romains of preparing by means of them for the organized *magnum opus* that his method calls for. We feel the will and the ponderous yet subtle conflict behind the general mobilization which checkmated the general strike of May, 1906. We understand how the remote death of the great anarchist Ferrer seeped through the life and fired the movements of Bordeaux. The cumulations of individual resentment and resistance that flowered in the murder of an Apache in a Paris street are laid before us.

Everywhere the language of Jules Romains is complex and tortuously woven, like the life it creates. To take a phrase or a page from his pattern would be like lifting a street from his Paris or a tree from his poplar-chorded highways. In the ingredients of his style one feels the soul of his group-life; yet the weave of subtle substances, for all its plurality, remains compact and one. Of course, his stuff is the common one of novelists who have, before him, written of barracks and theaters, valleys and streets, riots and peaceful evenings. But in Jules Romains, these quantities are knit into new being: one might almost say, into primal being. It is the difference between anatomy and life. Prior to Jules Romains, these organized bodies had form, perhaps, and feature. But they lacked the substance that makes them get up and move. A greater consciousness causes these groups, forged from the new impulse of society, to catch fire, to become impregnate with it, and to give it forth.

This same intensity of consciousness we find applied, in Dostoievski and Andreyev, to the individual. But here, for

the first time, the social units are quickened and made luminous. And in this difference of application, is revealed a difference between France and Russia. In France, the social organisms are energized to the extent where they can be shown to give forth heat—where they can live. In Russia or in America, this is not the case. But if Jules Romains is typical of the advanced culture of his particular land, he is none the less prophetic of the goal of other countries. It is a way of French art to express the present of its people, and the future of its neighbors.

III.

This, in brief, is the aesthetic and the promise of Jules Romains. How true it is, its sensitive cohesion with the accent of life today makes clear. And science and economics leave no doubt of the reality which his art is beginning to express. We are indeed a chaotic maze of new-sprung social lives. And the tendency everywhere is for the individual consciousness to arch forth into more embracing fields. But from the more complex staves there must grow a harmony; and from the larger groups there must rise up a music.

We feel it stirring in Jules Romains. But not in him alone. Strictly comparable with his art—in its interplay of collective, energized social groups and in its technique of presentation—are the developments of modern painting, and of modern music.

It is impossible here to quote from his prose, since the units there are too extended; but the following examples from "La vie unanime" mark the new use in verse of dissonance whose analogy in music has of late been so much noticed and abused. It will be seen how even the prosody of Jules Romains bears out his preoccupation with the discords and cumulations of our social life:

Je suis une gerbe de chair veule,
Les rhythmes crépitent, le temps brûle;

Pas un geste, pas une parole,
Rien qu'un tremblement de lèvres pâles.

Servir de bonde à toute la ville
Et ne pas éclater jusqu'au ciel!

These end-words bear the same relation to rhyme that a diminished ninth does to the octave. Here is another variation (note the rhyme on the penultimate and the stressing of the overtone, as in modern music) . . .

Le moteur vit d'explosions obéissantes;
Les atomes de gaz se battent en chantant;
Leurs groupent meurent et naissent. Le métal tremble.
Chaque dent des engrenages est un tremplin
D'où la force prend son élan, les jambes jointes;

In fact, the entire use of collective groups suggests the substitution in modern music of the chord as absolute unit in place of the single note and the linear theme: or the new organizations of mass and rhythm in modern painting.

There is a meaning in these analogies. Our democracy is incomplete: machinery is our tyrant: our new-born social beings are jarring, half-isolated, hostile. Life today is full of new hot colors and new sharp discords—and the fire of impact. Jules Romains is helping to create a direct art to express it. But he has not forgotten the older, perhaps sweeter harmonies that remain. His art—unlike that of so many moderns—is not ashamed of an occasional simple interval. Even as the bases of our life are still traditional and personal, so the mold of his art is still a formal one. Therein lies not the least reason for its strength.

IV.

But the real significance of Jules Romains is not in his technique and not in his ideal: it is in the fact that he is forging the one to express the other.

The widening consciousness is, of course, not singly his. Doubtless the achieved art that must spring from it will reach far beyond him. But his place in the discovery is assured. His direct spiritual master is Romain Rolland. "Jean Christophe" contains the soul of his effort, without developing the form. In a like way, the thoughts of Jean-Jacques Rousseau formed the matrix of the later Romantic Movement, despite his classical manner. These planetary figures rather move the current of the arts than belong within it.

M. Romains has not published since the War. But perhaps we can find a clue to his development in a long poem which he has recently written and which is shortly to appear. It is called "L'Europe." And its very subject, coming from a soldier-Frenchman, seems to indicate a broadening of sympathy and vision. The recent work of another poet, Pierre-Jean Jouve, who is closely allied with Jules Romains, bears this out. M. Jouve has openly espoused the unpopular cause of Romain Rolland, whose quasi-exile he shares in Switzerland. It has been impossible for him to suffer for France to the exclusion of suffering as well with Germany. He has become an internationalist—a protestant against the War.

For my part, I cannot help seeing in this trend, however inadequate its present state, a token of what the new consciousness in art heralds for the new consciousness of life. The passion of endeavor is for more consciousness—and always more. The mind and soul of man are painfully, inevitably spreading forth to become the mind and soul of men.

As the unity of life comes to be revealed in its larger aspects and its greater movements, relationships that rest on the

new vision must surely follow. The true knowledge of what underlies physical conflict must be the harbinger of its disappearance.

For all life is a unit in which all parts must seek their place. In this dawn of mankind, we are still groping for ourselves, we are still groping for our place. We are unorganized and without comfort. And we are bruised, like creatures feeling in the dark. Even, we lack confidence that the place we seek is really there. For only such kindred sharers of life who fail to know themselves can strive to destroy each other.

Cross-Roads of Screen and Stage

By Kenneth Macgowan

THE new-born "Theater Arts Magazine," which concerns itself more with open air theaters and pageantry than with the drama, closes its introductory blast with the words: "P. S. We intend not to be swallowed by the movies." In that one sentence there is evidence of the editor's frank appreciation of a very real danger, a danger that may even prove inescapable.

This, to be sure, is a bad time for theorizing about stage or screen. The ancient art of the drama, and the modern art of the photoplay, seem to be in an almost identical state of confusion. The drama has settled down into the staid naturalism that dominates our playhouses; the "art of the theater"—the new art of stagecraft and the development of imaginative plays for its exercise—has crept out through "little theaters" and gigantic pageant-masques to threaten the stage with a new dominion and to usurp most of the theater's first-rate energies. The movies, meanwhile, beginning as the romantic melodrama of today, have developed into epic costume spectacles, and now suddenly display the most alarming aptitude for expressing propaganda and character. Is it inconceivable then that the movies may be swallowing the new art of the theater already, that the new art may itself voluntarily choose the screen, rather than the stage, for its future dominion?

The last half of the nineteenth century crystalized the drama into two forms, critical and romantic. The first decade of the twentieth expressed the difference between these

forms, through the art of stage setting, as realistic and imaginative. We seem now to be entering on a period of still sharper differentiation, in which the influence of the movies may play a determining part.

The theater has been all things to all men and all times. In Greece it was religious, ritualistic, poetic. In France it became "classic," as well as poetic and conventional, till Molière lighted it with a new brilliance of his own. The basis of the English theater was at first religious and, remaining always vigorous, soon became romantic. For two hundred and fifty years it developed poetic and literary tendencies in varying degrees, always with a tinge of the romantic. It was not till the latter years of the nineteenth century that it discovered and accepted those predominant intellectual, moral and naturalistic qualities which have expressed themselves in a wide variety of writers, from transitionalists like Dumas *fils* and Augier, and pioneers like Ibsen, to the broad array of our own time.

Undeniably, if we are to assign to our drama any predominant category it is that of naturalistic criticism. It presents life as we live it, and it thinks about it, or causes us to think about it, as the dramatist has done. At its best it is either deliberately or consequentially a criticism of life, and thus at bottom a parochial art. Out of immediate familiarities the dramatist must draw his material. His moral deductions, or those we make for him, must apply to his own community, and are likely to be alien to others, unless they are so superficial, so platitudinous, as to be compatible with the general average of civilized life, or unless they grasp things in so fundamentally and deeply human a way that all the world must listen.

On the surface there is one obvious reason why the movies will never conquer this fine field of the modern drama; unless they achieve a synchronization with the phonograph, which will make them only a mechanical and inferior imitation of

the stage, they will never capture the whole power of subtle characterization and direct discussion which inheres in spoken dialogue. There is a less obvious but more cogent reason in the necessary economic organization of the movies.

The true theater to which America is slowly moving will be a local institution, bringing a native audience, native playwrights and a native producing staff into harmony. The movies are international by their very nature. They have few words to translate, and they can remain as amazingly cheap as they are only through a wide-spread, virtually international, production and distribution. Thus, so far as ethical criticism is concerned, the breadth and range of the audience catered to will bring it down to a dead average of platitude. The movies will tend to express, as Bernard Shaw has said, "what an agricultural laborer thinks right, and what an old-fashioned governess thinks properly sentimental."

There is, however, that other side of the theater, the imaginative, the influence of which has been great abroad and has begun to make itself felt here. Since the naturalism of the nineties and earlier, many dramatists as thoroughly "modern" as Hauptmann have turned to the field of poetic, imaginative drama which once dominated the stage, and which has now given us such great names as Rostand, d'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Hofmannsthal, Masefield. There has grown up a large audience for the imaginative drama, not in England or America, but on the Continent.

This imaginative drama has had its morals and its psychology, but like the romantic drama of other days its main emphasis has been on beauty, and on action as much as speech. Its appeal has been increased by the development in Germany and Russia of the new stagecraft and indeed its whole tendency seems to be summed up in the work to which Gordon Craig, Adolph Appia, Stanislawsky and Reinhardt have devoted their supreme energies.

Now it is at this point that the movies will cut into the theater's work. The poetry of the spoken word remains with the stage, but the poetry of action and the poetry of spectacle are adapted equally to the picture palace. In the latter they come out so powerfully that an arch-romanticist like d'Annunzio writes a "Cabiria." They come out so powerfully that it seems safe to prophesy a great cinematographic art which will absorb energies now going into the imaginative theater and bring forth a beauty that the stage can never rival.

It is a question, of course, how deeply the imaginative art of the theater has taken root in American playhouses. There is certainly a great deal of talk about it: the publication of the "Theater Arts Magazine" is itself an instance of this; and the miraculous Dunsany and the peripatetic Portmanteau Theater have brought imagination even to Broadway. Urban and Jones mount "Follies" and farces, and receive occasional opportunities in the legitimate field, while "the message" is being spread broadcast in women's clubs and "little theaters." Yet all this is the expression of the smallest class in the country, a class of "intellectuals" and people of wealth. It does not touch the ordinary theatergoer, it does not touch the casual masses.

Now it is different with the art tendencies of the screen. They draw the interest of everyone, because they always play an obvious and useful part, and what they do on the realistic level they do also on the imaginative. The intimacy of screen art, built upon "close ups" and a gathering together of scores of impressions, suggests to us that characterization may be developed to a perfection we little suspect. The words thrown on the screen, coupled with the living evidence subsequently introduced, make possible a propaganda with which the Smalleys have already accomplished much. Yet those same printed "leaders," as the Ince studios have proved, are just as powerful in preparing an imaginative mood and in reinforc-

ing atmosphere. The photoplay of the moving picture camera can compile a social document that is the very reflection of our life of today; yet this photoplay, by simple adjustments of lighting, can gild the scenes with picturesqueness and give them artistic proportions and the flavor of beauty.

It is an inherent property of the screen that the popularity of a film is not diminished by the beauty with which its story is told. Just as on the regular stage, the setting and the lighting can create a powerfully effective atmosphere about a given incident. And the screen can utilize that beauty of reality which everyone recognizes and treasures, the beauty of nature and, in lesser degree, the beauty of architecture. Only the beauty of deliberate, artistic conventionalization "registers" on the stage. The means are restricted and, although the results of this limitation may be finer, they can only be appreciated by the smallest of educated groups. The screen, for that matter, gives the artist this limitation also, if he cares to use it.

The theater, as we know it, limits the artist still further. For a three-act drama he has only three scenes to create as against the hundred possible scenes of a photoplay. Moreover, the setting that he creates to match the mood of a given scene can rarely hope to match the mood of a whole act. It is ideally suited only to a brief situation, a few bits of dialogue, and varying the light to create a new mood can be permitted only in a limited way if it is to conform with reality. There results from this the tendency of imaginative plays to break up into many scenes, more, in fact, than the physical limits of the stage justly permit, and to demand a playhouse quite unlike the theater of today.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the opportunities of the screen in these respects; its ability, for example, to change the setting with every change of emotion in the story. There is one fundamental point of agreement, however, between the imaginative "art of the theater" and the art of the screen that needs

to be mentioned. Lighting is now generally recognized as the essence of the art that Appia and Craig first championed, and lighting is equally the essence of the photoplay. Its application to human figures and, in slightly lesser degree, to the atmosphere or setting in which they are placed, is the crucial problem for the imaginative stage. The best that can be achieved in this field in the rambling, many-angled *milieu* of the ordinary theater can be surpassed a hundredfold in precision and control upon the screen, while the variety of emotional episodes thus rendered in the photoplay can be woven into a harmony of artistic expression beyond the reach of the stage.

The Culture of Industrialism

By Van Wyck Brooks

IF we are dreaming of a "national culture" today it is because our inherited culture has so utterly failed to meet the exigencies of our life, to seize and fertilize its roots. It is amazing how that fabric of ideas and assumptions, of sentiments and memories and attitudes which made up the civilization of our fathers has melted away like snow uncovering the sordid facts of a society that seems to us now so near the lowest rung of the ladder of spiritual evolution. The older generation does not recognize its offspring in the crude chaotic manifestations of the present day, but I wonder if it ever considers this universal lapse from grace in the light of cause and effect? I wonder if it ever suspects that there must have been some inherent weakness in a culture that has so lost control of a really well-disposed younger generation, a culture which, after being dominant for so long, has left in its wake a society so little civilized? What is the secret of its decay? And how does it happen that we, whose minds are gradually opening to so many living influences of the past, can feel nothing but the chill of the grave as we look back over the spiritual history of our own race?

It was the culture of an age of pioneering, the reflex of the spirit of material enterprise—that is the obvious fact; and with the gradual decay of the impulse of enterprise it has itself disintegrated like a mummy at the touch of sunlight. Why? Because it was never a living, active culture, releasing the creative energies of men. Its function was rather to divert these energies, to prevent the anarchical, sceptical, extrava-

gant, dynamic forces of the spirit from taking the wind out of the myth of "progress," that myth imposed by destiny upon the imagination of our forebears in order that a great uncharted continent might be subdued to the service of the race.

For the creative impulses of men are always at war with their possessive impulses, and poetry, as we know, springs from brooding on just those aspects of experience that most retard the swift advance of the practical mind. The spirit of a living culture, which ever has within it some of the virus of Pascal's phrase: "Caesar was too old to go about conquering the world; he ought to have been more mature"—how could this ever have been permitted to grow up, even supposing that it might have been able to grow up, in a people confronted with forests and prairies and impelled by the necessities of the race to keep their hearts whole and their minds on their task? No, it was essential that everything in men should be repressed and denied that would have slackened their manual energy and made their ingenuity a thing of naught, that would have put questions into their minds, that would have made them static materially and dynamic spiritually, that would have led them to feel too much the disparity between the inherited civilization they had left behind and the environment in which they had placed themselves, that would have neutralized the allure of the exterior ambition which led them on.

Puritanism was a complete philosophy for the pioneer and by making human nature contemptible and putting to shame the charms of life it unleashed the possessive instincts of men, disembarrassing those instincts by creating the belief that man's true life is altogether within him and that the imagination ought never to conflict with the law of the tribe. It was this that determined the character of our old culture, which cleared the decks for practical action by draining away all the irreconcilable elements of the American nature into a transcendental upper sphere.

European critics have never been able to understand why a "young nation," living a vigorous, primitive life, should not have expressed itself artistically in a cognate form; and because Whitman did so they accepted him as the representative poet of America. So he was; but it is only now, long after the pioneer epoch has passed and the "free note" has begun to make itself heard, that he has come to seem a typical figure to his own countrypeople. In his own time Whitman was regarded with distrust and even hatred because, by releasing, or tending to release, the creative faculties of the American mind, by exacting a poetical coöperation from his readers, he broke the pioneer law of self-preservation. By awakening people to their environment, by turning democracy from a fact into a principle, his influence ran directly counter to the necessities of the age, and his fellow-writers justly shunned him for hitting in this way below the belt. In fact had Whitman continued to develop along the path he originally marked out for himself he might have seriously interfered with the logical process of the country's material evolution. But there was in Whitman himself a large share of the naive pioneer nature, which made it impossible for him to take experience very seriously or to develop beyond a certain point. As he grew older, the sensuality of his nature led him astray in a vast satisfaction with material facts, before which he purred like a cat by the warm fire. This accounts for the reconciliation which occurred in later years between Whitman and his literary contemporaries. They saw that he had become harmless; they accepted him as a man of talent; and making the most of his more conventional verse, they at last crowned him provisionally as the "good gray poet."

For the orthodox writers of the old school had a serious duty to perform in speeding the pioneers on their way; and they performed it with an efficiency that won them the gratitude of all their contemporaries. Longfellow with his lullabies,

crooning to sleep the insatiable creative appetites of the soul, Lowell, with his "weak-wing'd song" exalting "the deed"—how invaluable their literature was to the "tired pioneer," forerunner of the "tired business man" of the present day and only a loftier type because, like the tired soldier of the trenches, it was in response to the necessities of the race that he had dammed at their source the rejuvenating springs of the spirit! Yes, it was a great service those old writers rendered to the progress of this country's primitive development, for by unconsciously taking in charge, as it were, all the difficult elements of human nature and putting them under chloroform, they provided a free channel for the *élan* of their age.

But in so doing they shelved our spiritual life, conventionalizing it in a sphere above the sphere of action. In consequence of this our orthodox literature has remained an exercise rather than an expression and has been totally unable either to release the creative impulses of the individual or to stimulate a reaction in the individual against his environment. Itself denied the principle of life or the power of giving life, it has made up for its failure to motivate the American scene and impregnate it with meaning by concentrating all its forces in the exterior field of aesthetic form. Gilding and idealizing everything it has touched and frequently attaining a high level of imaginative style, it has thrown veils over the barrenness and emptiness of our life, putting us in extremely good conceit with ourselves while actually doing nothing either to liberate our minds or to enlighten us as to the real nature of our civilization. Hence we have the meticulous technique of our contemporary "high-class" magazines, a technique which, as we know, can be acquired as a trick, and which, artistic as it appears, is the concomitant of a complete spiritual conventionality and deceives no sensible person into supposing that our general cleverness is the index of a really civilized society.

II.

This total absence of any organic native culture has determined our response to the culture of the outer world. There are no vital relationships that are not reciprocal and only in the measure that we undergo a cognate experience ourselves can we share in the experience of others. To the Catholic, Dante, to the aristocrat, Nietzsche, to the democrat, Whitman, inevitably means more than any of them can mean to the scholar who merely receives them all through his intellect without the palpitant response of conviction and a sympathetic experience. Not that this "experience" has to be identical in the literal sense; no, the very essence of being cultivated is to have developed a capacity for sharing points of view other than our own. But there is all the difference between being actively and passively cultivated that there is between living actively or passively emotional lives. Only the creative mind can really apprehend the expressions of the creative mind. And it is because our field of action has been preëmpted by our possessive instincts, because in short we have no national fabric of spiritual experience, that we are so unable today to think and feel in international terms. Having ever considered it our prerogative to pluck the fruits of the spirit without undergoing the travail of generating them, having ever given to the tragi-comedy of the creative life a notional rather than a real assent, to quote Newman's famous phrase, we have been able to feed ourselves with the sugar-coating of all the bitter pills of the rest of mankind, accepting the achievements of their creative life as effects which presuppose in us no causal relationships. That is why we are so terribly at ease in the Zion of world culture.

All this explains the ascendancy among our fathers of the Arnoldian doctrine about "knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world." For, wrapped up as they were in their material tasks, it enabled them to share vicari-

ously in the heritage of civilization, endowing them, as it were, with all the pearls of the oyster while neatly evading in their behalf the sad responsibility of the oyster itself. It upholstered their lives with everything that is best in history, with all mankind's most sumptuous effects quite sanitarily purged of their ugly and awkward organic relationships. It set side by side in the Elysian calm of their bookshelves all the warring works of the mighty ones of the past. It made the creative life synonymous in their minds with finished things, things that repeat their message over and over and "stay put". In short, it conventionalized for them the spiritual experience of humanity, pigeon-holing it, as it were, and leaving them fancy-free to live "for practical purposes."

I remember that when as children we first read Carlyle and Ruskin we were extremely puzzled by their notes of exasperated indignation. "What are they so angry about?" we wondered, and we decided that England must be a very wicked country. Presently, however, even this idea passed out of our heads, and we came to the conclusion that anger and indignation must be simply normal properties of the literary mind (as they are, in a measure) and that we ought to be grateful for this because they produce so many engaging grotesqueries of style. Our own life was so obviously ship-shape and water-tight—was it possible that people in other countries could have allowed their life to become less so? Unable as we were to decide this point, we were quite willing to give the prophets the benefit of the doubt, as regards their own people. But it was inconceivable that for us they meant any more by their contorting rages than the prophets of the Bible meant, whose admirably intoned objurgations we drank in with perfect composure on Sundays.

Consequently, those very European writers who might, under normal circumstances, have done the most to shake us out of our complacency have only served the more to confirm us

in it. Our immediate sphere of action being sealed against them, their influence has been deflected into "mere literature," where it has not been actually inverted. For in so far as our spiritual appetites have been awake, it has only gone to convince us, not that we are unenlightened ourselves, but that other people are wicked. This incidentally explains the charge of hypocrisy that has been brought against the Anglo-Saxon mind in general ever since the industrial epoch began, a charge that has followed Puritanism as inevitably as trade has followed the flag; and it explains also the double paradox that while our reformers never consider it necessary to take themselves in hand before they set out to improve the world, our orthodox literary men, no matter what models they place before themselves, cannot rise above the tribal view of literature as either an amusement or a soporific.

How natural, then, that the greatest, the most "difficult" European writers should have had, as Carlyle and Browning and Meredith had, their first vogue in America! How natural that we should have flocked about Ibsen, patronized Nietzsche, found something entertaining in every kind of revolutionist, and welcomed the strangest philosophies (the true quite as readily as the false)! For having ourselves undergone no kindred creative experience for them to corroborate and extend, we have ever been able to escape their slings and arrows with a whole skin. They have said nothing real to us because there has been nothing in our own field of reality to make their messages real.

III.

As a result of this immemorial inhibition of our humane impulses, this deliberate obliviousness to the facts of life, personal and social alike, the younger generation find themselves in a very peculiar position. For having, unlike Europeans of any class, no fund of general experience in their blood, as it

were, to balance the various parts of their natures, they are incapable of coördinating themselves in a free world. So long as their creative and their possessive, their spiritual and their material, instincts frankly face in opposite directions they are able to make some sort of "go" of life, as their fathers did before them. But the whole spirit of our age tends to make this dualism more and more difficult. When, therefore, their instincts face about and confront one another and attempt to make some sort of compact, the material instinct inevitably comes out on top, because the material instinct alone is acquainted with the life of action. Their inherited and acquired culture drops away from them like a dream in the dawn and their consciousness immediately contracts into a field of reality that is restricted almost solely to the primary biological facts. This accounts for the brutality of so much of our contemporary realism; it accounts for the general poverty and chaos of our spiritual life.

Not that we only have suffered in this way, but that we have suffered more completely in certain respects than other countries. The world over the industrial process has devitalized men and produced a poor quality of human nature. By virtue of this process the orthodox culture of the world fell, during the nineteenth century, into the hands of the prig and the aesthete, those two sick blossoms of the same sapless stalk, whose roots have been for so long unwatered by the convictions of the race. But in Europe the great traditional culture, the culture that has ever held up the flame of the human spirit, has never been gutted out. The industrialism that bowled us over, because for generations our powers of resistance had been undermined by Puritanism, was no sooner well under way in Europe than human nature began to get its back up; and a long line of great rebels reacted violently against its dessicating influences. Philologists like Nietzsche and Renan, digging among the roots of Greek and Semitic thought,

artists like Morris and Rodin, rediscovering the beautiful and happy art of the Middle Ages, economists like Marx and Mill, revolting against the facts of their environment, kept alive the tradition of a great society and great ways of living and thus were able to assimilate for human uses the positive by-products of industrialism itself, science and democracy. They made it impossible for men to forget the degradation of society and the poverty of their lives and built a bridge between the greatness of the few in the past and the greatness of the many, perhaps, in the future. Thus the democracies of Europe are richer than ours in self-knowledge, possessing ideals grounded in their own field of reality and so providing them with a constant stimulus to rise above their dead selves, never doubting that experience itself is worth having lived for even if it leads to nothing else. And thus, however slowly they advance, they advance on firm ground.

For us, individually and socially, nothing of this kind has been possible. It has been the very law of our life that our ways should be kept dark, that we should not be awakened to the hideousness of our civilization, that the principles in the light of which we are supposed to stand should remain abstract and impersonal. It seems to me wonderfully symbolic of our society that the only son of Lincoln should have become the president of the Pullman Company, that the son of the man who liberated the slaves politically should have done more than any other, as "The Nation" pointed out not long ago, to exploit them industrially. Our disbelief in experience, our habitual repression of the creative instinct with its consequent overstimulation of the possessive instinct, has made it impossible for us to take advantage of the treasures our own life has yielded. Democracy and science have *happened to* us abundantly, more abundantly than to others because they have had less inertia to encounter; but like children presented with shining gold pieces we have not known how to

use them. Either we have been unable to distinguish them from copper pennies, or else we have spent them in foolish ways that have made us ill. Our personal life has in no way contributed to the enriching of our environment; our environment, in turn, has given us personally no sense of the significance of life.

IV.

Thus we see today, emerging from his illusions, the American as he really is: obscure to himself and to others, a peasant, and yet not a peasant, an animal, but full of gentleness and humor, physically sane but neurotic from the denial of his impulses, a ragbag of inherited memories and unassimilated facts, a strange, awkward, unprecedented creature, snared by his environment, helplessly incapable of self-determination in a free world—in a word, "low-brow", and aware of it. As I visualize him, rather dimly, he has "made his pile" or has otherwise "fixed things" more or less so that he has time to come out into the open and look around a little. He is rather jocose about this because he is not used to it. Things in general puzzle him so much that he cannot work up very much interest in them. The wheels of his natural self are too rusty to generate any friction. Presently, therefore, reminded that he is wasting time, he turns back again to his old habits—only to find that they in turn no longer appeal to him as they formerly did. *Things,* in short, repel him now instead of engaging him; they have worked up a momentum of their own; they scarcely require his coöperation even. And so he has to turn about once more and face that blank within himself where a world of meanings ought to be.

Now is it possible that all the poets and artists of history, whose function it has been to create and manifest these meanings, are unable to fill up this blank in his mind? Our industrial conception of culture assumes that they can do so, out of

hand, and that by a process of injection from the outside, by means of indiscriminate lecturing and the like, the fact that life is a miraculous and beautiful thing can be somehow pumped into the middle of his soul. But how does he himself feel about the matter? He knows that by this process only the upper levels of his brain are touched, and that they are touched only by minds in which the true fires of life have never been lighted.

That is why we feel today that it is the real work of criticism in this country to begin *low*. For the American mind will never be able to recapture the wisdom of the world except by earning it, and it can only earn this wisdom through its own ascent upward on the basis of these primitive facts to which it has been gradually awakened. Between the apparently civilized vision of life of our best conventional story-writers and the really civilized vision of writers like Anatole France there yearns a gulf that is wide and deep, and we shall have to descend to the bottom of that gulf before we can begin the exhilarating climb to our own true heights. There are plenty of writers, of course, who imagine that they can get across from peak to peak by aeroplane, as it were, by dazzling flights of sophistication; but they do not achieve their aim and something within them tells them that they do not. They divine, as we all divine, that the only strictly organic literature of which at the moment this country is capable is a literature that is being produced by certain minds which seem, artistically speaking, scarcely to have emerged from the protozoa. That our life contains a thousand elements to which these writers just now fail to do justice is quite beside the point.

Not that we are Hottentots, or even peasants, although our arrested development somewhat resembles that of peasants. No, we are simply at the beginning of our true national existence and we shall remain there, stock still, as we have already remained for a century and a half, until we have candidly

accepted our own lowest common denominator. But once we have done that, we shall begin to grow, and having begun to grow we shall grow quickly. For we already possess elements that belong to every level of development, even the highest—some even that are higher than the highest and put heaven to shame. They are all there, but they are not grouped in the right order; and so they have no cumulative effect. As soon as the foundations of our life have been reconstructed and made solid on the basis of our own experience, all these extraneous, ill-regulated forces will rally about their newly found center; they will fit in, each where it belongs, contributing to the essential architecture of our life. Then, and only then, shall we cease to be a blind, selfish, disorderly people; we shall become a luminous people, dwelling in the light and sharing our light.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for April

The Literary History of Spanish America

North and South America are like two suburban towns that cannot recognize each other's existence because neither one is fully aware of its own. Take the suburbs of New York or Boston or Chicago; they are all made up of people who have left the metropolis for much the same reasons and who find themselves face to face with much the same problems. And yet because they have no autonomous social life they are able to communicate with one another only through the medium of the metropolis itself. So it is with our two American continents. We throw no light on each other, although we are both largely in the same boat. While in the vital foreground of our lives we are confused by the same growing-pains and are seeking ends that are harmonious through means that are similarly conditioned, our understandings converge only in the European background of our common ancestral memories. That is the way it is with brothers at the awkward age.

"The Literary History of Spanish America" by Alfred Coester (Macmillan) shows us that in all this the South Americans have been less provincial than we. Whether or not we have produced greater poets than they I do not know. But their poets, notably Rubén Darío, have absorbed Whitman quite as generally as our own have done; and long before Whitman or any other North American poet, save Emerson, perhaps, they became aware that American literature, to become vital, must take its departure from the developing experience of the indigenous national life. "If it wishes to gain influence," wrote the Argentine poet Echeverría as far back as 1837, "it must . . . be the most elevated expression of our predominant ideas and of the sentiments and passions which spring from the shock of our social interests. Only thus, free from the bonds of all foreign influence, will our poetry come to be as sublime as the Andes; strange, beautiful, and varied as the fertile earth which produces it." No doubt the literature that grew up under the influence of this idea resembled in many respects that of Bryant and Cooper and their North American contemporaries, spending much of its original force in celebrating scenery and exploiting local color while running to the abstract or the merely

picturesque in its portrayal of character. What makes the manifesto so remarkable for us is its prevision of a literature sprung from "the shock of our social interests."

Why did South America discover this so much earlier than we? Mr. Coester is too busy with his facts to generalize or to institute comparisons, but one reads a number of reasons between the lines. The colonial civilization of Spanish America was certainly more highly developed intellectually than ours; it was much more in the literary tradition and it was constantly recruited by fresh elements of the same sort. Without Puritanism, it was also without our all-embracing will to material power. The economic regime never being based on the suffrages of an immense commercial class, literature was continually kept in flow by the constant exigencies of revolution. And then, too, since the aboriginal civilization had reached in certain areas a state of development far higher than that of our North American Indians there were native roots for the Spanish culture to graft itself upon. Thus for one reason or another quite early in the nineteenth century Spanish-American literature grew to man's estate. We who are just beginning to recognize that the cowboy has fallen from grace may be surprised to find that in Argentina novelists were applying the methods of Zola to the *gaucho* forty years ago; while the ideal passions that our literature has scarcely known save under the stress of the Civil War have been shared by numberless poets of Spanish America, persecuted for their opinions. Tyranny, no doubt, has greatly stimulated their sense of social values, but being an active tyranny rather than a settled despotism it has tended to keep them on the political level instead of turning them inward to the universe of the personal life. We who have passed through the seven plagues of industrialism may require a more nutritious food than they are able to give us. But their literature is certainly an older, a richer, and a hardier growth than ours.

GROWTH AND DECAY IN RECENT VERSE

Recent as the poetic blossoming in America has been, it already has had its withered offshoots. The sudden birth of a hundred diverse energies has been accompanied by deaths even more sudden if less spectacular. Four years ago a prize of five hundred dollars was won by Orrick Johns for his "Second Avenue," judged the best of ten thousand poems, one hundred of which were chosen for "The Lyric Year." When last heard of Mr. Johns was trying on motley with "Others," since deceased. Two years ago the name of Ezra Pound was the last word in radical literary circles; today his least agile disciples have surpassed him in his contortions and *chinoiseries,* or have turned to Amy Lowell as their imagistic leader. Even such hardy annuals as John Hall Wheelock, Theodosia Garrison Zoe Akins, Charles Hanson Towne and others have suffered from something which has eaten into the vitality of their work. But this blight has affected even stronger and more imposing growths. It has ruined the native and personal qualities of so native and personal a poet as Edgar Lee Masters; it has stripped him until he seems bare of almost everything but ideas.

What this blight, this deadening evil may be, cannot be answered with anything more accurate than a generality; but it can be traced, rather easily, I believe, to a surfeit of literature. The new interest in all scientific and creative writing has provoked a mass of other writing which is neither creative, scientific nor provocative. Much of our recent poetry is due to the poet's desire to create, rather than to any urge of creation. Swept on by the flood of things literary, he drives (as Symons said of Wilde) his emotions, instead of letting his emotions drive him. So with Mr. Masters. What makes a great part of his recent poetry such unstimulating reading is that he himself seems to have read so much. In "The Great Valley" (Macmillan), for instance, one sometimes hears the voice of Mr. Masters, but it is scarcely recognizable among the confusing echoes of Browning, Darwin, and Tennyson. Going through this volume is like going through a curiously large and curiously assorted library—a library somewhat musty, haphazardly collected, unsystematized yet somehow professional—where the works of Dr. Sigmund Freud are found between a volume of John Cowper Powys and "The Life and Letters of Gobineau." Only too much pre-occupation with books could give that bookish and pseudo-scientific air that persists in his later work. It turns such a poem as "To a Spirochaeta" into a humorless parody of itself; it reduces "My Dog Ponto" to stodgy statement and philosophic platitudes; it makes "The Furies" a piece of mystical pomposity; it hardens the dry facts of "Autochthon" in even dryer language. It is not that Mr. Masters is too fond of his facts (as some of the critics of "Spoon River Anthology" have maintained), the trouble is that he is not fond enough of them. He does not care so much for the thing as for the thought it suggests—and that thought touches springs in Mr. Masters that are in their way as archaic and didactic as the despised Victorians and as mystico-moralizing as our almost forgotten New England group.

One has only to turn to the new edition of "Spoon River Anthology" to witness this decline. The first version (without the epilogue, the addenda and afterthoughts) presented to its many readers a keen, dramatic, disillusioned picture of village-life and village small-talk. For the first time in American literature we were given a narrow, cynical, small-minded village as it appears, not so much to the author as to the villager himself. It was the apotheosis of the drug-store gossip, the cracker-box scandal, the sewing-circle activities. As such, it struck the reader as sharp, penetrative, often critical and sometimes profound. But its profundity was in the casual revelation of people and an environment, rather than in the obviously philosophic passages in which Mr. Masters entered in the rôle of conscious explainer. It was when he intruded himself as pundit and interpreter of the world's runes and riddles that he ceased to interest and became a rather dull monologist. Unfortunately this is the rôle to which Mr. Masters seems to be most partial. It explains the scholastic doggedness of "Songs and Satires" (relieved by a few things like "Silence," "The Cocked Hat" and "Arabel") and the vapid stretches in "The Great Valley." William Marion Reedy intending to praise his newest volume said "There is more power of thought

in it" . . . That is just its trouble. It is little else but thought. Mr. Masters has almost become a philosophic index, a *resumé* of recent and current history, a dictionary of scientific jargon. He is too heavily thoughtful; he is seldom poet enough to be rapt—and even thoughtless.

It is this latter quality that one finds with surprising beauty in Mr. Frost's "Mountain Interval" (Henry Holt and Co.). Some of the poems in this volume are so spontaneous and simple a record of the thing observed that they are almost the direct opposite of literature; they seem devoid of anything even so intellectual as words. It is the thing and its accompanying emotion that distinguishes such an apparently inconsequential poem as "A Patch of Old Snow," possibly the most tired poem in our language; and lifts "Birches" to a new and always indigenous eloquence. Along with this growth in Mr. Frost's work, one notes the flowering of other qualities, detected in his two earlier volumes but ripened and enriched here. The quality of humor, for instance, is not a new thing with Frost. The previous volume had many kinds of it: it seeped through "Mending Wall" in a delicate irony; it made "A Hundred Collars" take on the tone of a narrative that was about to break into a laugh; while "The Code" was little more than a huge, downright joke. But there was usually something grim and careworn about the smile in these; only an occasional line gave the hint of sheer gaiety. It remained for "Mountain Interval" to reveal this humor, unperturbed and almost careless; it manifests itself in so beautiful an etching as "The Cow in Apple Time" or the silhouette of "An Encounter"; it sweeps "The Bonfire" to a sudden heroic close and plays delightfully through such a modern Elizabethan conceit as "The Telephone." Along with this widening of horizons, there has come a lyric freedom; the whole volume is saturated with a new mellowness and music. For pure, unpretentious poignance, it would be difficult to match "An Old Man's Winter Night," or surpass the homely beauty of such an almost deprecating tribute as "Hyla Brook." The strongest impression given by "Mountain Interval" is that, through a quiet-colored but rich colloquiality, Robert Frost has not only grown but is still growing.

So with Amy Lowell. In "Men, Women and Ghosts" (Macmillan) she has attained eminences that none of her scornful critics would have admitted possible. Using alternately a vivid, almost a violent emotionalism, and the external, "unrelated" manner, she amazes by her display of virtuosity and her vigor. It is hard to believe that the same author could have constructed such a brocaded, old-gold, Dresden china affair as "Pickthorn Manor" with its strict rhyme-scheme, and so stark and modern a free-verse narrative as "Reaping"; it is even harder to reconcile such cool pattern-making as "An Aquarium" with such heated and human partisanship as one finds in "The Hammers." But this versatility is Miss Lowell's most outstanding gift; she is constantly pushing towards new interests, fresh adventures.

Most of the poets have caught this contagious zest for experiment; this fever for being in touch with and responding to the restless and fluctuant

spirit of the times. But we still have those who turn away from the age and its imperative demands and strain back to the softer (and safer) charms of antiquity. They seem to need a highly-colored, archaic and preferably mythological romance to make life tolerable, or, at least, interesting. One might excuse a modern poet for dallying in the lyrical gardens of Prosperine if he came out of them with a fresh vision or even a fresh variation. But even so sympathetic a poet as Stephen Phillips could seldom re-create and vitalize legends which have been so handled and rubbed that they have become as dull as most of their adapters. If occasionally one of them would infuse new blood in the veins of an old story (Herman Hagedorn recently accomplished it in "The Great Maze"), the reader would be aroused and held; but instead of a thrilling dip into an energetic past, we are immersed in a flood of tepid rhetoric that has no more exhilaration than a bath in the midnight oil. "The Story of Eleusis" by Louis V. Ledoux (Macmillan) is a case in point. It is graceful, erudite, tuneful, picturesque. But the Demeter and Persephone of this version are not in any way living figures, or types, or even symbols; they are merely literary names that are placed above literary speeches that have no more life in them than a well-oiled metronome. The story suffers even as a story; for the strength has gone out of it. It has the diluted, sweetened quality of something told by someone, who heard it from Swinburne, who got it from Bullfinch who couldn't remember the rest of it.

Fortunately these weak efforts to escape the world are growing less with every season. It is the candor and courage of the best of our poets that has put themselves and their times to the test; it is carrying them through our current renascence and it will persist long after. It is the native solidity and strength that insures the growth of such poets as Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Amy Lowell, Arturo Giovanitti, James Oppenheim, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay and one or two others. It is, in its great variety of expression, the sign of a healthy expansion; of something which is intensely casual and intensely spiritual. It is, in short, radiantly contradictory and altogether American.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

THE CREATIVE WILL

"The Creative Will" (John Lane) by Willard Huntington Wright is a provocative, an interesting and an important work on aesthetics. It is provocative because it is aristocratic in its theory, it is interesting because Mr. Wright is an excellent manipulator of Nietzschean eloquence, and it is important because it actually contains additions to our knowledge of aesthetics. There is in it also a fine attitude, a scientific attitude, which might be called a reverence before the facts, a feeling that nothing is too holy, mystical or hidden for the careful analysis and study of the intellect. We must give up, says Mr. Wright, our foolish and loose talk about "inspiration" and "spiritual" work, and art must follow the body of man, the stars of the heavens, the human soul into the temple of the laboratory.

So far, so good. It is more difficult to follow the aristocratic theory which Mr. Wright advances. One

sees here the discipline of Nietzsche, and indeed not only is Mr. Wright one of the real students of Nietzsche, but he actually arranges this book on the plan of "The Joyful Wisdom," breaking it up into numbered and titled paragraphs. His style too is reminiscent of his master. Hence, it is no surprise to find that he virtually would exclude the "many-too-many" from the enjoyment of great art, and predicts a future of such purity for painting, music and literature that only supermen may enjoy them, let alone create them. Exclude, he says, the illustrative from painting, the literary from music and the episodic from literature. Painting is then to become like music, with a scale of colors instead of a scale of notes. Sculpture drops out altogether, Rodin with it; and literature must be symphonic, etc.

In short, Mr. Wright would have art-in-itself. It is somewhat vulgar to enjoy Mona Lisa with reference to her smile, Faust in relation to the Faust legend, and Hamlet in connection with our interest in problems of insanity. These are human, emotional reactions, which have nothing to do with pure form, that creation of a macrocosm by the artist which gives us a sense of the underlying (evidently impersonal) forces of life. And so in painting, especially, he believes that the discovery of the "color scale" will do for that art what the musical scale has done for music. The born musician, he believes, builds architecture out of notes: and so the painter must build design out of colors. Simplicity is necessarily abandoned, and a work of art is great in so far as it is a successfully complex organism, the larger the scale the greater.

However, Mr. Wright's main contention is in favor of an art which shall exclude the mob. On the one hand, this is secured by complexity of structure, on the other by cleansing art of anything which might start "the associative processes." A painting of a face will call up some human emotion, and human emotion is the one thing that must be omitted. Art must be enjoyed through aesthetic emotion only, and aesthetic emotion, so far as I can gather, is something by itself, a rapt absorption in pure form, a feeling of being in the impersonal life-force and assimilating the patterns of existence.

The trouble with all this is, that while Mr. Wright is scientific, he is not scientific enough. He quite ignores psychology, which shows how impossible it is to view anything, to react to anything, whether it be life, or mechanism, or art, in a really impersonal way. Even if we merely look at a composition of colors, each one of us will react differently. We carry nothing with us but our past, and we fit each new impression into ourselves by analogy to something we have known and felt.

No, the complexity of art is not only in its structure, but in its appeal. Many besides Mr. Wright today shiver at Wagner's operas as impure, because music, which should be pure architecture of sound, here becomes the handmaiden of a story and a poem. Yet even Mr. Wright believes that in literature the story or character-development should be expressed in poetic prose for the purpose of sharpening, deepening the impression, and I, for one, fail to see why poignant musical notes cannot be used for this purpose as well as poignant words. But of course

Mr. Griffes En Route

if such things are done, where are we at? What standard have we? What chemical test whereby we can say, this is art, or this isn't? Is it not bewildering to see such variety, such mixtures, such emotional contradictions?

It is bewildering. And so is a great city after one has been for a year in the mountains. But one may learn to live in a great city, and to adapt one's self to its confusion. In this way to be one of "the many-too-many" is to be beyond the superman who needs a world defined, delimited and pure. I am afraid that "The Creative Will" is youth, again, in search of an absolute, which, alas, he will be unable to find. We can apply absolutes to the *machinery* of life, we can always say that H_2O is water, but life itself changes with our emotions, and unfortunately we cannot get outside ourselves to judge it. So art, so all things which stir us beyond the intellect, remain in that flux which is ourselves, and cannot be tabulated. J. O.

Mr. Griffes En Route

It is doubtful whether the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street has mounted anything more interesting than "The Kairn of Koridwen," the little dance drama presented for the first time on February tenth. Not that the mimic elements of the production showed a salutary revolution on the part of the artistic direction. Quite the contrary. Never before had the resources of the Playhouse seemed so inadequate. The *mise-en-scene,* devised by the Misses Lewisohn, seemed unusually monotonous and ineffective. The poses and gestures of the Neighborhood's Festival Dancers, led by Miss Blanche Talmud, betrayed none of the far-famed Talmudic subtlety. The want of a single dynamic controlling intelligence was again painfully evident throughout the entire production. And yet, it was gratifying to have assisted at a performance of "The Kairn of Koridwen." One could at least return home with the sense of having undergone an experience. That was made possible by the musical setting, the work of Mr. Charles T. Griffes. It alone lifted the little dance-drama from mediocrity into importance.

For Mr. Griffes' score is something more than an able setting. It is a felicitous and often brilliant piece of work. In the light of the difficulties, inherent in the action he was asked to clothe, that beset him, it is an amazing one. It abounds in passages of rare loveliness. It is skillful and imaginative. There is no question of its incidentalness. For in this case, it was the miming that was incidental, the music that was the primary and important matter. Better than anything that occurred on the stage, it expressed the essential idea that underlay the drama.

Mr. Griffes' score is significant for another reason. For in it, his talent for the first time has made a satisfactory manifestation. An idiom a little undecided, a little derivative, a personal expression a little hesitant, has become formed and individual and respectable. The music for "The Kairn of Koridwen" should bring Mr. Griffes reputation more surely than his piano music, more surely, indeed, than anything that he has hitherto composed. Taken alone as a

tour de force, quite apart from its musical value, it is frankly astonishing. The resources of the little orchestra of piano, celesta, flute, clarinets, horns, and harp, placed at the composer's disposal, have been exploited with a deftness that calls to mind the feats of Strauss in "Ariadne auf Naxos." Mr. Griffes has drawn effects from his curious assemblage of instruments quite as the prestidigitator draws objects from a silk hat, and quite as amazingly. The unusual conjunction of timbres, split horn and piano, chromatic harp, chromatic flute and celesta, the happy superposition of conflicting tonalities, the knitting of strongly contrary rhythms that abound throughout the work, should make a musicians' holiday. Today, there can be no more question of Mr. Griffes' rare ability.

The real beauty of the music, however, lies in the completeness with which it makes plastic the Misses Lewisohn's conception. The authors had drawn their stuff from a Celtic legend. And their drama, quite apart from any modern valuation of the story of the druidess who will not leave the shrine to which she is dedicated, and goes rather to death in the sanctuary than into the world with her lover, was, in intention, at least, of the coloration that we recognize as Celtic. The action itself was laid in the kairn sacred to Koridwen, the Gallic moon goddess. A good deal of the stage business represented the rites of the goddess in her shrine by the oceanside. There were dances signifying the circle of the universe and the three planes of existence, potions brewed in seething caldrons out of herbs and berries of the wood, visions and ecstasies, all in a pattern of oak-branches, torches, bronze altars, mistletoe and, in the first scene at least, moonlight. It was just that druidic, sublunary coloring that Mr. Griffes captured in his music. Whatever Celtic glamor there was in the production mounted from it. From the initial measure of the short prelude, from the moment the clarinet uttered its half mournful, half glowing phrase, there expanded a music unified by a single quality, a quality that better than anything else evoked the druid rite there in the moonlight. It was the music that urged the imagination continuously, that expressed the ardors and the ecstasies of the celebrant druidesses, that laved the stage with actual moonfire. There were the gestures, the poses, the abandon that the authors of "The Kairn of Koridwen" had dreamed, more fully, more beautifully than their stage could realize them. Indeed, only once, in all that first scene, were the miming and the music in accord. That moment occurred after the first frenzy of the rite had passed. The druidesses were prostrate before the altar. From the muted piano and the celesta, shrouded by the other instruments, there emerged, tenderly, painfully, phrases that flowered out, piercingly sweet, in the stillness. And on the stage, in a sort of ecstasy, shadowy torso after torso raised itself toward the moon in an aspiration of every nerve, every tendon, and then sank back prostrate. It was the one compelling moment of the presentation, and as such, unforgettable.

No doubt, Mr. Griffes' score is uneven. The music for the second scene, for instance, is not quite as eloquent as that of the first. Not even Carmelis' dance with the branches, nor the episode where she

and Mordred, the intrusive Gallic warrior, lie on the promontory and gaze out over the sea, could make it so. But perhaps the chief weakness of Mr. Griffes' score lies in the comparative weightlessness of the dramatic moments. Besides the snap, the life of the descriptive passages, and the dance movements, they are a trifle insipid. The fault does not lie with Mr. Griffes but with his librettists. In some matters the Misses Lewisohn were very generous with their composer. They engaged Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff to rehearse and conduct the music, the Barrère Ensemble to perform it. In others, they were unduly withholding. For instance, they deprived the composer of all opportunity to do anything with the dramatic and passionate moments by eliding them as often as they could, and when they could not, by passing them over as quickly as possible. The ending of the first scene is a good example of the want of symmetry in the construction caused by this somewhat undue aversion to passionate love scenes, and other passionate scenes. Mordred had intruded into the kairn. Carmelis had been commanded to kill him, and had disobeyed. Like another in a like situation, she might have said

> "Er sah mir in die Augen.
> Das Schwert, ich liess es fallen."

The rest of the druidesses had rushed off, leaving her alone with him. At this point, the curtain chastely fell. One needs to be neither salacious nor Wagnerian to wish it had remained up. For a very beautiful scene might have been enacted and Mr. Griffes might have had an opportunity to write some directly dramatic music, and not have had to end the scene so abruptly.

Nor was he vouchsafed greater opportunity for variety and action in the second scene. Here there was more drama, but an unfortunate conjunction of episodes of similar character forced a certain monotony on the music again. The finale was most ineffectual, though this time the fault was Mr. Griffes'. "Finding Carmelis dead" the libretto prescribed, "the Sène solemnly encircle her, repeating to themselves the austere law of their faith 'What is to be, will be.'" It is obvious that by the time he reached that part, Mr. Griffes was a trifle bored with the whole business. And so he wrote a little conventional death music, just reminiscent enough of the "Götterdämmerung" funeral music to give the audience its cue, and let the "austere law of their faith" go at that. Perhaps his very boredom at that point is further proof of his artistic sensibility.

One would like to see him try his hand at a more grateful subject. If he could be kindled to such production by the rather meager action of "The Kairn of Koridwen," what could we not expect if he occupied himself with, say, "The Shadowy Waters" of Yeats, or some other dream-stuff of Celtic inspiration? But, whatever he undertakes, it is impossible any longer to entertain only slight expectations in regard to him. The music he wrote for the Neighborhood Playhouse precludes that. For it seems to offer positive assurance that Mr. Griffes is indeed *en route* for actual achievement.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The German Theater in New York

It is hard to be critical about the work one sees in the German theater on Irving Place. The lack of work one sees at most of the other theaters unfits one for it. It is easier to be merely eulogistic; or, if one turns away from it toward Broadway, to become a scold. For it would seem the natural thing, in American New York, for the native drama to have all the advantages. And if this is so, since it is the Germans who act best, direct best, produce the best results in the entire city, it might appear logical enough to give them a testimonial of congenital superiority and let it go at that.

The truth, however, is just the other way: it is the Americans who have against them all the odds; it is the Germans who have with them all the advantages. Of course, I am talking of the theater and of those specific qualities and things that the theater needs. If an Arabian fantasy is produced on Broadway, you will be sure to find on the stage a true Arabian steed. You will be sure to find new scenery for even the oldest of ideas; real settings for the most wooden situation. On the stage of Irving Place, they would use a cab-horse; and more than once I have found a "Lady of Lyons" drop furnishing the background of a Strindberg comedy. But all considerations of this kind seem to dwindle when one thinks of the essentials. One no longer pities the folk-theater on Irving Place. One is inclined to be indulgent toward our own leading managers.

For instance, the Germans have, in their theater, two actual communities: one on either side of the footlights. Their house is not reliant on anonymous and chaotic crowds that drift toward a particular box-office rather by virtue of their own indirection than the specific draw of a particular play. About Broadway buzz the fly-swarms; and the managers, if they would catch them, must employ fly-paper. At the *Irving Place* there is a conscious unit—a living organism whose interest is *normally* directed toward its theater and among whose natural demands are those precise cultural reagents that their theater can supply. The audience is in a real sense a community; and a community of consumers. It is knit together racially and emotionally, so that its intellectual appetite is neither "high-brow" nor "low-brow" but fundamental. And its attitude of a permanent need makes it not only steadfast in its patronage but humble before the dramatic masters whose fare it is conscious of requiring.

The shifting audiences of Broadway respond to the momentary titillation of a "show" which, in its turn, responds to the impulse of some special source. That source may be intellectual or foreign or vulgar or nugatory. It never completes the circle. The bourgeois Germans, on the other hand, who watch Sudermann or Tolstoi or Schiller at the *Irving Place,* find in these writers the same spirit, the same emotion — although formed and charted—that have made them want to go to the theater. They make up not merely a community, but a community at one with a community of playwrights.

But they are also a community at one with a community of actors. The *Irving Place Theater* supports a permanent company of forty players

all of whom receive their salaries whether the play of the moment requires their services or no. The company is composed of artists drawn from practically all the leading theaters of Austria and Germany. It is, of course, a varying group. But its nucleus is constant and its spirit is strong. The newcomer is soon merged into the whole. It need scarcely be said that this group represents a power of traditional, cultural and intellectual experience which no Broadway theater with its quicksand castes, its shallow background and its impermanence, can hope to rival. These Germans belong to their theater. They are steeped in its religion of integrity; they know its literature as a monk knows his prayers. They also are a unit, crystallized by the demand of their audience for an expressive dramatic art. In this sense they also are compact, conscious and self-sufficient.

Mr. Hans Bartsch, the sensitive, deeply civilized individual who serves as manager between these two communities, brought me a succinct picture of the spirit that enlivens them. It was found necessary, some months ago, to discharge the chorus that had served in a highly popular musical comedy. That seemed the end of the comedy—successful as it was. Only ten members of the company had parts in it. The remainder immediately volunteered to act as chorus. Among them were stars—all of them were artists who took important rôles in important plays. This little incident expresses a great truth. The theater is, of all arts, the most communal and the most traditional. Is it a miracle that the common productions at the *Irving Place* excel our most laborious and fêted efforts? With all our external pomp and bustle, our lavishing of time and money, we cannot bring forth what these communities have within themselves.

In the ordinary course of their business, the *Irving Place Theater* has produced this year Ibsen's *Wild Duck,* Strindberg's *Comrades,* Tolstoi's *The Living Corpse* and *The Concert* of Hermann Bahr. These are plays of diverse and difficult power. They have been produced with a subtlety of rendition, a perfection of delineation, a unity of grasp that are simply and unequivocally unheard-of on the American stage. Yet no one of these plays was rehearsed more than six times before the *première!* But, as was explained to me by the gentleman who acts as the manager between the two communities: "Long before, all of these artists knew all of the plays—and the authors' philosophy—by heart."

Truly, we must be more kindly in our attitude toward the Broadway theaters. With their lack of real plays, their lack of real companies of actors, their lack of real audiences, it would be sheer unfairness to compare them with the *Volkstheater* on Irving Place.

W. F.

A Painter on Painting

It is curious to pass from Glackens' modest show of small pictures to the many rooms where are ranged Zuloaga's tall masterpieces,—curious and instructive. For the one is poetry and the other is oratory. It is as though one stood outside a shut door listening to a musician playing a solo

on his violin all alone by himself, and then passed into some great cathedral crowded with devotees, pervaded with one thought as they listen to the preaching of a Bossuet. Zuloaga paints for the crowd and is at his best, and then only, when he feels with the crowd.

In Bond Street, London, long ago, used to be the famous Doré Gallery. The pictures were changed from time to time and it lasted for years. We artists did not care for it; and the critics passed it by with hardly a comment. Yet, with a very limited technique and a kind of sentiment infinitely worse than commonplace, Doré also was an orator painter and occasionally a man of originality. He was ruined by English vulgarity. England, being non-conformist and commercially successful, loved comfort rather than truth, and so this poor man of genius but of weak will was forced to fill his pictures with religiosity and all the sham sentiment of the ultra pretty. Far better for the artist, and the artist which is in every man, to live in the most corrupt and criminal society than to be where vulgarity flourishes as it did at that time among the people to whom Doré offered his pictures.

Zuloaga paints for Spain; its people implicitly and explicitly believe what they profess, and are of such primitive sincerity that they deny none of the facts of life. For them pleasure is just pleasure, and passion passion, and the body the body, whether it be beautiful or ugly. They know nothing of English "decency" or decorum and do not desire to hide anything behind veils either of religiosity or prudery. There has always been something harsh and rude about the Spanish intellect; what we think is charming amiability they regard as mere humbug. The most socially refined and distinguished among Spanish ladies still go to bull-fights as some centuries ago they were present at an *auto dà fé*.

Had Doré painted for these people we should have had a very different Doré, but it is the curse of the orator temperament that whatever happens it must have an audience; with the audience it falls or rises. It used to be rumored about London that Doré was in the habit of going in disguise to his own gallery that he might mingle in the crowd and hear their comments, and this was instanced as a sign of his continental vanity. Doré did not go there for vanity but because of his social nature and that he might study his people and become one of them, so as to paint what they liked and what he would like since they liked it. The French are a social people and their poetry is oratorical poetry. It is their gift, and because of it they are the beloved nation. For they are our teachers. Goethe, as we know, was never tired of confessing how much he owed to them. To think of them is like remembering some happy school time when everybody was kind and the pupils docile. Is there any charm comparable to that of reading a French essay?

The Spanish art of Zuloaga has qualities that make it very different from the art of France. All the art and poetry of France has been intended for artistic Paris and if it has admired force the force has been concealed under every kind of graciousness and subtlety. I can see in the landscapes of the Barbizon School a certain elegance as in the school of Watteau and a most real desire to charm. The French artist is a

French gentleman. In Spain the artist, as artist, is a peasant. Zuloaga has no regard for subtlety or grace; he admires only force, and force he will have as naked as possible;—what do peasants care for subtlety or fine manners? So we find in Zuloaga that drama so delicately rendered in French painting exaggerated into the excesses of melodrama and black gloom. The somber and terrible imagination of the Spanish peasant has its trail over every picture, whether he paints a cardinal or a courtesan or a beautiful countess or a walled-in town.

In these pictures there is something "creepy." At picture exhibitions there is generally much chattering; people forget the pictures and talk to each other. At the Zuloaga exhibition the crowd was silent and, as it seemed, kept together like frightened sheep. This would have pleased the painter. For it is the orator's passion to dominate crowds of people—everybody, if possible; and he loves personal glory. For that reason he must "show off"; thus we have the Zuloaga technique. And splendid it is—but why splendid? Because of its self-display. Never for a moment are you allowed to forget that he is a master of drawing and that he does his work with ease and copious facility. And here is another thing to be pointed out. A lady, herself a distinguished artist, whispered to me, for if we spoke at all it was in whispers: "Is not the decorative quality wonderful?" All orators aim at an immediate effect,—it is the necessity of their calling; and so Zuloaga arranges the whole scheme with slight reference to truth of facts, but with the controlling purpose that every line and curve and all the masses and the whole arrangement of color shall lead the eye and the attention up to whatever is the central point in his picture. It is like a diagram in Euclid, everything arranged, nothing left to chance. There are no spontaneities. In Zuloaga's pictures the decoration is as obvious as in a theater.

The painter poet is the opposite of all this. In Glackens' pictures the technique is out of sight. He is so busy trying to please himself that he has quite forgotten everybody else and so has no occasion for display, and he is such an incurable solitary that he makes no effort to be intelligible; he is as solitary and self-contained as an infant. I went to his show accompanied by two distinguished artists and at first we stood astonished rather than pleased. In my ignorant petulance I said: "Where he was good before he is now not so good, and where he was wrong before he is now worse." Then we separated and wandered about the room each by himself. Presently one of us called out, "How that sapphire sea heaves and undulates in its fullness and in its summer glow," and from that moment, all our imaginations alight, we understood and accepted everything. Because of its splendor and pomp and its festiveness the artist within me loves the summer of New York, notwithstanding its dreadful heat, shattering to mind and body, and its swarming mosquitos and other plagues of tired crowds, and Glackens paints it as a poet should,—that is, as he himself sees it and not as other people do. The orator, be he painter or poet, *comes to us*: the man who is purely poet is different, *we go to him.* The orator has fame and our applause, the poet has his own singular happiness, of which we try to get a

glimpse; and though the solitary be not unfriendly he has no explanation with which to help us; in his pictures will be no decorative scheme, and no logical arrangement. We are left to our unhelped bewilderment, as in the presence of nature itself, till some inner feeling is touched and we have the key and know all. Nor is the key transferable; everyone must find his own key.

There is an unfailing test by which you can know the painter who is a poet from the one who is an orator. To the former color is itself an end, while the latter makes of it something that is quite subordinate and a means to an end. Glackens will paint a girl's head half hidden under a hat, and he will color that hat so that its color is more potent to your painter soul than a dozen sonnets, while the girl herself is quite forgotten. Indeed in the picture I am thinking of, she is hardly painted at all. The hat itself is mostly color and with so little verisimilitude that any milliner would despise it. Yet its being a genuine hat on the head of a real girl is essential, otherwise there is no magic and the picture a nullity.

Glackens derives from Renoir. Therefore, as was natural, I went to see an exhibition in which were several Renoirs. Renoir like Glackens is a poet painter, only not so much so. I call concrete that which is apparent to my five senses. It is the province of the poet, whether he paints or writes, to make the concrete more and still more apparent. That is what I mean when I say Renoir and Glackens make poetical the summer sea and the boats floating on it and the people, and I think Glackens has done this more vividly than Renoir. If Renoir began this kind of painting Glackens seems to me to have carried it further. Yet in painting men and women Renoir seems to me to have the advantage. He has looked longer at Rubens. It is his luck in being a Frenchman. Compared to him Glackens' figures are thin and papery. It is a pleasure to go up close to a Renoir, to see with what a delicate solidity all the human forms are modelled. As regards this it is better to see a Glackens from a distance, and even then it is not satisfactory.

There is a nude by Renoir modelled with a skill that would not have been possible to Glackens; but one asks, why did he paint it? It is a picture of a kitchen wench without her clothes, sulky and ashamed. Was it from a sense of pity for the poor thing thus stripped for anyone to look at her? Or did he want to shock the sensibilities of people he disliked? If the latter then it was no longer poetry but only oratory and a very poor kind of oratory, yet characteristic of a certain class of French painters, and a lapse from poetical sincerity. One does not like to see the crystal streams of divine poetry clouded over by the dull stains of anything less than itself.

The poet painter imitates what he loves and thereby spreads his love, and there have been painters and poets who loved everything upon which can light the eye of man. And as to the meaning of this word, love, there need be no mystery; it is just affection as we know it between a husband and his wife, parent and child, a lad and a lass. It is the master spring of life and will grow anywhere that chance favors, though we know it best when with the vigor of a wild weed it rises familiarly beside the hearthstone.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS.

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